Collier's

MAY 24, 1941

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LAWSON WOOD

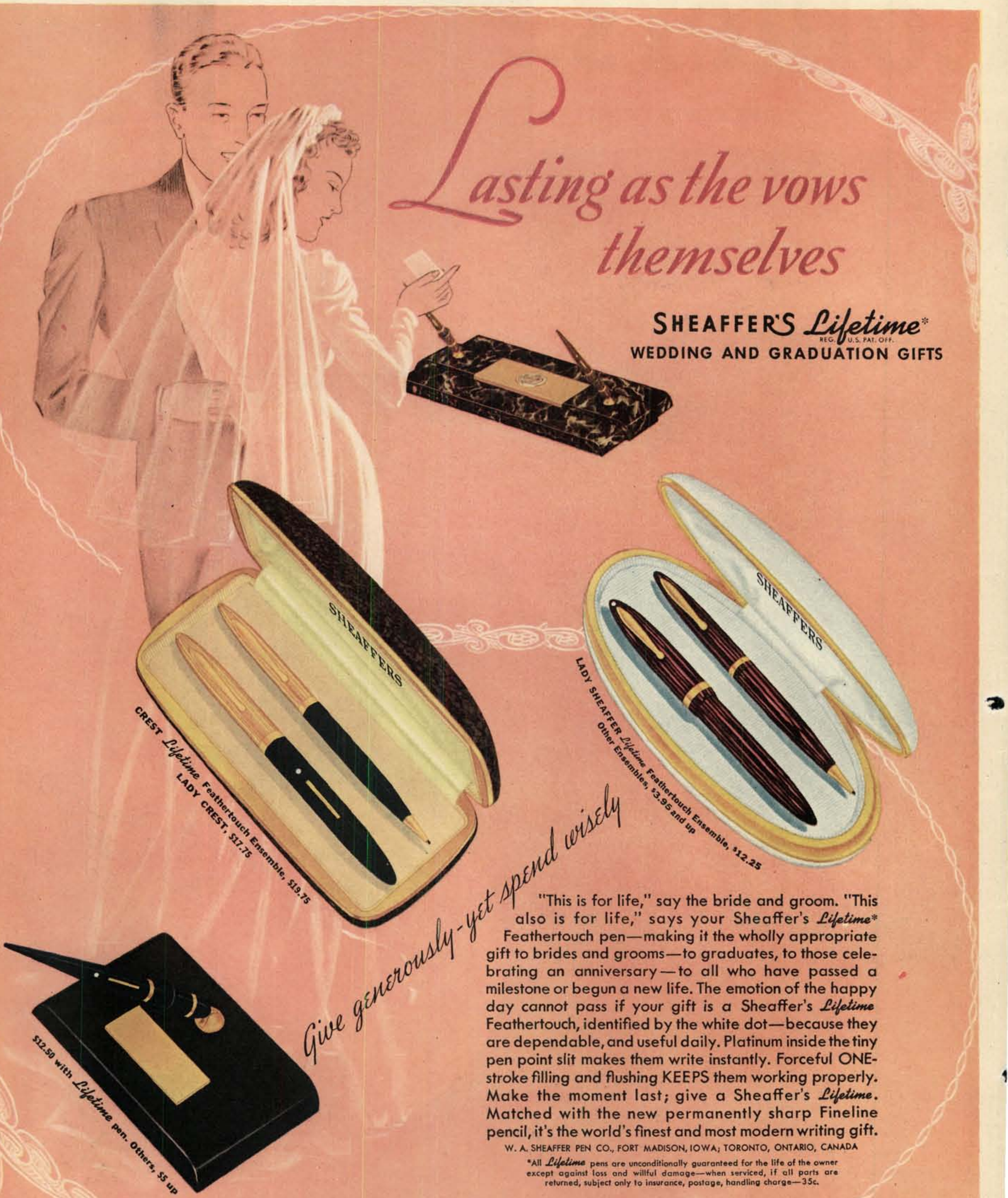
The Plight of the Last Censor

BY GEORGE CREEL

May 24 [illegible]

Lasting as the vows themselves

SHEAFFER'S *Lifetime**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
WEDDING AND GRADUATION GIFTS



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LADY CREST, $17.75

LADY SHEAFFER *Lifetime* Feathertouch Ensemble, $12.25
Other Ensembles, $3.95 and up

$12.50 with *Lifetime* pen. Others, $5 up

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"This is for life," say the bride and groom. "This also is for life," says your Sheaffer's *Lifetime** Feathertouch pen—making it the wholly appropriate gift to brides and grooms—to graduates, to those celebrating an anniversary—to all who have passed a milestone or begun a new life. The emotion of the happy day cannot pass if your gift is a Sheaffer's *Lifetime* Feathertouch, identified by the white dot—because they are dependable, and useful daily. Platinum inside the tiny pen point slit makes them write instantly. Forceful ONE-stroke filling and flushing KEEPS them working properly. Make the moment last; give a Sheaffer's *Lifetime*. Matched with the new permanently sharp Fineline pencil, it's the world's finest and most modern writing gift.

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SHEAFFER'S

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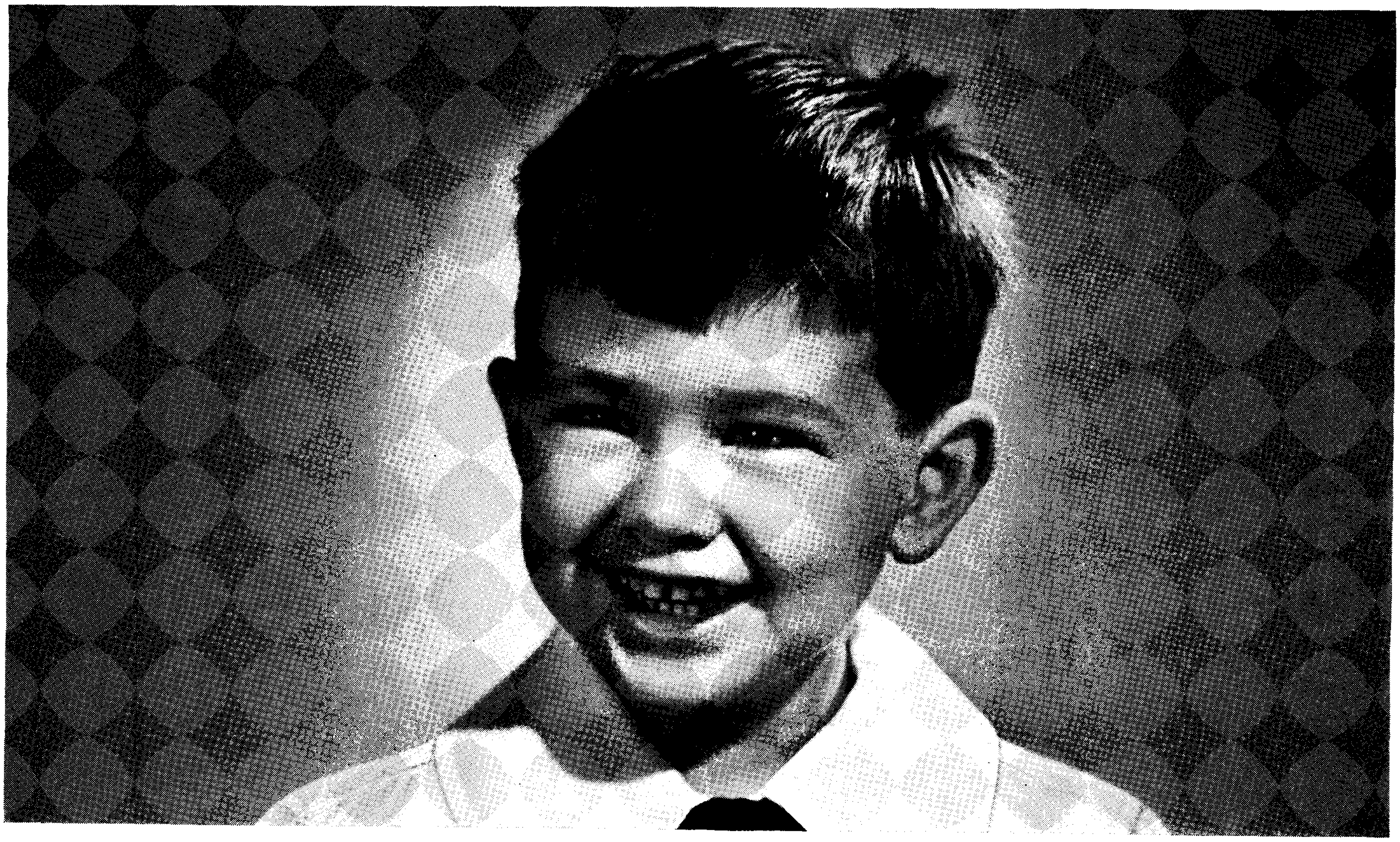
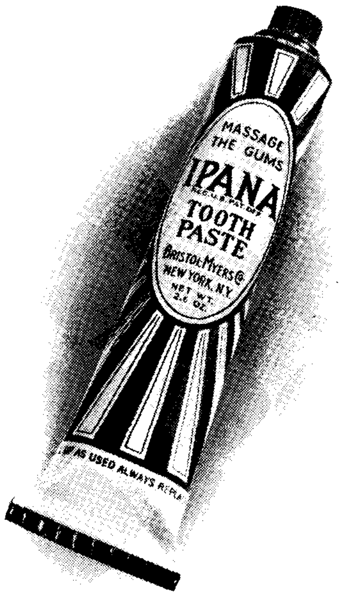
Do you see little Billy?
No, I see the future Captain William Steers.

Is the Captain a Good Soldier?
Yes. He has Courage and the Respect of his Men.

His Smile inspires Confidence—a Bright, Appealing Smile
that owes so much to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.




MASSAGE THE GUMS
IPANA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
NET WT. 2.6 OZ.
WAS USED ALWAYS REPLA

Don't risk the charm of your smile! Let Ipana and Massage help keep your gums healthy, your teeth bright and sparkling

Q. *Why do so many dentists strongly urge the importance of daily gum massage?*

A. Because these dentists know that the soft, creamy foods we eat these days deny our gums the natural work and stimulation they need for health.

Q. *Are strong gums important to sound, sparkling teeth?*

A. Indeed they are! That's why it is so important never to ignore "pink tooth brush"... because that telltale tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush may be a sign of weak, tender, unhealthy gums—gums that need attention.

Q. *Does "pink tooth brush" always mean serious trouble?*

A. Not necessarily. But only your dentist can decide that question. Often, he may merely say that your weakened gums need work and exercise. And, like thousands of dentists these days, he may very well suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Q. *Can Ipana and massage really help ward off the threat of "pink tooth brush"?*

A. Indeed it can. You see, Ipana Tooth Paste does more than clean teeth thoroughly, brilliantly. For this unique dentifrice is specially designed, with massage, to aid the *gums* to healthier firmness. That is why the daily use of Ipana and massage is a sound, sensible habit... to help you have stronger gums, more sparkling teeth, a lovelier smile... to help guard you against "pink tooth brush."

Ipana Tooth Paste

Collier's

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THIS WEEK

MAY 24, 1941

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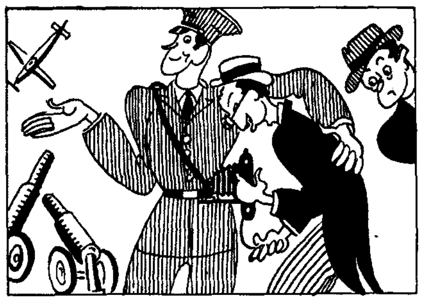
COVER LAWSON WOOD

ANY WEEK

WE'VE joined the Navy for a couple of weeks or so, launching ourselves at the Puget Sound Navy Yard at Bremerton, Washington. Almost immediately we discovered indications of a lack of complete patriotism. Several important Navy officers, an admiral or two included, have so far forgotten themselves as to ask Congress to appropriate the clearly un-American sum of fifty thousand dollars to furnish two hundred and forty small houses in which enlisted men and their families may live while warships are docked at Bremerton for one reason or another. These Navy officials are so completely out of tune with the times that they don't know that Congress views with dark suspicion anyone from the White House down who mentions any sum of less than $250,000,000. The names of such persons, short of the President himself, are probably turned over to the F.B.I. or, at any rate, the Honorable Martin Dies on the theory that they're too cheap to be trustworthy, trivial-minded, penny-pinching saboteurs and probably old-guard Republicans at heart. Naturally Congress has repeatedly refused, with increasing sharpness, to appropriate any such subversive sum as fifty thousand dollars. The Navy has appealed to Seattle bankers for private loans, to be paid off with the rentals. One or two of the bankers said that they'd consider lending a few dollars if the government would guarantee the loan and pay five per cent interest. But that fell through. Seattle and Bremerton furniture companies, asking penthouse prices for tenement stuff, discovered that they weren't interested unless the government talked in boom terms. So there you are—two hundred and forty nice little nests for visiting families of enlisted men, cozily unfurnished. It's all the fault of the Navy, of course. It asked for the patently seditious sum of fifty thousand dollars instead of a patriotic two hundred and fifty millions.



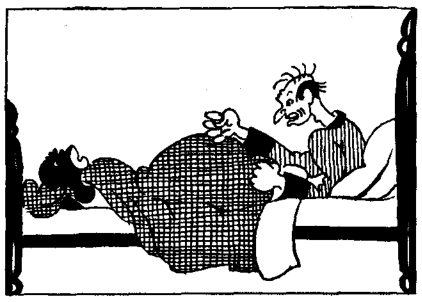
WE HAVE hopes that this Navy hitch of ours will take us into Honolulu, among other places. Inasmuch as we're with the Fleet we'll not be allowed to take photographs in the Hawaiian Islands. Neither may any naval officer or enlisted man unless, of course, he's in the Signal Corps. And even he may not take pictures of certain things for public distribution. If you're really anxious to use a camera in the islands you've got to be either a tourist, a Japanese or a female member of a Navy man's family. Not only may these privileged people shoot pictures but they may rent cameras in Honolulu. And the cameraman will tell you exactly where to go to take the best pictures of the islands. The Japanese take the best pictures, we're told. The government doesn't like it much but it likes even less to offend the Japanese.

BUT we'll go into all this later. There are several items of continental importance that we should dispose of before going completely chantey. For example, we have it on the word of Mr. Wilbur G. Carlson, executive secretary-treasurer of the Corn Canners Service Bureau, Chicago, Illinois, that those Army authorities who scoffed at the nutritional qualities of corn are undependable. "The defense commission," Mr. Carlson notifies us, "has just announced that corn will be used more than any other canned vegetable, except one, by our armed forces in 1941. To be exact, 1,126,311 cases of corn, it is estimated, will be consumed. Moreover, the facts are that corn is without question one of the first energy-giving commodities."

AND for some reason we haven't bothered to look up, we have received a long and involved Plan to Insure the Ineffectiveness of the Japanese Navy in an Emergency. That's the title of the volume. Just why it was sent to us by Mr. Edward Kaibu Motimino, of Vancouver, British Columbia, is merely a part of the problem the plan presents. We've tried to pass it along to the Navy but have been snubbed. As far as we're able to discover it is not at all of a normal tactical nature, but a scheme for throwing the Japanese mind out of gear at the proper moment. Mr. Motimino's idea is to maneuver our own Pacific Fleet in a manner that would force the Japanese to cross and recross the International date line so fast and so frequently that they would become completely confused, make a hash of their orders and presently retire in demoralizing confusion. It may sound a trifle foolish but that's what we get out of this plan.

MUCH more interesting is a bit of news we've received from our Minnesota agent. For a great many years Minnesota and other states have been spending lots of money trying to teach girls how to be wives and mothers. It has been a harder job than a man might think. And there's been a certain amount of success. But Minnesota may not stop there. Its state medical association is now urging upon schools and colleges that they teach girls to be widows, too. The doctors say that women in Minnesota live longer than men, and the widow percentage of the population is increasing alarmingly. The Minnesota wife, hardy creature that she is, is apt to become a widow at the age of fifty-five. Moreover, she is liable to go on being a widow for ten years more anyway. Fifty per cent of them continue until seventy-five. Most of them are left bereaved—and that's about all they're left. Naturally, they and their children become economic liabilities upon the state, scarcely any of them equipped to contribute anything to their support. The doctors, growing even a little more alarmed, added that there are 400,000 new widows (by death) in the United States annually. All of which makes the situation worse and worse. Anyway, they suggest while our girls are being trained to be helpful wives and intelligent mothers, a few lectures be thrown in telling them what to do if the guy they're working for dies.

WE'VE been so busy that we haven't had a chance to drop in on the Honorable Joseph R. Ziesenheim of North Girard, Pennsylvania. Mr. Ziesenheim is not only a farmer but a member of the Pennsylvania legislature. Ever since he's been able to be anything at all, he's been a farmer. We had intended asking just how he felt when a young agent of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration dropped in on him recently. The young fellow gave him almost an hour's lecture on how a farm should be run. After that he asked the senator to answer a few questions, the answers to which he wrote on a form. He was just about finished when he asked Mr. Ziesenheim how to spell alfalfa.



OF COURSE this doesn't prove anything, although Senator Ziesenheim complained that something inside him died. So maybe we'd better devote ourselves more to the story of an uncle of a man we know. In his declining years this uncle always made a small Negro boy lie crosswise at the foot of his bed, under the covers. Then Uncle would crawl in and place his feet on the boy's back. If by any chance the lad poked his nose out, seeking a bit of fresh air, the old boy would roar: "Stop that, you good-for-nothing rascal. Do you want me to catch my death of cold?" W. D.

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We'd rather point to character than chromium

THE PRESENT FORD is a car that will give a good account of itself for beauty in any company you care to name. It is by far the best-looking Ford that we have built.

Its lines are entirely new, not just "warmed-over." It is a BIG car and it looks like one. Its over-all effect hits a good balance between dash and restraint. Its colors are fresh and clear. Its finish is a hard, durable baked-on enamel which keeps new-looking for years.

But it still takes something more than just fine feathers to earn the name of Ford.

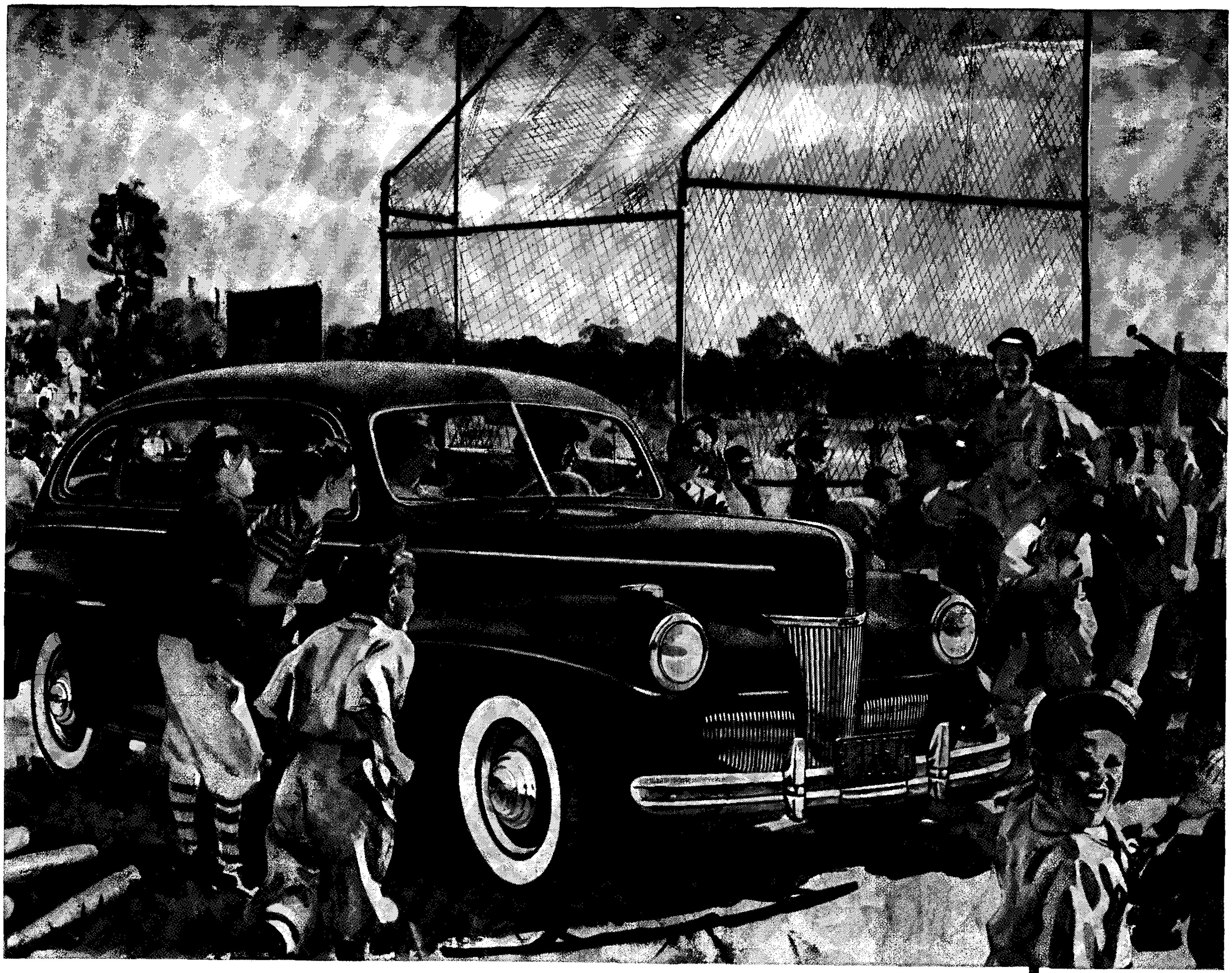
Now, as always, we see it as our business to deal in transportation, not to stress trinkets of little practical value.

It was to give good transportation at low cost that the first Ford car was built. It has taken 38 years of building constantly better transportation to produce the present Ford.

In its basic design, it includes more of the principles and features usually limited to high-priced cars than low price has ever bought before.

Into its actual construction, the big Rouge plant today puts greater inherent mechanical quality, at less cost to the buyer, than we have ever before produced.

Admire its beauty, as you're sure to when you see it. But when you buy it, do so for the deep-down *character* that makes a Ford a Ford.



Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies are longer and wider this year, adding as much as seven inches to seating width.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs, improved shock absorbers.

POWER WITH ECONOMY. This year, more than ever, Ford owners are enthusiastic about the economy and fine all-round performance of Ford cars.

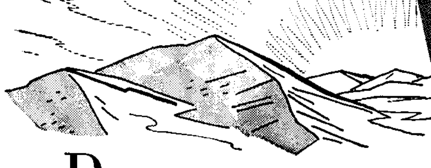
BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field give added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

Ford

GOOD NEWS ABOUT THE U.S. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION and its use of GAINES DOG FOOD



OFFICIAL PHOTO—U.S. ANTARCTIC SERV
Gaines-fed Huskies near the South Pole, seen in the light of the Midnight Sun.

DOG owners, here's good cheer! Now when you buy Gaines you get a dog food that's been tested and proved—*through use*—by the U. S. Antarctic Expedition! And think of this: You don't even have to buy it to try it! Just mail the coupon below for a FREE trial supply. Do it today—and then ready yourself for a really thrilling surprise!

Can Cut Costs In Half

You'll find Gaines *different!* It's a dry food with 92% of all moisture removed! You buy anywhere from a day's to many weeks' supply in a convenient paper bag. Then you feed it just as the U. S. Antarctic Expedition has been feeding it—by adding equal parts water. Because you pay for no moisture, you can cut feeding costs by as much as 50%!

Extra Health Benefits

Best of all, Gaines contains all the vitamins (A, B, D, E, and G), minerals, proteins and cereals known to be needed by dogs—all in scientifically-balanced proportions. That's why so many of America's best-known breeders depend on Gaines to help their dogs develop clear eyes, glossy coats, sound bones, strong muscles and plenty of pep.

A Grand Summer Food

Dogs *like* Gaines, thrive on it *in summer* as well as in winter! The U. S. Antarctic Expedition *proved* this by spending several weeks in the tropics going to and from Little America. Despite extreme tropical heat—and the extreme cold of Antarctica—these dogs *stayed* in tip-top shape to prove Gaines year-round effectiveness.

Available In 2 Forms

Try Gaines Meal and Gaines Krunchon (meal in pellet form) today. Write Gaines Food Co. Inc., Box C-5, Sherburne, N.Y., for samples of both types. With these samples you'll also receive an illustrated feeding guide you'll find invaluable. Act now; the coupon never will be handier!

Tons of Gaines Dog Food being loaded aboard a supply ship of the U. S. Antarctic Service.

OFFICIAL PHOTO—U. S. ANTARCTIC SERVICE

Wherever you see the picture of the dog team and sledge, think of Gaines Dog Food.

GAINES Dog MEAL
(BACK) & (FRONT)
GAINES available in 2 and 5-lb. bags at your dealer.

GAINES FOOD CO., INC.
Box C-5, Sherburne, N. Y.
Send illustrated booklet "Health for Your Dog." Also FREE SAMPLE SUPPLY of Gaines Food for:

Puppies (No.)____________Older Dogs (No.)____________

My Name____

Address____

City______________________________State__________

Canadian Representative: **Wear Food Company, 2114 Queen Street East, Toronto, Canada**

WING TALK

U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS

The Army calls this V formation an Element. A lieutenant's in command

IF ROYAL AIR FORCE commanders ever were in doubt as to the damage their night bombers inflict on enemy objectives, they no longer are. This is how they found out, being the story told by an R.A.F. night-bomber group captain about one of his lads while on a quick trip here:

Given a primary and secondary bombing mission, the enthusiastic young airman went into Germany on a stormy night. He flew all over in search of the primary but could not locate it. Then he went after his secondary. In driving rain and high winds, he lost track of his drift. But hours of searching brought reward—a military airdrome.

Squaring away, he went for it and laid down all his bombs, then thought about home. He got his position by radio, but refused to believe it, because wasn't the water on his left when it should have been on his right? On and on he flew until he found his home port. He reported success and was promptly assured it was indeed a tremendous success—the airdrome he had bombed was British.

Next morning our group captain flew to the scene. He couldn't land, so thorough a job of tearing up the field had the young bloke done.

What happened to him? Nothing. He personified the determination of the R.A.F. even though the results were negative.

THE picturesque helmets and goggles so long an absolute necessity in military flying are rapidly giving way to a trim, tight-fitting, long-visored cap combining the best features of ski and jockey caps. With the advent of cabin and sliding-hatch cockpit military aircraft, the helmet is no longer necessary, but the Army boys found that the sun pouring through the glass-covered tops subjected them to eye-squint and red noses. So they scouted around for an idea and began turning up with baseball, jockey and ski caps of the most outlandish colors—all very, very nonmilitary. However, the practicability of the long-visored cap could not be denied—it shaded the eyes and facilitated the use of radio headphones—so the mentors of military dress approved it but in a sober color and standard design. The caps are worn only in the air; hence bear no insignia. However, goggles still go aloft in case an ice-covered windshield needs to be bashed out or the hatch has to be left open for take-off and landing.

THE aviation editor of a newspaper in a big airplane-manufacturing town received this telephone call: "Meet me in front of the drugstore at First and Main, and ask for Joe." In a jiffy the editor was at the rendezvous. Joe identified himself as an aircraft worker.

"I've just uncovered a plot to blow up every ship we're making," he declared and, digging down in his pocket, he produced a half-dozen small objects of metal.

"They look like rivets to me," said the editor, disappointedly. (This was the third "sabotage" tip he had received that week.)

"Sure they are," said Joe, "but they're loaded with dynamite. They'll explode and tear the ship apart."

They *were* explosive rivets. Produced commercially, they are of aluminum alloy and have a hollow shank filled with smokeless powder. The aircraft rivet bucker sticks one in a hole in the sheet metal on the airplane, applies a hot iron to the head and bang! But it explodes in such a manner that the underside flowers out and seals. They're not used throughout aircraft construction, but in ticklish places where the rivet cannot be worked from the inside.

WHEN next you glance skyward and see three Army planes in a V formation, to be correct you should call them an Element.

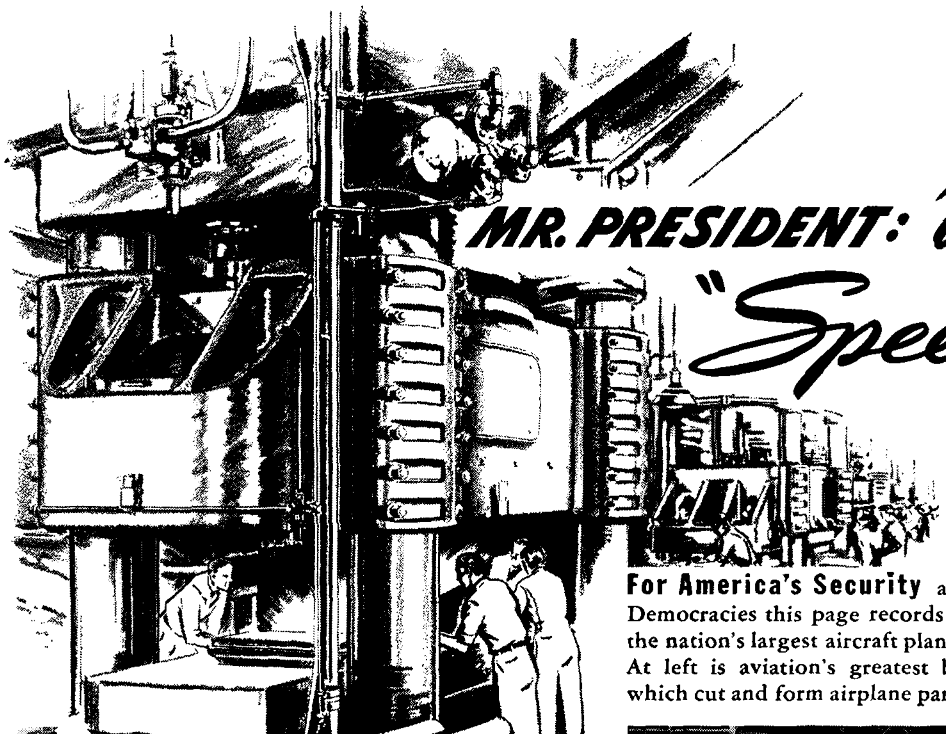
If there are two or three such Elements, then it's a Flight.

More than that, it's a Squadron, the largest tactical unit which can be commanded, *with precision*, by one man in the air.

Three or more such Squadrons is a Group, and a whole lot of Groups constitute a Wing.

The Element is led by a lieutenant in the apex of the triangle. But he may be in a wing position the next time up. The Flight, being the smallest tactical unit which has a commander, is in charge of a captain. Majors command squadrons, and lieutenant colonels and

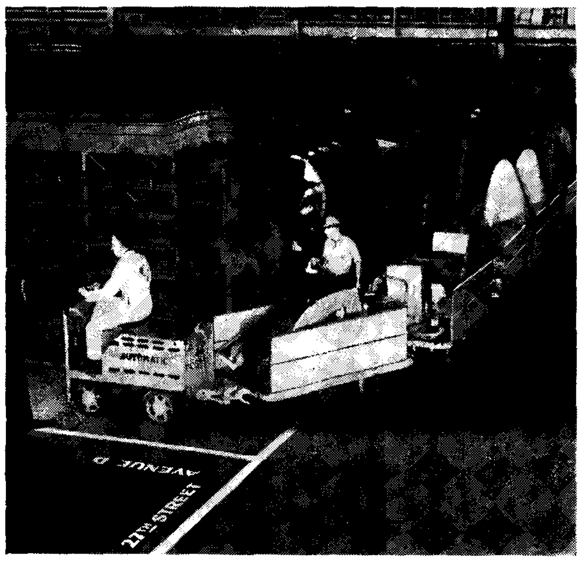
(Continued on page 66)



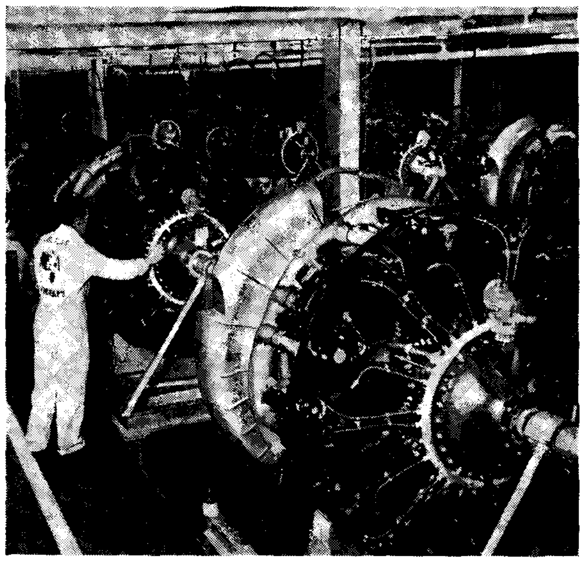
MR. PRESIDENT: *We give you "Speed and Speed Now"*

For America's Security and all-out aid to the Democracies this page records a few examples of how the nation's largest aircraft plant is getting the job done. At left is aviation's greatest battery of hydro presses which cut and form airplane parts of all shapes and sizes. With a combined pressure of 7,900 tons, these presses can produce 44,000 parts every 24 hours. Developed at Douglas, this process is in use under license throughout the aircraft industry. It typifies the many contributions Douglas is making to insure volume output now.

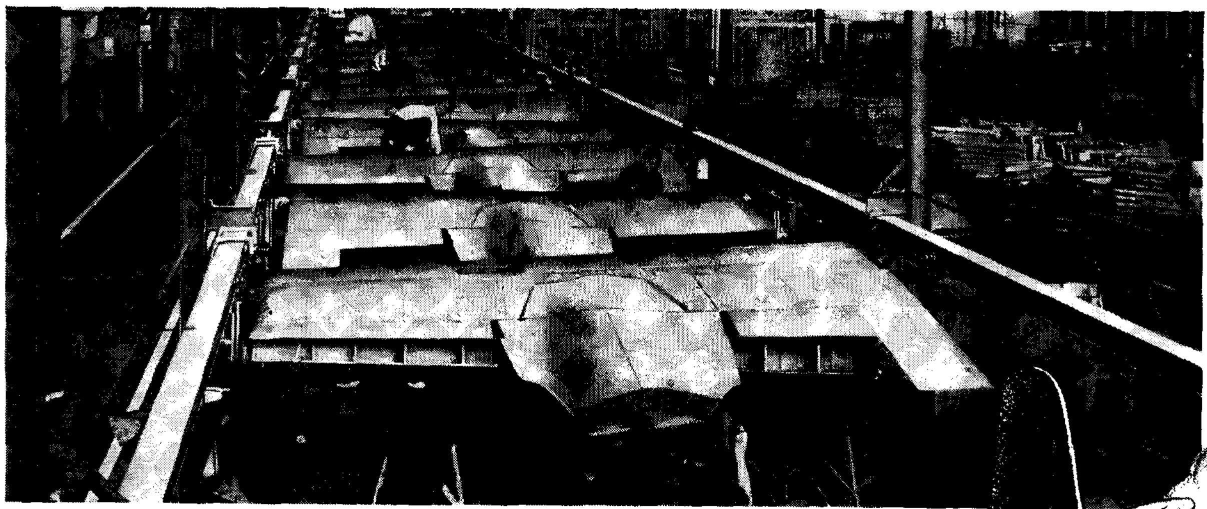
Mass Production is under way as the technique of streamlined assembly is perfected by Douglas Aircraft Co., Inc., where "quality in quantity with speed" is the watchword. Here fuselages of Attack Bombers for U. S. and Britain roll to final completion on assembly tracks.



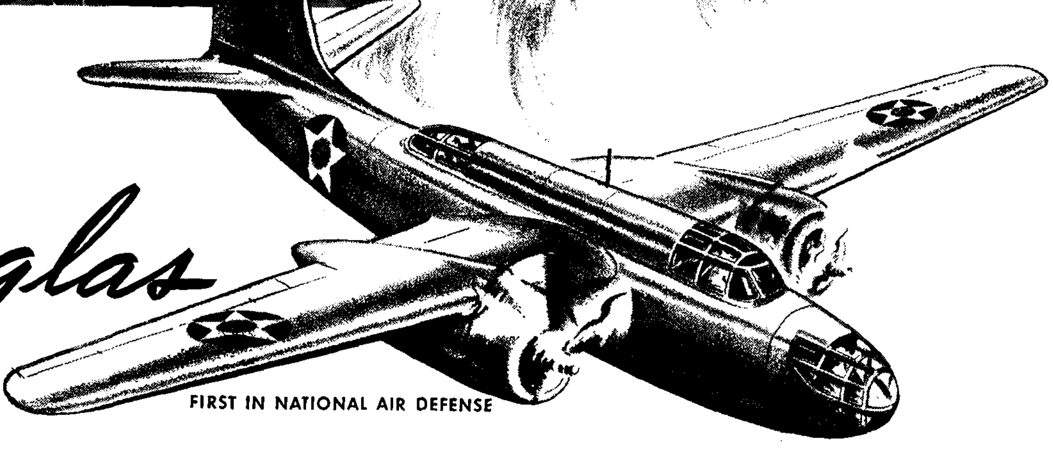
"All Aboard" Here at Douglas, plant layout provides streets and avenues over which electric truck-trains speed the flow of materials. Starting from a "union terminal," these carriers operate on regular schedules. Above shows a train leaving the corner of "D Ave. and 27th St."



"4,000,000 Horses" will be given Douglas wings in 1941, according to engine needs for plane contracts now on hand. This is nearly a million more horse power than will be generated by Grand Coulee and Bonneville Dams combined. Above engines are for Attack Bombers.



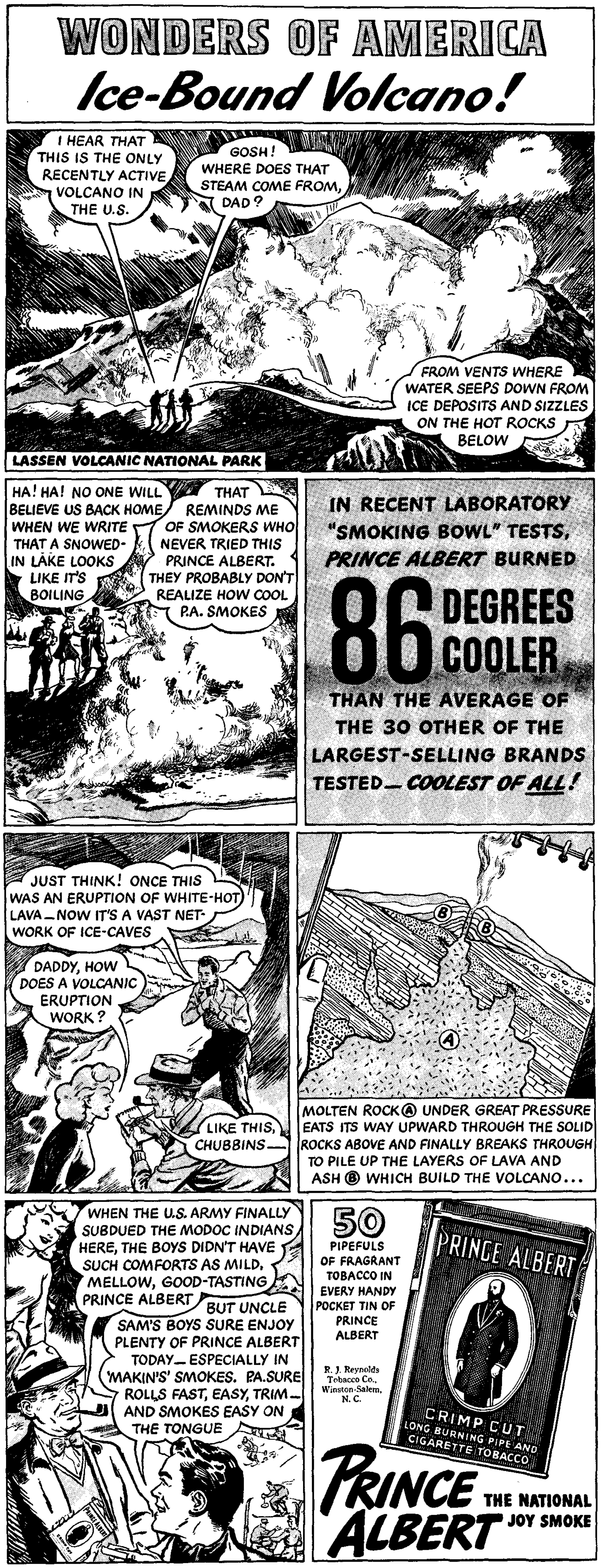
Production "Speed and Speed Now" is evidenced by these wing sections on tracks. In addition to speed-up innovations at Santa Monica and El Segundo plants, Douglas is building a huge "blackout" plant at Long Beach, Calif. and will soon occupy a plant at Tulsa, Okla.



Douglas

FIRST AROUND THE WORLD

FIRST IN NATIONAL AIR DEFENSE


WONDERS OF AMERICA

Ice-Bound Volcano!

I HEAR THAT THIS IS THE ONLY RECENTLY ACTIVE VOLCANO IN THE U.S.
GOSH! WHERE DOES THAT STEAM COME FROM, DAD?
FROM VENTS WHERE WATER SEEPS DOWN FROM ICE DEPOSITS AND SIZZLES ON THE HOT ROCKS BELOW
LASSEN VOLCANIC NATIONAL PARK
HA! HA! NO ONE WILL BELIEVE US BACK HOME WHEN WE WRITE THAT A SNOWED-IN LAKE LOOKS LIKE IT'S BOILING
THAT REMINDS ME OF SMOKERS WHO NEVER TRIED THIS PRINCE ALBERT. THEY PROBABLY DON'T REALIZE HOW COOL P.A. SMOKES

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!

JUST THINK! ONCE THIS WAS AN ERUPTION OF WHITE-HOT LAVA—NOW IT'S A VAST NETWORK OF ICE-CAVES
DADDY, HOW DOES A VOLCANIC ERUPTION WORK?
LIKE THIS, CHUBBINS—
B
B
A
MOLTEN ROCK (A) UNDER GREAT PRESSURE EATS ITS WAY UPWARD THROUGH THE SOLID ROCKS ABOVE AND FINALLY BREAKS THROUGH TO PILE UP THE LAYERS OF LAVA AND ASH (B) WHICH BUILD THE VOLCANO...
WHEN THE U.S. ARMY FINALLY SUBDUED THE MODOC INDIANS HERE, THE BOYS DIDN'T HAVE SUCH COMFORTS AS MILD, MELLOW, GOOD-TASTING PRINCE ALBERT
BUT UNCLE SAM'S BOYS SURE ENJOY PLENTY OF PRINCE ALBERT TODAY—ESPECIALLY IN 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES. P.A. SURE ROLLS FAST, EASY, TRIM—AND SMOKES EASY ON THE TONGUE
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
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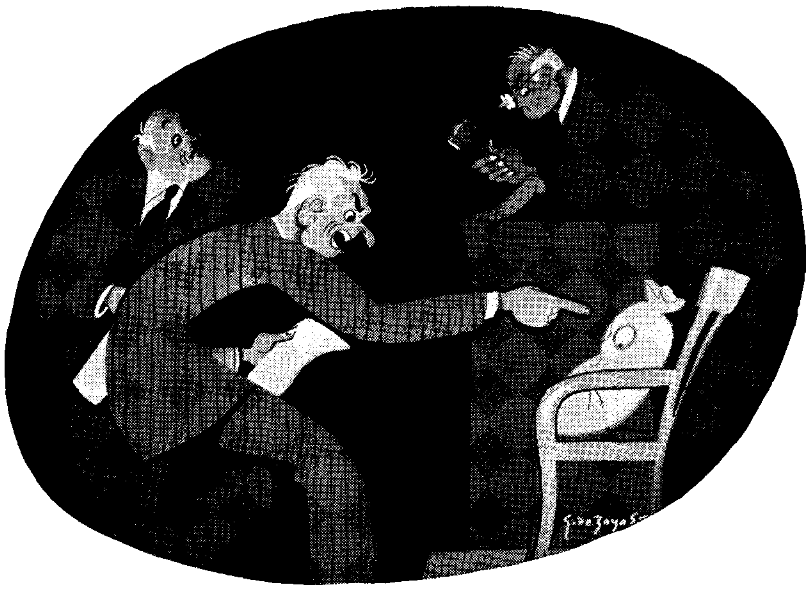

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When the Food and Drug Administration discovers foods that are mislabeled, adulterated or spoiled, its first action is to file a libel against the product itself, not the manufacturer, as for example: "United States vs. 300 Sacks of Flour." If no claimant appears, a decree of condemnation is entered by the court and usable products are either auctioned or sent to charitable institutions and the unusable ones are destroyed.—*By J. L. Morris, Memphis, Tennessee.*

When Ragusa, now Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, was annexed to Austria in 1814, all the aristocratic families of this city, which had enjoyed the status of a sovereign state, were so humiliated that they decided "not to breed slaves" and entered into a compact to become extinct. So their daughters entered convents, their sons never married and, eventually, with the exception of two families, they achieved the death of their class.

The 8,500 persons discharged annually from tuberculosis sanitariums find it easier to secure jobs today than in the past, as many companies now have provisions reinstating cured former workers on a part-time basis. One clothing factory in New York City not only employs former tuberculars exclusively, but also pays full wages, even to those whose weakened condition prevents their working more than three hours a day.

Of the seventy-eight medical schools in this country, seventy are coeducational, seven are for men only and one is for women only, the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia.—*By William Furnish, Louisville, Kentucky.*

The bakers of Colmar, Germany, began one of the longest labor strikes on record in 1495. Disgruntled over the loss of their regular place in the Corpus Christi procession, they did not go back to work for ten years.—*By Alice Bradford, New York, New York.*

A federal court has held that the Wage-Hour Law applies even to employees of a building that has a tenant or tenants engaged in interstate commerce.

Emperor Hirohito of Japan has no family name, never talks over the telephone to anyone outside of his palace and does not receive men visitors unless they are dressed in formal uniform or Occidental clothes.—*By Anges Patrie Lambert, Huntington, West Virginia.*

More than forty rivers in Europe are named Aa, the most important ones being located in France, Switzerland, Germany, Latvia and Russia.—*By Robert R. Ozmer, Erwin, Tennessee.*

The most closely guarded secret of every tobacco-manufacturing company is the formula for making its cigarette flavoring. Not more than ten executives of such organizations are ever allowed, at one time, to know the exact proportions of the ingredients.

Alexander Graham Bell did not invent but perfected the telephone. In 1861, or fifteen years before he received his patent on an instrument that would reproduce all sounds, including articulate speech, Philipp Reis, a German scientist, made an electric apparatus that would transmit sounds of a constant pitch only. Bell's improvements "made it talk."

One of the major achievements of agriculture during the past decade has been the development of hybrid corn. Although its seed costs more than that of the open-pollinated varieties, it produces from 15 to 30 per cent larger yields and resists drought, many diseases and destructive elements. Today, more than a quarter of America's corn, our most valuable farm crop, is grown from this hybrid seed.

"A" is not the first letter of all alphabets related to the English. Among the exceptions are the old German or Runic alphabet, in which it is the fourth letter, and the Ethiopian, in which it is the thirteenth letter.—*By Bernice R. Dube, Brooklyn, New York.*

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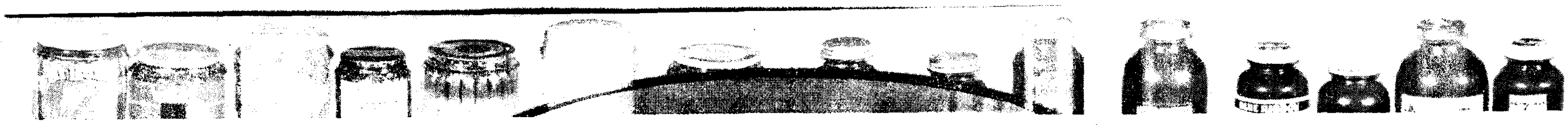

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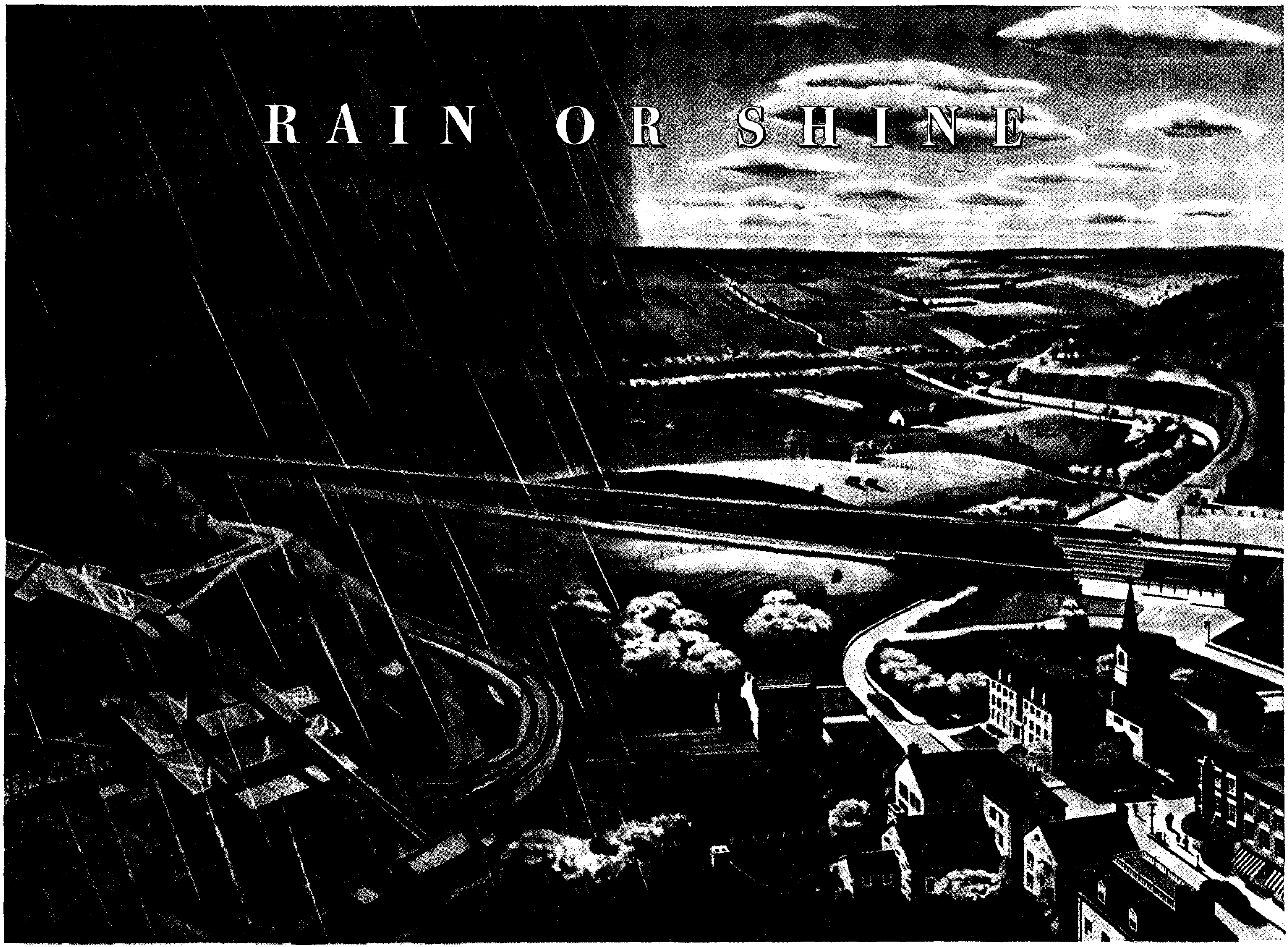

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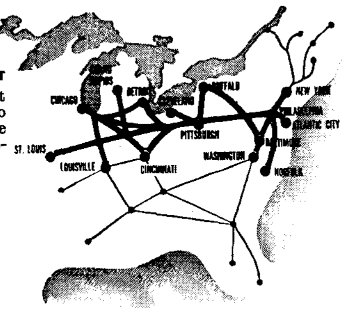

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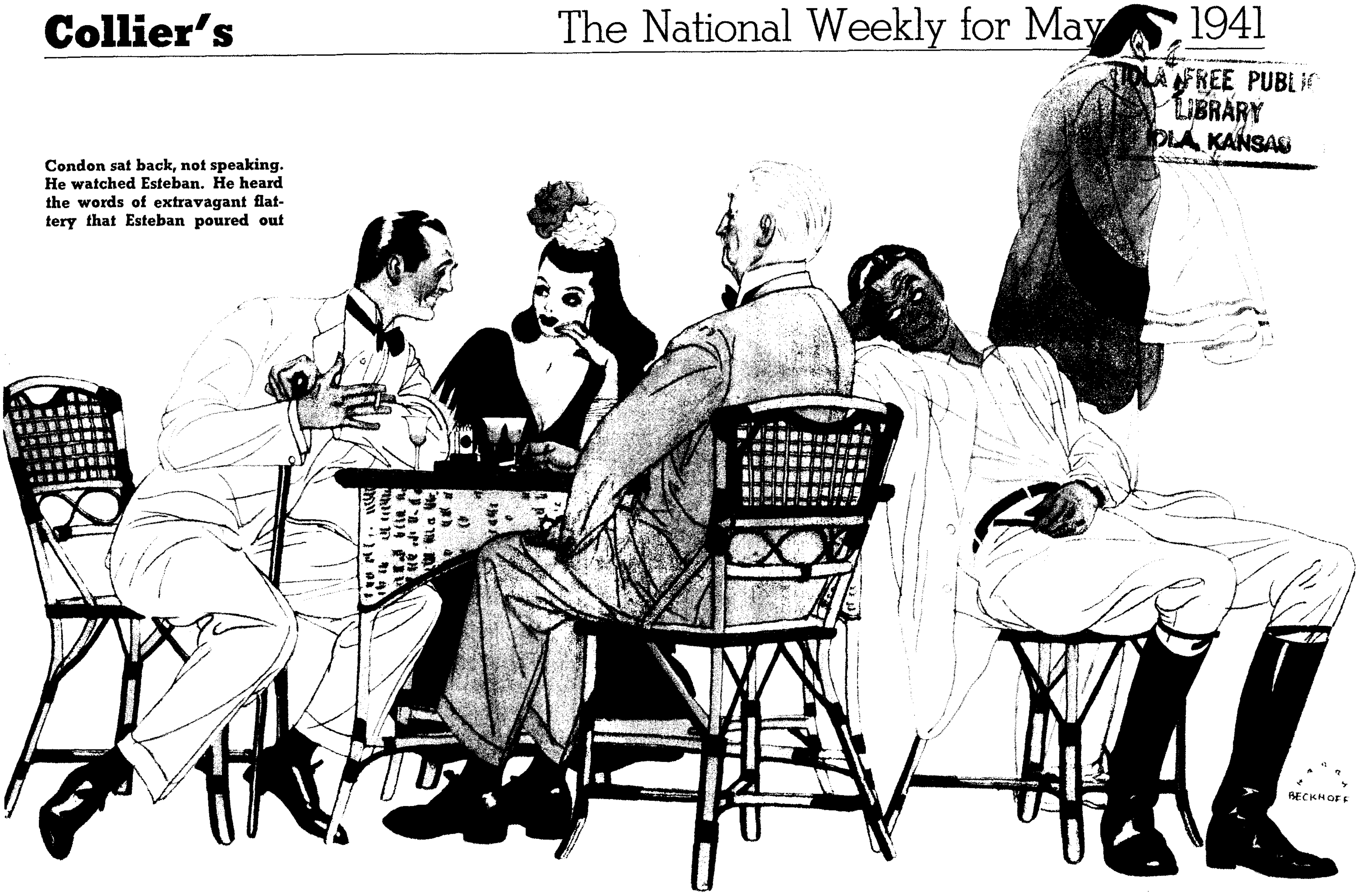


Condon sat back, not speaking. He watched Esteban. He heard the words of extravagant flattery that Esteban poured out

The Lady of Santa Clara

By Thomas Rourke

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

She was very beautiful and very unpredictable. So much so that John Condon, who was even more Spanish in some ways than the Spanish, was baffled

SHE was sitting with her father at a table under the almond trees in front of the Tavern of the Good Shepherd and all the young men and many of the old ones kept their eyes on her in passing. The band was playing and the swallows darted in the dappling of sunlight and shade under the low branches.

"She is even more beautiful than they said." John Condon spoke under his breath, almost aloud. "She is a person of rare beauty."

In Santa Clara it was in perfectly good taste to stare at a woman you found attractive, but that was a custom Condon had never been able to acquire; and now for the first time he resented the touch of shyness in his nature that made him shrink from it. But it was all right soon, for after he had walked with the strolling people twice down the center paseo of the little plaza, Don Raimundo saw him and beckoned with his hand. Then Condon was standing at the table and looking down into her eyes, an unaccustomed tightness clutching at his throat.

"Johnny, my daughter Elena, of whom I have often spoken," Don Raimundo said. "Returned from Europe at last and insisting that now she has the English. Sit down, please, and discover if she is deceiving me." His fine, lean face, leathery from the tropic sun, was alight with pleasure. The dark eyes twinkled and the teeth showed whitely between the thin lips.

"I say now she is not deceiving you, before I hear her speak. One so beautiful could have nothing but all the graces and virtues."

Her smile was like her father's—the same thin, well-formed lips drawn tight across the white, even teeth, the same slight puckering above the high cheekbones that relieved the severe Castilian beauty of her face. Her hair was soft and black, and her eyes were gray-blue—clear and deep like the sky on a rainy morning.

She spoke in careful, precise English: "You have learned very rapidly from our young men, Mr. Condon."

"No, I didn't say that from learning. Even a North American finds words when he is moved from within."

Don Raimundo was watching them closely, his eyes moving from one to the other as they spoke.

"You are speaking in English! Ah, that is marvelous," he said. "You understand her, Johnny? She understands you? It is something to see. A marvel. Then, Elena has the English without doubt and the thousands of pesos I have spent on her education have not been wasted. That is good. Very, very good!"

"My father is fond of you. He spoke often in his letters."

"HE HAS been very kind to me. He told me a great deal about you but I discounted most of it, allowing for parental pride. I was wrong and I apologize."

"Listen to them!" Don Raimundo said. "Sitting there and speaking together in English! I can hardly believe it, but it is so."

"Anastasia has spoken of you often, too. She is my housekeeper now. Your father sent her to look after me."

"She was my nurse. Has she told you what a—how do you say—*ill-raised one*—I was?"

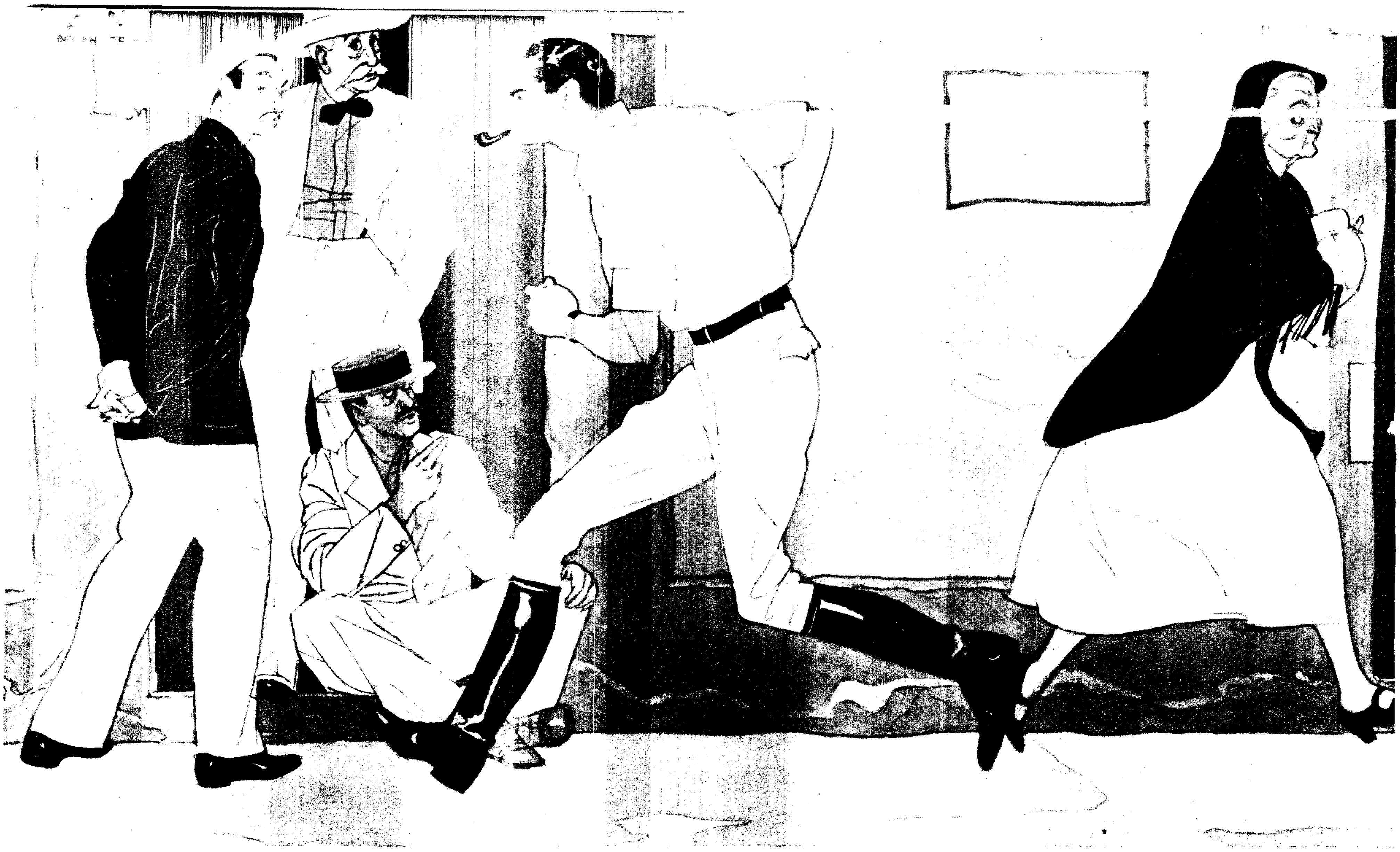
"She says that you are an angel straight from heaven. It's hard to tell which has lauded you the more—Anastasia or your father."

There were many things they might have talked of but, strangely, they were rather quiet, speaking only a little of ordinary things, urged on by Don Raimundo's desire to hear them converse in a foreign tongue. Between them it was as though each were thinking: "This is not the time nor the place. We must save it for a better time. It is for us, when we are alone, to discover and know each other, to get full pleasure from it. It is something we must have to ourselves."

So they only looked at each other, drinking their vermouth and speaking of things that were of no importance, that neither remembered afterward. Her eyes followed his constantly—candid, unsmiling, steady as the gaze of a child on a bright object—and all the time the feeling was there, tight about the muscles of his throat. Don Raimundo chattered on in his happiness but they scarcely heard him, or the band playing, or the breeze stirring in the low branches. . . .

"Ah, Elenita! Returned more beautiful even than in my dreams all the years she has been away!"

The voice was close beside him, speaking softly in the lisping, cultured



He went on foot, going down the slope fast in long strides, not feeling the sun like an open oven on his bare head

idiom of urban Spain, a manner of speaking that was seldom heard in Santa Clara. It was Esteban Villalba, dark and handsome, leaning on his cane and smiling at Elena with confident, hard, gleaming eyes. He was a Spaniard from Spain, naturalized now and holding an important post in the government—secretary to the military governor of the state. A boy from the tavern pulled out a chair and Esteban seated himself.

It was spoiled then for Condon and he sat back, stretching out his long legs, not speaking. He watched Esteban, his hands clasped over the head of his cane between his knees, his eyes and all his interest fixed upon Elena. He heard the words of extravagant flattery that Esteban poured out, not bothering to follow their meaning. They had no interest for him. He had heard them all many times before and they were like a formula, with nothing of imagination or originality in them. Elena's replies were like a formula, too—set phrases that all the girls used, polite and slightly ironic, perhaps. So they sounded as she spoke them, anyway. Condon wished he could leave them, but he knew it would not be polite.

It was growing dark rapidly when the band played the national anthem and they all stood up. Then the musicians packed up their instruments and filed out of the little wooden kiosk.

"You will come often, Johnny, and speak English with Elena?" Don Raimundo said.

"Certainly, sir. I shall give myself the pleasure too frequently."

Then her hand was in his and her eyes were on his, unmoving, wide and calm. "I want to see you soon. You know that."

"Yes. It must be soon."

After they had gone he turned to watch her walk with her father across the plaza in the gathering dusk.

He was a geologist, with field parties working far into the interior, and the work must be done rapidly while the dry season held. His house, which was his office as well, was a rambling old hacienda on a hillside above the town with sheds for the trucks and equipment, and a corral for the pack and riding animals. He worked hard in the early mornings and often very late at night so that he would have more time to be with Elena.

The customs of the village made it very difficult for them. She herself, from her years abroad, was what they called, in Santa Clara, *abierta*—open, that is, modern, with no respect for the old, rigid conventions; but because of Don Raimundo and the smallness of the village, they had to conform to all the old ways. John Condon could never see her alone. When he came in the evenings to sit with her in the tiled and frescoed drawing room of her house, Don Raimundo would be seated there also, or perhaps old Celestina, the sister of Anastasia. It was like the first time, in the plaza; they could say very little to each other. And when they went riding into the mountains, Don Raimundo must always go along, too, sitting his beautiful little mare like the great rider he was, and he must go to the cinema with them, accompany Elena to the dances on fiesta days and walk beside her going home.

THEN there was always Esteban, too. He came to the house almost as much as Condon, sat with them in the plaza, hovered at Elena's side always at the fiestas. He didn't ride with them, however, for he was busy at his chief's office during the day.

It was only in the evenings when she sat on the broad windowsill beside the street, Condon outside and the iron bars between them, that they could talk together, keeping their voices low to escape the ears of Celestina sitting in the lighted room. During those times, fleeting and inadequate, they were able to say some of the things they had wanted to say to each other. But Esteban would often interfere in that, too, of course. He would come down the dark street, swinging his cane, and join Condon at the low window to take over completely with his voluble chatter. Sometimes he would bring a peon with a guitar to accompany him as he sang softly the romantic songs of Spain.

"You said it must be soon, Elena," Condon said to her. "Soon has passed a long time and we have had nothing yet." They spoke Spanish when they were alone at the window because it was better for what they had to say.

"No, we have nothing, really, and yet it has been much for me."

"For me, too, it has been much, but not enough."

"No, not enough. I must think of something. I will try to think of something."

The afternoon of the next day the three of them were riding a narrow trail that climbed in easy stages among the wooded hills, Elena leading with Condon close behind and Don Raimundo following. Don Raimundo was mounted on a black mule, an animal Condon had never seen him ride before.

"We will go above today," he had said, "where it is rough. I wish to prove the mule among the rocks and you must ride ahead, for he does not lead well."

When Don Raimundo called out, they were following the level floor of a narrow gorge, rocky and thick with tree ferns and lianas.

"Ah, this beast is of no use above, among the rocks. See, he has gone lame. The near front hoof, he has torn it. It is as I had feared."

He had dismounted and was looking at the mule sorrowfully, shaking his head. "I must go down afoot, leading him, while you may ride on ahead."

He looked up at them then, his eyes twinkling. "Naturally, however, you must await me before entering the pueblo for I have no wish to create scandal."

Condon looked quickly at Elena but already she was moving. He swung his horse about to follow her.

At the first turn that took them out of sight, he saw her spurs touch and without looking back, she went at a fast lope down the trail that led to Santa Clara by another route. He kept close, knowing why she hurried. More time. To get there sooner and have more time for waiting.

SHE drew up at last in a deep glen beside a stream where a big ceiba tree stood with its roots in the tumbling white water. She dismounted, tethered the horse and stood facing him, waiting quietly.

Now that the time had come they had no words at all. Their lips held long, trembling together; their bodies were hard, soft things, tender, rough things, gentle, fierce, clinging together. Then her head lowered and the soft hair was against his cheek and she shivered against him as though she would get closer still. They stood for a long time, not moving, the sound of the stream, the smells of the forest, the cool mountain greenness all around them. At last the long lashes fluttered and the gray eyes met his. They were shining but they were misty, too.

"It gives me a tightness in the throat," he said. "Does it give you that?"

"Yes, it does the same thing to me."

"Have you loved before?"

She shook her head slowly, not smiling. "Not like this. And you?"

"Nor I. Not like this."

"Nothing like this. No more than colored paper is like flowers, or the lights in the plaza like stars."

(Continued on page 29)

The Plight of the Last Censor

By George Creel

America's first official censor hopes he will be our last. Mr. Creel feels that "voluntary" censorship won't work any better now than it did in 1917, when even generals and admirals disagreed on what should be shush-shushed, while editors never knew what they could publish safely. Here the author suggests a workable alternative

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George Creel in 1917 when, as chairman of the Committee on Public Information, he was the first censor America has had

AS MANY scars bear witness, I was the official censor during the World War. For two years I rode herd on the press, trying to enforce the concealments demanded by the Army and Navy. Two long, hectic years, and at the end of the disastrous experiment I fell to my knees and offered up a fervent prayer that just as I had been America's first official censor so would I live in history as the last.

Unhappily, it turns out that fighting men are like the Bourbons. They die but they never learn. Still insisting that secrecy is as much a part of war as ships and guns, a censorship of the press is again in operation, having been initiated by the Secretary of the Navy in conference with the heads of publishers' associations. Only a "voluntary" arrangement, however, as the announcement is careful to explain, lacking compulsory and punitive features. Nothing more than a patriotic pledge with one hand on the heart and the other on the flag.

Well, that is just what we had, and all we had, in 1917 and 1918. The war-making branches, to be sure, clamored for a law with teeth in it, but when Congress balked a plan was worked out that made the press its own censor. The desires of government with respect to the concealment of "military secrets" were set forth in careful detail, and sent to every newspaper in the land. On the printed card that carried them was this paragraph: "These requests are without larger authority than the necessities of the war-making branches. Their enforcement is a matter for the press itself."

Simple enough and proper enough on its face, but not only did the plan fall down in operation, but out of it came a long train of irritations that made for lasting angers and ill will. The resentments of the bedeviled press deepened into revolt, equally bedeviled officials fumed and what should have been a friendly and co-operative relationship went rancid. By way of adding to tragedy, it soon became painfully apparent that the whole business had no real point, no justification in necessity.

Why Our Censorship Failed

Secrecy is essential in connection with many activities of the war machine, although the need is often exaggerated beyond the bounds of common sense, but censorship of the press in *any* form is not the answer, never was the answer and never will be the answer. Not in this country at any rate. Just as it failed in the first World War, so will it fail again, for the causes of failure are inherent in the plan. I was a fool not to have seen it, but the "shush-shush" campaign impressed me, and "voluntary" was a magic word that soothed away all suspicion of trouble.

The physical difficulties of enforcement, for example, should have been plain, for European countries presented no such problem as the United States with its stretch of 3,000 miles from coast to coast, its forty-eight states and scores of great cities. Administration, therefore, had to be broken down to every metropolitan center, for it was obviously absurd to assume that San Francisco, Dallas, Minneapolis, New Orleans and Miami must telephone Washington whenever a ruling was required.

This huge machine, even when created, did not function with automatic precision, for "information of value to the enemy," or "definitely damaging to the progress and maintenance of the national defense," and "compatible with the national security" were phrases subject to as many interpretations as there were interpreters. Oftentimes generals and admirals were in sharp disagreement as to what should be suppressed or passed, so that rulings flatly contradicted each other. One group of high officials, with some appreciation of publicity values, would urge pictures and feature stories, while another group would not want to admit that we had either an army or a navy. It took me two months to get permission for correspondents to visit the Grand Fleet.

Quite naturally, this confusion at the source had its effect on junior officers in the field. In cases of doubt they "played safe," ruling against publication even when suppression was patently absurd. There were many instances where papers were denied permission to give the location of aviation plants although the information was to be found in every telephone and city directory. A powder factory was being built in plain view of a large city, an enterprise lauded by the Chamber of Commerce, but reporters were ordered to ignore its existence.

(Continued on page 34)

A mobile radio-monitoring unit used by the FCC to run down illegal broadcasting stations. In wartime these units, working with the 11 primary radio-policing stations scattered throughout the country, could swiftly locate within 100 yards any transmitter sending information to enemy countries. New units now in service are outwardly indistinguishable from any ordinary passenger car

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Sister Sayers

By Kyle Crichton

Stories about the starry-eyed yearner who struggles for a Broadway role don't mean a thing to Jo Ann Sayers, who had the part of Sister Eileen dropped right into her lap

Jo Ann Sayers is an outstanding success in her very first Broadway role

IFOR THOMAS

WELL, sir, this little lady was sleeping as usual. A regular sleeping beauty. She was in New York, she was lonesome, so she was in bed at ten-thirty. Not ten-thirty in the morning, but ten-thirty at night. In the sector of Manhattan where this episode was unfolding, the thought of being in bed at ten-thirty at night is considered obscene.

Anyhow, she was in bed and the phone rang and she turned over and made a grimace of pain and grabbed the receiver. "Um-m-mb," she mumbled dumblike, still drugged by Morpheus.

"Get up out of there, you dope!" cried a cheery voice from the other end, and our heroine sat right smack up in bed, entranced.

"Billy!" she cried. "Where are you?"

William evidently told her because upon hearing the information, she leaped three feet out of bed and began throwing on her clothes at a great rate. If this sounds like romance, dismiss the silly notion immediately. The Billy was none other than Billy Grady, talent scout at M-G-M, who would not allow his best friend to call him a romantic figure. The sleeping beauty was Jo Ann Sayers—and this, dear children, is a long-winded way of telling you how Miss Sayers got a job in My Sister Eileen, the Broadway smash hit.

What is wrong about this historic incident is that from first to last it is cockeyed. In the first place, Mr. Grady represents a studio that had only recently heaved Miss Sayers out into the alley. In the second place, Miss Sayers' total acting experience could be stuck in your eye. She had played exactly two roles before in her life—as a sophomore in the University of Washington dramatic department—and here she was with Sister Eileen, one of the fattest parts on Broadway.

On Miss Sayers' behalf it may be said that she is well aware of her good fortune. When the flu attacked her last winter, she resolutely refused to knock off a few days and let her understudy do the part.

"Nothing doing!" she cried. "I might never get back in there again."

In truth Mr. Grady did not get her the job—nothing as simple as that. He talked with her over a beer that night—he drinking the beer and doing the talking—and next day he took her to lunch with Marc Connelly, the playwright. Sitting next to them at a table was Sam Lyons, the agent, who suggested to Mr. Connelly that Mr. Connelly might well bring the young lady to the attention of Mr. Max Gordon, producer of My Sister Eileen. Nothing loath, Mr. Connelly did same. Mr. Gordon turned her over to George S. Kaufman, director of the play. She went down to the theater where a dozen applicants were reading for the part and Mr. Kaufman listened to her.

"Hmm," he commented reflectively, "a little short on experience, I would say." But he brightened up almost immediately. "But if you had fifteen years' experience," he pointed out lucidly, "you'd be fifteen years older, wouldn't you?" Miss Sayers agreed that this was the essence of wisdom. She went back a week later and read for him again. He turned no handsprings in the aisles, and she returned to her hotel room to wait. But not for long. After a week she went down to the Gordon office.

"That's one thing I learned in Hollywood," she says. "If you want anything, you have to battle for it."

When the Luck Was All Bad

They had never heard of her at the Gordon office. She couldn't get in to see anybody. After a week Mr. Gordon called her and told her the part was hers, which was an excellent thing because the Hollywood experience had left Miss Sayers slightly shell-shocked. If her fortune is all good now, her career was a mess up to that point. If anybody thinks she has had a cinch in Hollywood, she can point to a collection of heartbreaks calculated to floor a veteran.

As a sophomore at the University of Washington she had been queen of the winter carnival, a great honor. Things had been easy all along the line and when she played in her two school shows it seemed only proper that the screen scouts should start chasing her. She made a test for Andy Lawler of RKO, under the theory that she might be another Deanna Durbin.

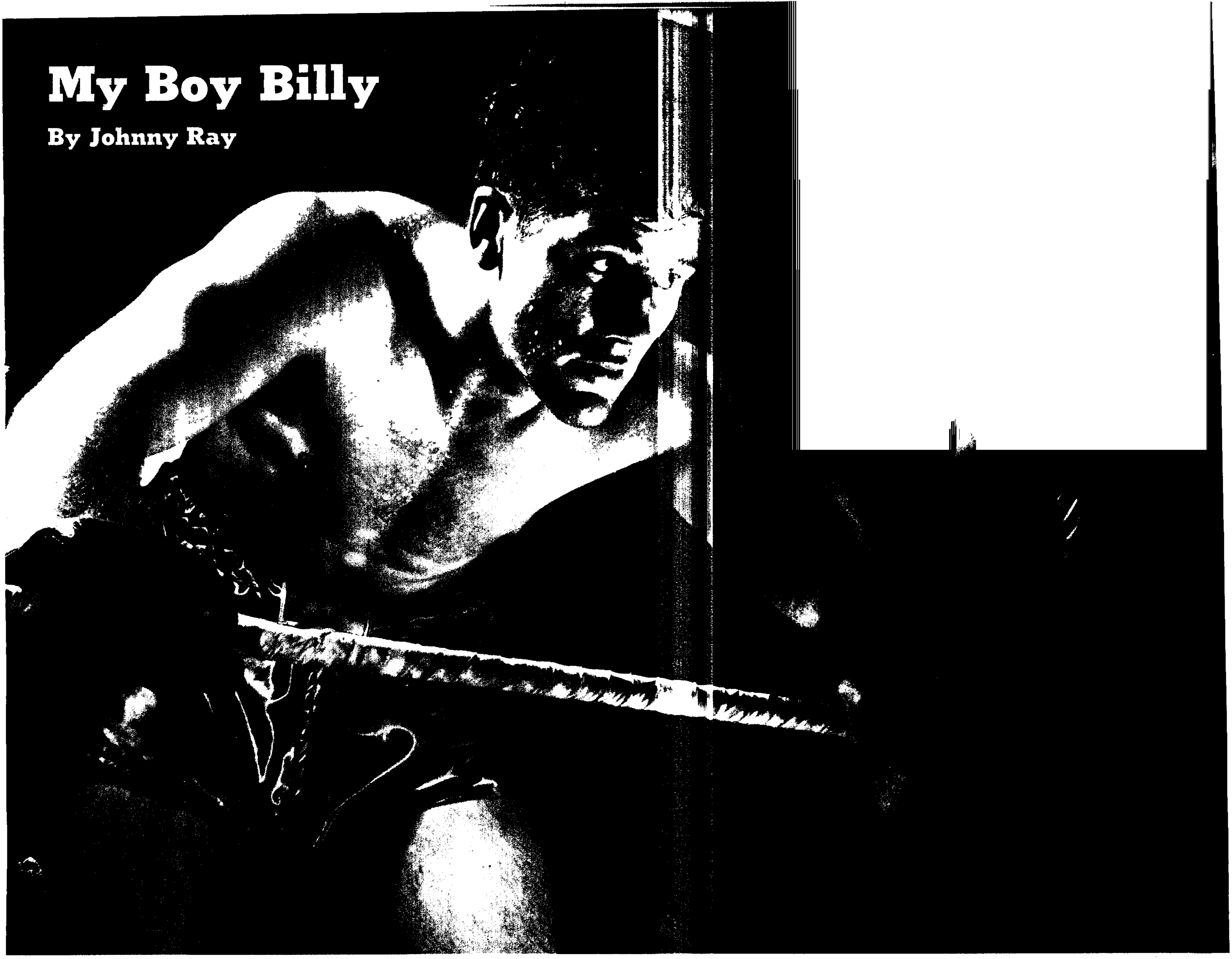
"I wasn't another Durbin," reports Jo Ann flatly.

But when RKO didn't want her, the delay was only brief because M-G-M snapped her up. She came down from Seattle as Mimi Lilygren, her real name, but Billy Grady wakened one night from an unhappy reverie and settled on her new name. She made no complaint at the new christening because the first picture they put her in was Young Dr. Kildare. The notices in the press were raves.

"Then they put me in *(Continued on page 67)*

My Boy Billy

By Johnny Ray



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL OESER

Key men in the 1941 version of the perennial plot against Joe Louis are this confident pair: Light-heavy champ Billy Conn and his manager, Johnny Ray

Mr. William Conn's manager, by no means a bashful fellow, thinks quite a bit of his fighter. Maybe it all adds up to bad news for you know who

BILLY CONN worries a lot before every fight. He worries about how to keep me, his manager, from passing out.

His opponents don't bother him a bit, but as a fight approaches I am in a continuous nail-biting, forehead-wrinkling state of nerves.

It's the old "they can't hurt us, pal" routine of a manager to his fighter—only this time it's in reverse.

For instance, the evening of his first fight with Fred Apostoli in Madison Square Garden—his first fight in New York, incidentally—Billy and I were walking from our hotel to the Garden for the bout. I was so jittery and jumpy, I must have given passers-by the impression that I had just staggered from one of the bars which surround the Garden.

Billy had every right to be the jumpy one. He was only a kid, barely twenty-one. He should have been wide-eyed at his first trip to the big city and the prospect of facing the biggest crowd he'd ever seen. In Apostoli he was meeting a fine, smart fighter. Yet, Conn was about as upset as when he sits down to a steak dinner. (And the only thing that upsets him then is if his knife and fork are missing.)

As we walked, he put his arm around my shaking shoulders.

"Now, Johnny," he consoled, "stop worrying. Nothing can happen to us tonight. You know there's nobody in the world can beat me. And New York doesn't scare me a bit."

I actually did pass out just before one of Billy's fights. It happened in Pittsburgh when he met Babe Risko, the former middleweight champion. I was so worked up as ringtime approached that I just up and fainted.

Billy, who's a practical joker of no mean ability, and who can be mighty cruel to friends outside the ring as well as foes inside, just stood there and laughed at me as they brought me around again. Then he went out and gave Risko a good going-over.

I'm telling you all this about Conn's coldness and confidence in action only because I think it's about the best and clearest way of showing the chief reason why all of us around the light-heavyweight champion are convinced he's going to whip Joe Louis and win the heavyweight title of the world.

Naturally, our plan for beating Louis must remain a secret for the time being. Take my word for it, though, it's a brand-new offense so far as Mr. Louis is concerned, and we believe it can't miss. I hope Joe doesn't worry about it too much between now and the time he finds himself in a ring with Conn.

Before I go any farther, please get one thing straight. There is not the usual fighter-manager relationship between Conn and myself. I honestly love him as though he were my own kid, and I know he thinks the world of me.

He'll agree with me when I say he's about the nastiest trickster who ever gave a hotfoot or passed out a loaded cigar. He thinks nothing of walking into my home in Pittsburgh, calmly breaking into my room and taking my money right out of my pocket—just for a loan, of course.

Gags That Backfire

He thinks nothing of going around whispering malicious and entirely made-up gossip about me. And, generally, he delights in nothing more than getting poor old Johnny—or any other friend—into trouble. With him it's a laugh.

Occasionally, these gags backfire on Billy. We still get a big kick out of kidding him about his loaded dice. The thing started while he was in Detroit last fall to defend his title against Gus Lesnevich.

Someone introduced Billy to a fellow who made the little galloping ivories, and Billy became very interested.

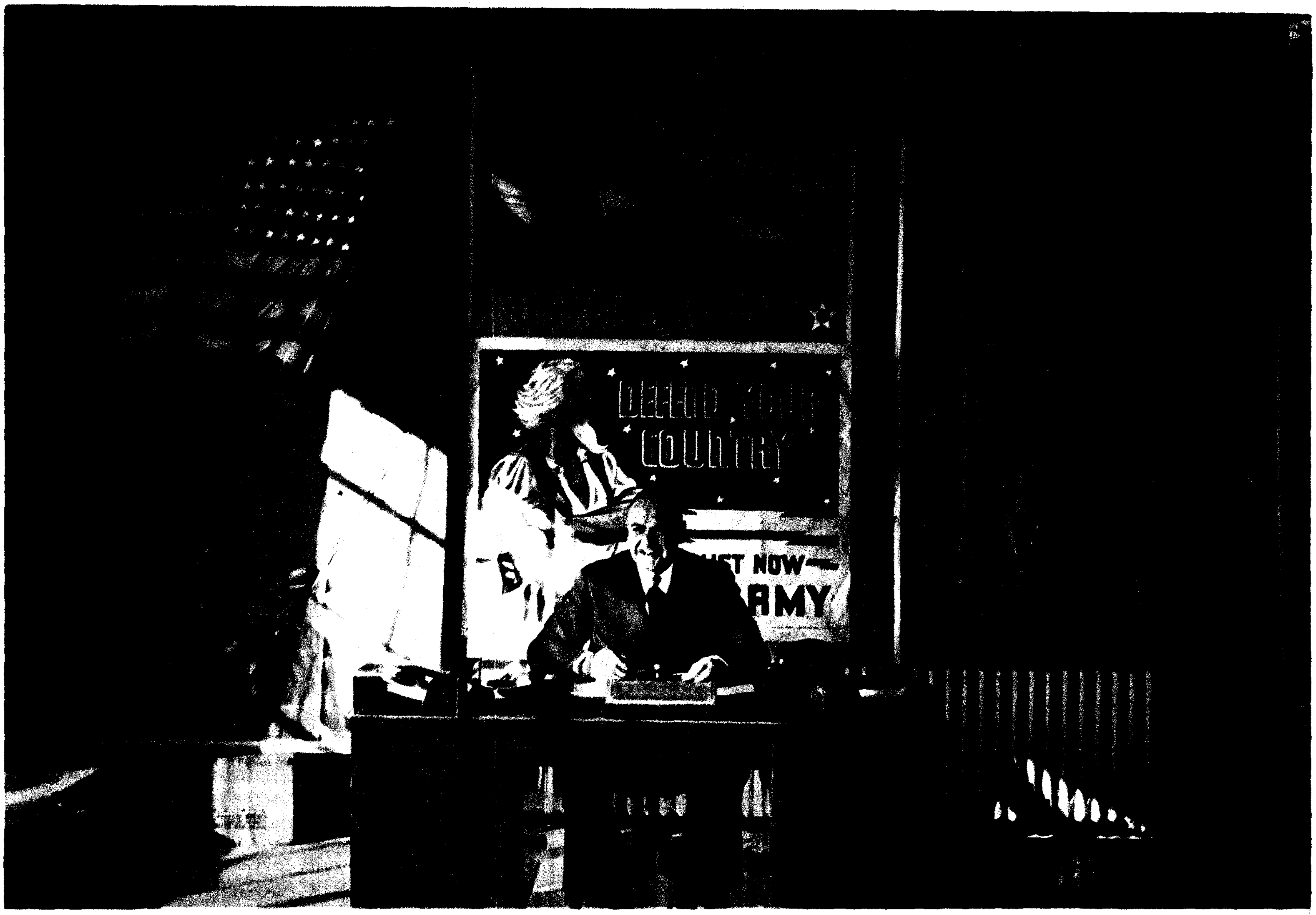
"Say," he asked the fellow, "make me up a pair of dice that can't lose, can you?"

"Sure thing, Billy," the man agreed, and the day of the fight he brought two pair around—one loaded and the other regular. Or, as the boys around and about call them, a pair of "hitters" and a pair of "missers."

Billy and several friends chartered a plane to fly back to Pittsburgh right after the fight, and Conn, thinking he had a soft touch even if it was at the expense of his pals, proposed a crap game to pass the time.

For a while everything worked fine. Then Billy, in palming one pair of dice, became slightly confused and passed the loaded cubes to the next "shooter" by mistake. Naturally, the fellow got "hot" and before you knew it, Billy Boy not only had lost all he had won, but was about $600 behind. Finally, it dawned on him, and he had to confess. As you might guess, his pals offered no sympathy. Of course, he would have given the money back if the gag hadn't bitten him.

(Continued on page 74)



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

Colonel Harold N. Gilbert, the Army's master salesman. His reward for expert recruiting was the Distinguished Service Medal

Come In and Stay

By Henry F. Pringle

You veterans of 1918 probably wouldn't recognize this new Army of high-school and college kids, ambitious to make good in the careers Uncle Sam offers them. Even the top kicks are different now. It's all the result of a superselling job put on by Colonel Gilbert and his fellow recruiters

THE recruiting sergeant in Atlanta smiled with professional hospitality as the snappily dressed stranger came into his office. He was about to start singing the praises of Army life when the man thrust out a card and started a harangue of his own. He was a salesman, it appeared, from a correspondence school.

"Buddy," he said earnestly, "I'm selling success in life. Wake up! You're not getting anywhere."

"Yeah?" drawled the sergeant.

"Nowhere at all, buddy. It's only trained men that get anywhere these days. Now if you enroll in one of our mail-order courses you'll . . ."

"Yeah?"

"You'll be able to quit the Army and get a good job."

"Is *that* so?" asked the recruiting sergeant. "Now you listen to me, buddy."

A half-hour later the salesman walked out, bewildered but pleased. He had applied for enlistment in the United States Army. If accepted—and the sergeant had said there was slight doubt of it—he would be sent to Hawaii and in due time would be a trained radio operator. If he stayed in the Army after his three-year stretch he would, with any ability at all, be a noncommissioned officer. And at the end of thirty years he would retire with a pension of as much as $100 a month for life.

It really happened that way. Evidence of that type of salesmanship permeates the Adjutant General's office in Washington, which has charge of recruiting. Its results show in the fact that more than 305,000 men have been added to the Regular Army, most of them in the last twelve months. There are some 470,000 men in the Regular establishment now, all but a handful on three-year enlistments, and they will be the nucleus of the vastly larger Army provided by the Selective Service law.

An analysis of the education of 180,152 of the men who enlisted last July has been completed by the War Department. This shows that 1.67 per cent are college graduates; that 6.68 per cent have attended college for one, two or three years; that 30.07 per cent went to high school for one, two or three years; that 29.69 per cent are high-school graduates and that 31.89 went to grammar school only. Thus over two thirds of the men in the new Army have, at the least, been to high school.

The Regular Army will train the men who are drafted. Army experts agree that only the rudiments of modern, mechanized warfare can be taught in the single year that the Selective Service men will serve. They hope that many of these soldiers will, when their year is up, enlist in the Regular Army. But that remains to be seen. In the meanwhile they count on the reservoir of some 225,000 out of the total of 470,000 Regulars who will have had either one or two years of training. This is a minimum figure and does not take re-enlistments into account. A third of the men in the Regular Army will, of course, be eligible to return to civilian life if they choose.

From the First Corps Area, with its headquarters in Boston, to the Ninth Corps Area in San Francisco has been conducted, particularly during the past year, a drive for recruits in which the methods of big business have been used. Generals, colonels, lower ranking officers, sergeants, corporals and privates have been selling the United States Army to the young men of America.

The master salesman among them all has been Lieutenant Colonel Harold N. Gilbert of the Adjutant General's office, who has been in charge of the whole show. Last November 1st, Secretary of War Stimson pinned the Distinguished Service Medal on Colonel Gilbert and read a citation which proclaimed his "unusual foresight . . . and resourcefulness in planning . . . and

(Continued on page 64)

Sale to a Friend

By Charles Molyneux Brown

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

KENT FOSTER had lunch at a popular Vine Street restaurant and came away with an idea.

It wasn't just the sort of thing he'd been trying for almost a week to goad a tired creative brain to spawn. Merely observing Elise Brooks and Rex Raines lunching with a party of picture people had been the springboard for the idea. There was a chance, though, that he could sell it to Sam Harper.

Driving out to the Regent Pictures lot, Foster thought about Elise Brooks. Studio heads had been sourly dubious when Sam Harper first wanted to star her in a picture. They conceded that she had youth, beauty and charm, but argued that she was a nobody in pictures, and hadn't shown anything in two minor roles before the cameras.

But they didn't argue too strenuously with the producer who had turned out the best-grossing Regent pictures of the past two years. Sam Harper had his way, and Elise Brooks got her chance.

Foster had turned out a good screen play for the venture. Sam Harper borrowed Rex Raines for the male lead, and provided a capable supporting cast. The veteran Grover Deland drew the assignment for the directing chore. Girl at the Wheel went into production without advance publicity, and on a modest budget and a fast shooting schedule.

Studio heads saw early rushes and lost dubiousness. Elise Brooks was astoundingly good. So the publicity department concentrated on building up Elise Brooks; and after a quiet and practically unnoticed six months in Hollywood, the town began to see a lot of her. In parties of the right people at the right night spots, where cameras snapped hungrily. Rex Raines generally was in the parties, and was often escort to the budding starlet.

Foster saw those things happening and, because he knew his Hollywood and Rex Raines, worried a little for Elise Brooks.

A week before shooting on the current picture was completed Sam Harper had called Foster in for a conference.

"We're going to rush Elise into another picture," the producer announced happily. "If we can get a script ready soon enough, I can get Raines again. I'm looking to you for a story that'll give her big opportunities. When you get any ideas, let's talk 'em over."

FROM that conference Foster had gone glumly back to his office. He had hoped, after Girl at the Wheel, to get a rest.

Writing for Sam Harper was a tough assignment. Anybody associated with him had to keep his pace, and Sam Harper had justly earned the reputation of being Hollywood's hardest-working producer. Pictures were his life, and the studio held him early and late. Social Hollywood seldom saw him.

After two years' close association Foster had acquired a profound admiration for Sam Harper's genius, and a genuine liking for the man. He considered the producer a friend, something really rare in Hollywood. That was why the idea that had come to him in the restaurant intrigued him so greatly now.

At two-thirty that afternoon Foster was in Sam Harper's office. The producer had been eager to hear the idea.

"The girl is young, and has everything, including a nice singing voice she's anxious to do things with." Foster launched into the telling briskly. "She meets a man. He's a big executive, and really a swell guy, but he's never taken time out for romance or playing. He's been all wrapped up in his job. He's about ten years older than the girl.

"He goes overboard for the girl in their first meeting. She likes him, too. He puts on a high-pressure courtship and they're married a week after he meets her. She isn't so sure about her heart, but he means security and maybe time will tell. He takes her on a six-day honeymoon, but it turns out to be mostly a business trip, because he spends a lot of time looking over deals for his company. That disappoints her a little."

SAM HARPER grunted, and swung his chair to face a window overlooking the busy Regent lot. Foster hurried along: "Things are pretty dull for the girl when they get settled down in a swell home. The business has a stranglehold on the husband, and what time he is home he's too tired to do much social running around.

"He's proud of her voice, and uses his drag to fix things for her to get a spot in an important concert. She makes a hit. The music crowd takes her up and gives her a big rush. She has a great time, and meets a chap who's a singer also, and has other talents not so nice. He hangs around wherever she goes.

"The husband is tickled to see her making good and enjoying herself. He even thinks it's all right for the singer chap to squire her around. He gets a pretty stiff shock when it turns out he's just about lost her to the singer."

Foster paused to light a cigarette. He observed that Sam Harper still stared out of the window but was listening attentively.

"That happens when they have a scene at home and she talks about a divorce," Foster took up the story again. "But the husband won't give her up that easy. He pulls a fast one, and practically kidnaps his wife and whisks her off to Bermuda. He starts in courting her all over again, but with different methods. She's sore at first, but begins to soften.

"The singer trails down there and we have a big dramatic scene where the wife chooses, but of course it's the husband, because she knows she won't be second fiddle to his business in the future." Foster paused a moment, and then said, "It's just an idea. Maybe it's a story."

Sam Harper swung about to his desk slowly, shaking his head. "Old stuff, Kent, and too thin," he said. "I guess you're tired. Why don't you take a four weeks' layoff? When you get back, freshened up, you can do the sort of story I want."

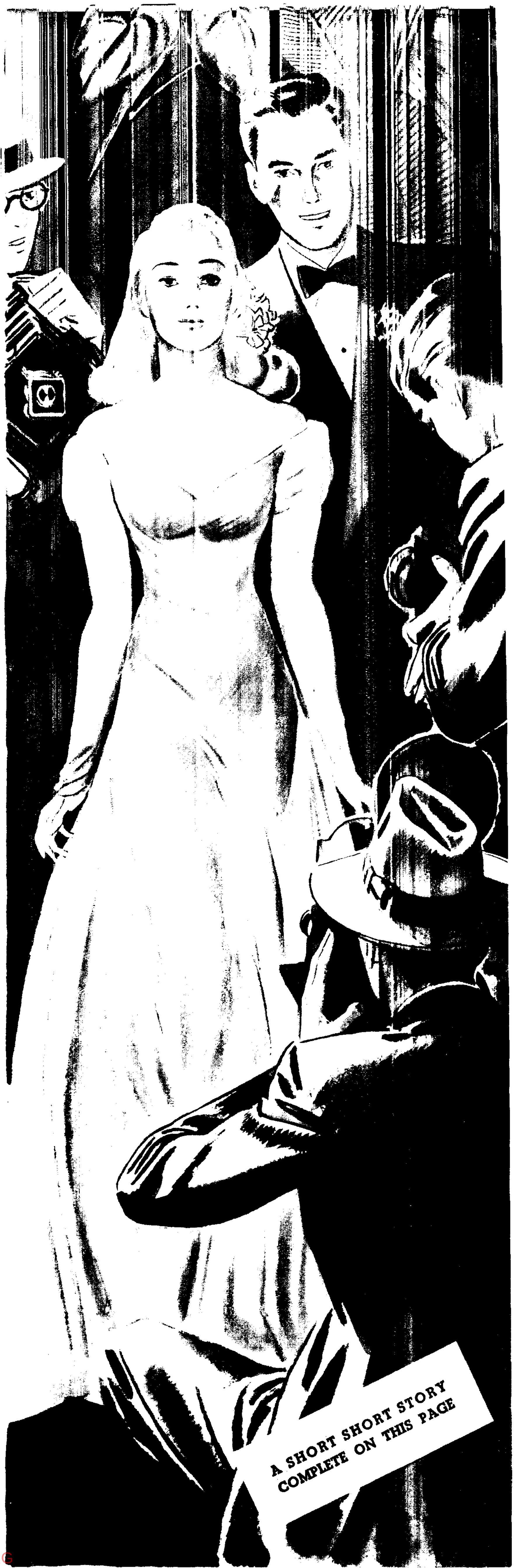
"You're not going to make another picture right away then?" Foster inquired interestedly.

"I'm going to shelve everything, and take that trip to Honolulu I've been talking about for years," Sam Harper said briskly. "I've been working too hard, and I'm tired, too. I just decided on it today."

Foster got up and lounged to the door. The producer picked up some papers from his desk and said, absently, "Thanks, anyhow, for telling me your idea."

In the reception office Foster passed Elise Brooks, who had been Mrs. Sam Harper for four months. She gave him a nod and a bright smile, going into her husband's private office.

Foster lounged on to the corridor and jabbed the button for the automatic elevator. "Old stuff!" he chuckled, highly pleased. "But he bought it!"

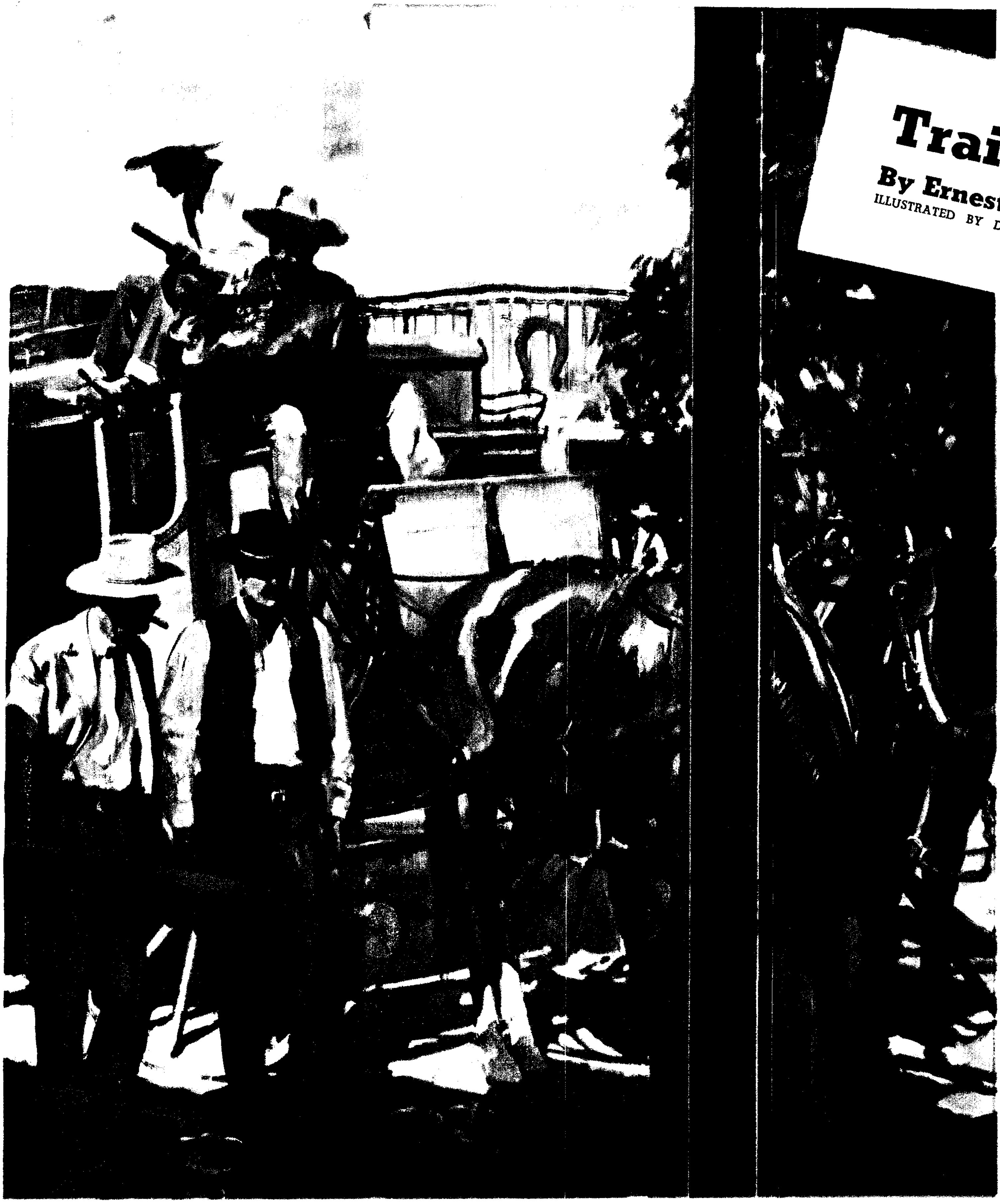

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

The town began to see a lot of her. In parties of the right people at the right spots, where cameras snapped hungrily

Trail Town

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE



Green stepped from the stage and waited for a second man and they walked on to Balder's store

The Story Thus Far:

RIVER BEND, a wild frontier town, is divided into two hostile factions: the free and easy citizens, led by Charley Fair, owner of The Pride, a noted saloon; and the soberer businessmen, led by Ed Balder. Ford Green, the county's prosecuting attorney, supports Balder. Dan Mitchell, the marshal, is neutral; a kindly, tolerant man, he plays no favorites.

Friendly enough, for a time, Green and Mitchell (who is attracted to Green's fiancée, Sherry Gault) presently become bitter enemies. Green, an ambitious politician, believes that he may be sent to the United States Senate if he chases Fair and his followers out of town and so become known as an incorruptible reformer. Disapproving of persecuting anyone, Mitchell refuses to co-operate with him.

So (Green decides) Mitchell must be "eliminated." . . . Bravo Trimble, the sheriff, is shot to death by Jett Younger, an outlaw. Green suggests to various persons the possibility, the *probability,* that Mitchell, not Younger, killed Bravo; and within a short time, the rumor spreading quietly, Dan Mitchell has a number of new enemies. . . .

Among Mitchell's loyal friends is "Big Annie," proprietress of The Dream, a dance hall. The woman is essentially good—sweet, generous, warm-hearted. Mitchell, lonely, spends much of his free time in her establishment. There—with Tom Leathers, his closest friend, who is in love with Rita, one of the girls—he has many happy moments. Knowing this, and misinterpreting it, Sherry Gault gives Mitchell a frosty reception whenever she meets him. Nevertheless, admiring his courage, she defends him when Green, in a moment of anger, attacks him.

Both Balder's followers and Fair's agree that once, at least, Mitchell had made a serious blunder. On that occasion, he had forced the unruly punchers in Cap Ryker's Texas outfit (just arrived in River Bend) to behave themselves. Furious, Ryker had vowed to ruin the town; and Ryker, a power in the West, may do just that.

Jealous, suspecting that Sherry is becoming interested in Mitchell, Green decides to start his reform drive (in the course of which he feels sure he can force Mitchell out of office). But he must have a strong man, a ruthless man, beside him. He knows where he can find such a man—in Pawnee.

While preparing to take the stage for Pawnee, he encounters Mitchell on the street. The two men exchange heated words. They fight, using their fists, elbows and heads, not their guns. Green receives a terrible beating. Then, groggy, longing for revenge, he takes the stage for Pawnee. Pawnee has a tough sheriff: Bill Bexar. Green entertains the theory that Bill Bexar is just the man he needs.

VII

MITCHELL walked back to the jail office and found Ad Morfitt there. He said: "What you doing here this time of the day?"

Ad, so usually weary and in need of sleep, displayed a rare burst of feeling. "I'd've slugged that damned crook if you hadn't busted him down. You took a lot of time doin' it."

"The man's tough, Ad. Tougher than we think." He washed at the sink and brushed his clothes and combed his hair. He had scuffed off the skin on his knuckles and he had taken a couple of bad blows on the face and chin. After every fight and after every night's run of this town a letdown always came, bringing its wonder. It came now. Standing in the room, he took time to light a cigar and make his little speech to Ad:

"What's a man do these things for? There's better things in life than to roll in the dust like a dog. There's easier ways of living. There's fun in the world somewhere if a man could only look for it and get at it. What am I doing, Ad?"

"That's what Tom Leathers has been tellin' you," pointed out Ad. "It is what I have been telling you."

"Some day," said Mitchell, "I'd like to pull out. Some day I'd like to go up to my ranch in the Aspens and sit on the porch and let the world go by. That's a man's proper life. Not a bad ranch if I ever took time to run it. At night I can look down into the desert. I can see the lights of the train forty miles away. I can see the glow of this town. You know, Ad, I'd like to quit."

"Why don't you?"

"No," murmured Mitchell, "not now. I can't."

"Sure. They all say it. Time comes when a marshal gets to thinking he's the only one to run the town. Nobody else can handle it. I've seen a lot of marshals. They all think the same thing. You know what it is?"

"What is it?"

"Pride," said Ad. "A marshal's got to have a hell of a lot of it to stand the job. If he didn't have it he wouldn't last at all. But it gets the best of him finally. He's on parade all day and pretty soon he can't step down. Pride."

"It may be," agreed Mitchell. "But these folks on Race deserve a square deal. I'm staying on the job."

Ad said: "Where you going now?"

"Out for a little ride on the desert."

"Dan, be careful where you ride," Ad warned.

MITCHELL returned to Brinton's and took out the buckskin. Full dark moved rapidly over the land and he knew Sherry would be waiting for him at the bridge. As he left the stable, Neal Brinton said: "You ain't had supper."

"No," answered Mitchell, and moved toward the end of Willow. It was an idle question asked by a man who was his friend, yet it drove home a point to Mitchell. All his acts were under close scrutiny. Many eyes in this town closely watched him throughout the day, some with liking and some with hate. Between sunrise and bedtime he was a target for the town, so constantly before all these people that he ceased to be a man and became instead a symbol to be defended or destroyed.

Night was soft and warm. He passed the campground and noted that several fires burned on the earth, illuminating the scatter of wagons and homestead people bedded down for the night. He had come to accept the casual stream of immigrant settlers; it had gone on day after day, causing no particular stir in town. But tonight, seeing this group, he was suddenly aware of a fact that these people, so quiet in their passage, had grown into a steady current. The desert was filling up in certain districts, and now he recalled the idle phrase of Bill Mellen's: "Something's going to happen to this country. I won't say what that will be until it happens."

The big wooden bridge across Spanish River was a faint bulk in the night. Beyond it, wide-scattered on the prairie, the many cook fires of the Texas trail herds made their round orange spots.

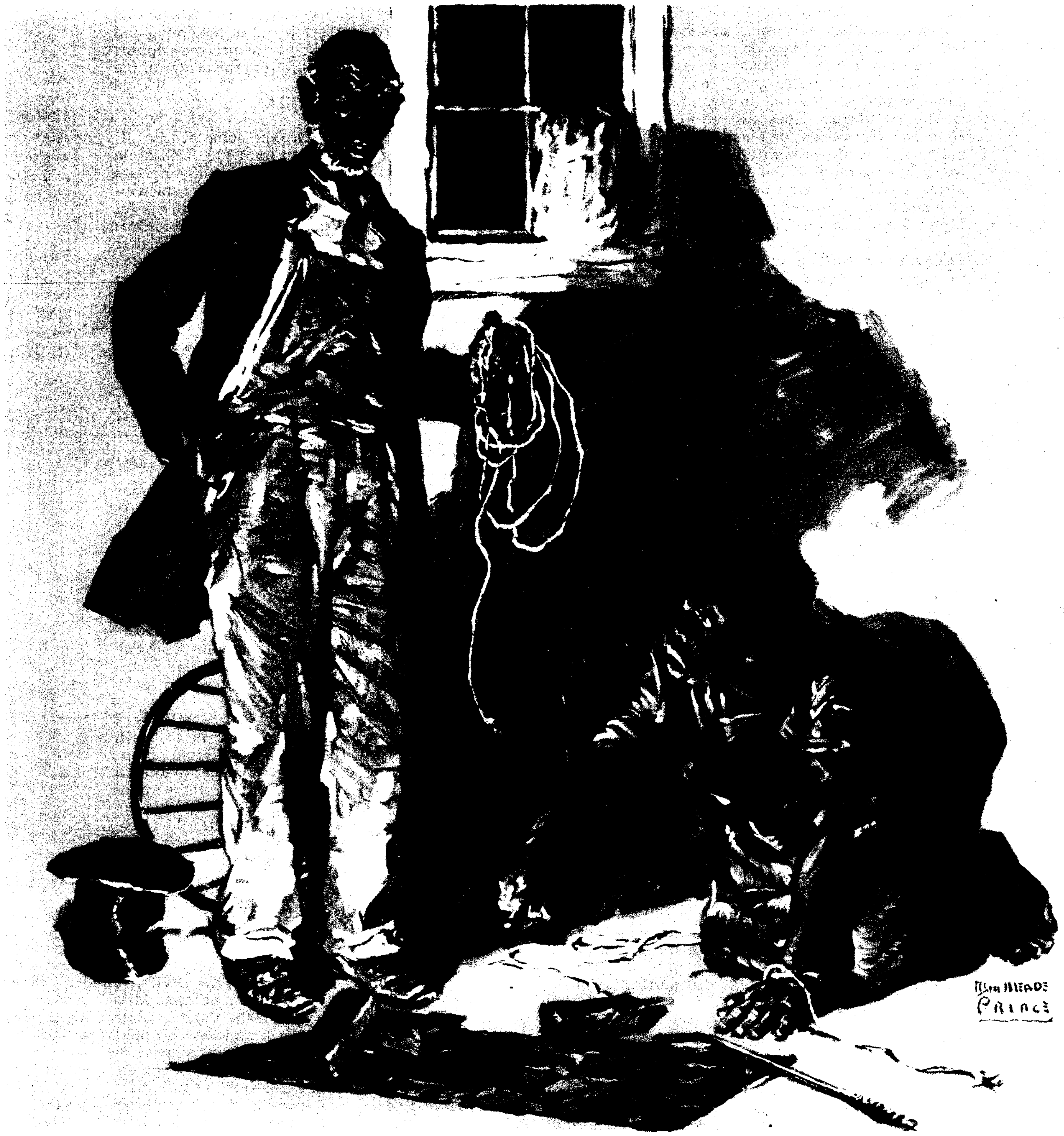
(Continued on page 38)

Money in the Sack

By Roark Bradford

Sin-Splitting Samuel just can't lose. As fast as he casts his bread upon the waters it hurries back, with interest

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



"He comed in, sweet-tawkin' and all," she wailed, "an' he chunked me behind de ear"

A SLACK winter season had dulled the edge of Sin-Splitting Samuel's sword of salvation. During December, January and February the aged, lanky evangelist had lain fallow in the ramshackle shanty at the edge of the little North Louisiana town of Plain Dealing, meditating and praying. Balaam, his bony sorrel mule, had garnered a scant living from the wild winter grasses of the countryside.

For more years than most people could count, the preacher and his mule had roamed the rural back roads of the low hills and river bottoms and battled sin where they found it, without regard for doctrine or creed. In a community of Running-Water Foot-Washers, Still-Water Sheep-Callers or even Methodist Head-Sprinklers, it was all one and the same to the Sin Splitter and Balaam. Were the odor of sin detected, the Sin Splitter would fall upon a community and do battle with Satan. Man and mule, they traveled light, struck suddenly and moved on before the complications of personal ties could enmesh them.

There were reasons for the Splitter's method, too, although he never explained them, even to himself. The suddenness of his arrival and disappearance created an atmosphere of mystery that aided in working on the emotions of the congregations. Mystery bred legend and legend bred power.

Then, too, there was the small matter of some unfinished business with the law. That was when the Sin Splitter was a young sinner man, years and years ago. He owed the law a few years, months and days on a ten-year sentence which had grown out of a wild, youthful indiscretion. The Splitter had no guilty conscience about it. That cold, rainy night when he had lain half buried in a cypress swamp while bloodhounds sang the danger song through the swamps, he had vowed that if the hounds passed him by he would devote the rest of his life to the Lord's work.

He quickly found he could preach more effectively and have less to explain about his past life if he kept strictly to himself and traveled alone.

Now, as the end of winter drew nigh and old Balaam's ribs grew more and more apparent, Sin-Splitting Samuel realized that a bit of hard grain would help his mule over many an impending mile when spring came. So he got a sack of corn from a neighbor's crib, one rainy night.

The neighbor, a little man named Berry, followed the preacher's tracks through the mud, next morning.

The Splitter had made no effort to conceal the corn, for when Berry walked up old Balaam was eating it from a box on the porch. When the mule saw Berry, he raised his head and pointed one long, floppy ear at him.

"Ole Balaam p'ints dat year at ev'y sinner he see!" the Splitter greeted. "And he kin smell a sinner might' nigh as far as I kin smell a polecat."

"Yeah," said Berry disagreeably, "and I kin smell a crib-breakin' cawn-stealin' rogue far as you kin smell a polecat, too."

Samuel was not disturbed. He stood back and allowed Berry to come into the house where a log fire was blazing. "Is you a member er de church?" the Splitter asked.

"No mind de church," Berry growled. "In my church hit say dat roguin' is stealin' and stealin' is a sin. And you rogued a sack er cawn outn my crib!"

"And efn I was a member er yo' church," Samuel said complacently, "I'd be doin' a sin."

The little man's wrath was not to be turned away with a soft answer. "You ain't no member er my church," he said threateningly, "and dat's on account er us don't like folks in we's church which gits mixed up wid de law." He stood up and backed toward the door. "O' cou'se," he added, "you ain't mixed up wid de law yit. But you's fixin' to, jest as quick as I kin git de word passed to de high sheriff."

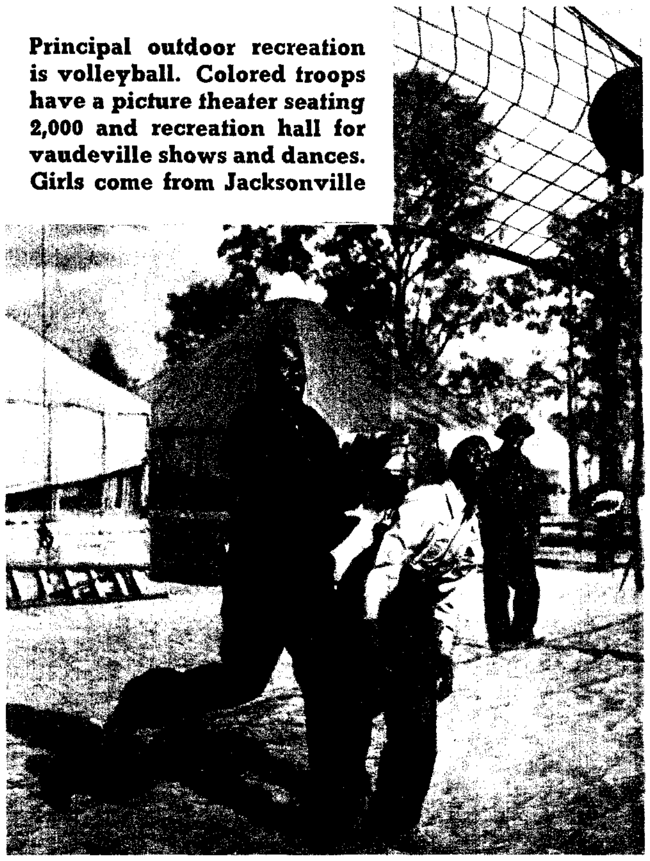
The Sin Splitter quietly reached into his back pocket and drew out a dingy tobacco sack and opened it. "I'll gi' you fo' bits for dat cawn," he offered, extracting a coin from the sack.

Berry considered. "A dollar," he suggested. "You tuck about two bushels."

(Continued on page 59)

OUR NEW ARMY

All slicked up for week-end leave, Pvt. Henry ("Shorty") Jordan, of Alexander City, Alabama, is a typical happy-go-lucky Negro soldier. He's a boiler and heater expert



Principal outdoor recreation is volleyball. Colored troops have a picture theater seating 2,000 and recreation hall for vaudeville shows and dances. Girls come from Jacksonville

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

TEXAS

CAMP HULEN, Palacios. When the Army began shipping men to this camp, a tattoo artist named J. N. ("Johnny") Rice, who recognizes an opportunity when he sees one, lost no time in setting up an emporium within hailing distance. His diminutive parlor is an important cog in the defense scheme, because nude tattoos are against Army regulations, and a lot of the new soldiers are decorated with a lot of old nudes which need camouflaging. Mr. Rice knows this from bitter experience. After he had signed up for World War I, the artist had to drive forty miles to have a bathing suit stuck on a nude of his own. Right now he's doing a nice business needling unclad females into pants, fig leaves and sarongs. New business is pretty good, too, with regimental emblems and Army serial numbers running neck and neck in popularity. They cost fifty cents to a dollar. Homesick recruits go for a sentimental number combining a dove of peace with a red rose and the word Mother. On exhibit at the emporium is a design featuring a nude perched atop a champagne glass, with dice and cards scattered in the background. It's titled Man's Ruin. No sale so far, Mr. Rice reports.

STRAY dogs just naturally gravitate toward Army camps. At Hulen they got to be such a nuisance that Lieut. Olin E. Teague, police and prison officer and assistant fire marshal, was designated to solve the problem. The lieutenant rigged up a wagon and special pen and in practically no time had bagged four dozen strays and ferried them 100 miles to Houston's dog pound. His next job is to get even with Construction Quartermaster Capt. Lewis J. Workman, who presented Lieut. Teague with a long-handled butterfly net with Directions For Use attached. "Approach canine from rear," the captain wrote. "If owner is watching, pretend you are chasing butterfly. When owner looks away, place net over canine's head, grasp tail firmly, toss him or her into wagon." If he hasn't already done so, Lieut. Teague plans presently to deliver a vagrant great Dane in a crate to the captain.

A COUPLE of Bay City boys in the camp's hoosegow are a trifle aggrieved. Sent to a California post some time ago, they fought nostalgia for a while, then decided to transfer, on their own hook, to a camp nearer home. Hulen seemed to be the best bet, but when they showed up there they found the cooler only seven eighths finished and had to paint the place and install the lock before they could settle down quietly to await trial.

BROOKS FIELD, San Antonio. There's no bugler here to rouse the lads, but when the sergeant's whistles sound off at 5:30 A.M. the recruits tumble out plenty fast. The slow ones are those who haven't heard of the object lessons which soft-spoken Tech. Sgt. P. B. Wolverton, veteran of twenty years, uses to teach the ABC's of military discipline. When the first big batches of new men began pouring into the field the sergeant found that first call wasn't getting the proper attention of some of the 200 greenhorns quartered in one of the hangars; so when his ninety-eight-cent sleep-smasher clanged one morning the sergeant whistled first call and waited five minutes, then aroused and solemnly addressed the laggards. "I realize, gentlemen," said he, "that you are very much attached to your beds and it would break my heart to make you part company. You may therefore take them along with you this morning." A few minutes later fourteen recruits hiked nearly a quarter of a mile to breakfast—under the weight of mattresses and G-I sheets, blankets and pillows. "Never had any trouble after that," says the sergeant.

At least one other Wolverton exploit will go down in Brooks Field history. When he found cigarette butts carelessly tossed into hangar fire buckets the sergeant ordered "proper burial"—and marched the whole gang of recruits a mile and a half to the edge of the field, where, with due ceremony, the stubs were laid away in a cardboard-box casket.

FORT McINTOSH, Laredo. This small but historic border cavalry post lies just across the Rio Grande from the Mexican town of Nuevo Laredo, which offers occasional bullfights, numerous curio shops and bars. The McIntosh boys are permitted to cross the line during off-duty hours provided they wear civilian clothes. Occasionally one of them goes on a bender and winds up in a Nuevo Laredo *cárcel* (Mexican for clink) in which case a McIntosh officer contacts a brass hat in the Mexican military garrison and has the U. S. soldier bailed out. Good-neighbor-policy stuff.

CAMP BOWIE, Brownwood. Some of the wooden tent frames are still uncovered and uninhabited, but not unused. On days when the ground is soggy and the boys in C Battery, 132d Field Artillery, feel like tossing leather they use a tent floor as a boxing ring. Spectators sit on the top rail of the frame and cheer mightily as the lads kayo themselves tripping over the gas pipe that sticks up from the center of the floor.

CALIFORNIA

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO. The going at this all-tent camp is fast and tough for 10,000 California and Utah National Guardsmen who got off to a late start because contractors bogged down under the winter's forty-inch rainfall. Their division (40th) is far behind others of the Fourth Army (7th at Fort Ord; 3d and 41st at Fort Lewis) and Major Gen. Walter P. Story is putting the heat on in an attempt to catch up before the war games start. The men agree with him that it can be done but they wince a little at the thought. Among many things not yet completed are training grounds. Route marches are conducted hither and yon over the Coast Range and the men are convinced they would slip and fall flat on their faces if they ever again set foot on a real parade ground. The near-by town of San Luis Obispo (Pop. 9,000) is already dizzy with an Army boom and will be seeing black spots in a month or so, when 10,000 more men arrive from Fort Ord and Camp Roberts.

FORT ORD. After six months of ballyhoo, hope and foreboding, the first shipment of eight hostesses had been unloaded here. It may be just California's customary leaning toward exaggeration, but the girls are said to be honeys. They received 7,765 individual invitations to attend the post's first big musical show, The Wizard of Ord, staged last week in San Francisco's opry house under the direction of Lieut. Carl Arnold. The show raised dough to purchase instruments for Ord's largest-in-the-Army drum and bugle corps, which already has 250 members rehearsing (across the railroad tracks, far away from harm).

Ord goes in heavily for trick stuff. The Camera Club now occupies an entire barracks in the 74th Field Artillery area, with complete darkroom equipment. Hollywood is largely responsible; hardly a week passes without a movie troupe rolling in for feature shorts or background shots. It's building up business, too, for neighborhood junk yards. Ten-dollar jaloppies, to be used as targets for antitank guns, now are quoted at $25 to newsreel men.

Hundreds of trained men have recently been sent from the fort to Regular Army outfits, leaving the 7th Division with few old-timers. Needing more time to whip new men into shape, the 7th won't be able to join the Fourth Army when maneuvers start late this month, but expects to roar into action before the last whistle blows. Meanwhile, the division's outfits are getting the low-down on camouflage. Men and officers make regular visits to the Pacific Grove Museum where 4,000 California butterflies and hundreds of birds and small animals are displayed in settings demonstrating how the flitters and critters make detection difficult. The 32d and 53d Infantries have glommed some good ideas from this study of natural camouflage, but one of the more bibulous sergeants doesn't care for it. "Seems like," he complains, "the captain never decides to make us look at those butterflies except on mornings when my stomach's fulla them."

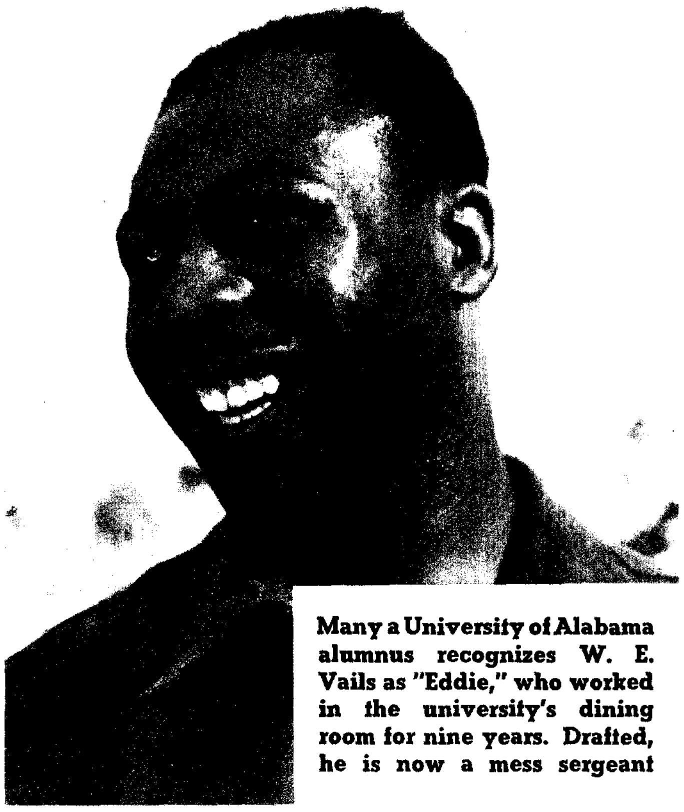
CAMP ROBERTS, San Miguel. This huge infantry and artillery replacement center is distinctive because (1) it's the farthest-from-anywhere cantonment in the West, (2) one of the hottest in the country and (3) the only camp named after an enlisted man, Corporal Harold Roberts, who gave his life in World War I while trying to save a buddy who was trapped in a tank sunk in a water-filled shell hole. San Miguel is a little village where tourists motoring between Los Angeles and San Francisco pause only long enough to send post cards ("There's a grand old Mission here—having fine time—love to all") home.

Army officers who specialize in morale are watching the camp closely, because they know the average action-craving soldier won't have a fine time here or feel like love to all. That, in fact, is one of the reasons the site was chosen. Roberts is the No. 1 military workshop of California: a place where soldiers get three months of hard and intensive training, with no chance to pick up night-club angles.

WASHINGTON

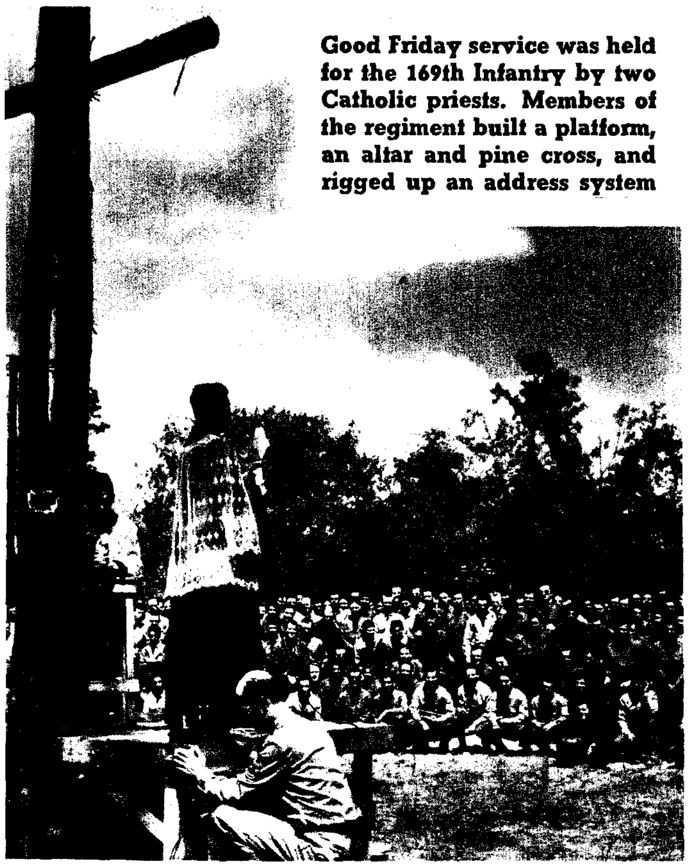
FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. Some of the soldiers here are pulling down $25 to $30 a week extra by bus-driving their pals into town on week ends. In the strongly unionized Pacific Northwest Boom-Belt you'd expect to find union men at the wheels of the big blue Army specials, but George Colman, who manages the fleet of forty-two busses, says that even the union isn't so keen about messing with them. Reason is that during the week a handful of coaches can handle all the business in sight, but come Saturday noon and the depot is jammed with soldiers, climbing into every possible

(Continued on page 76)

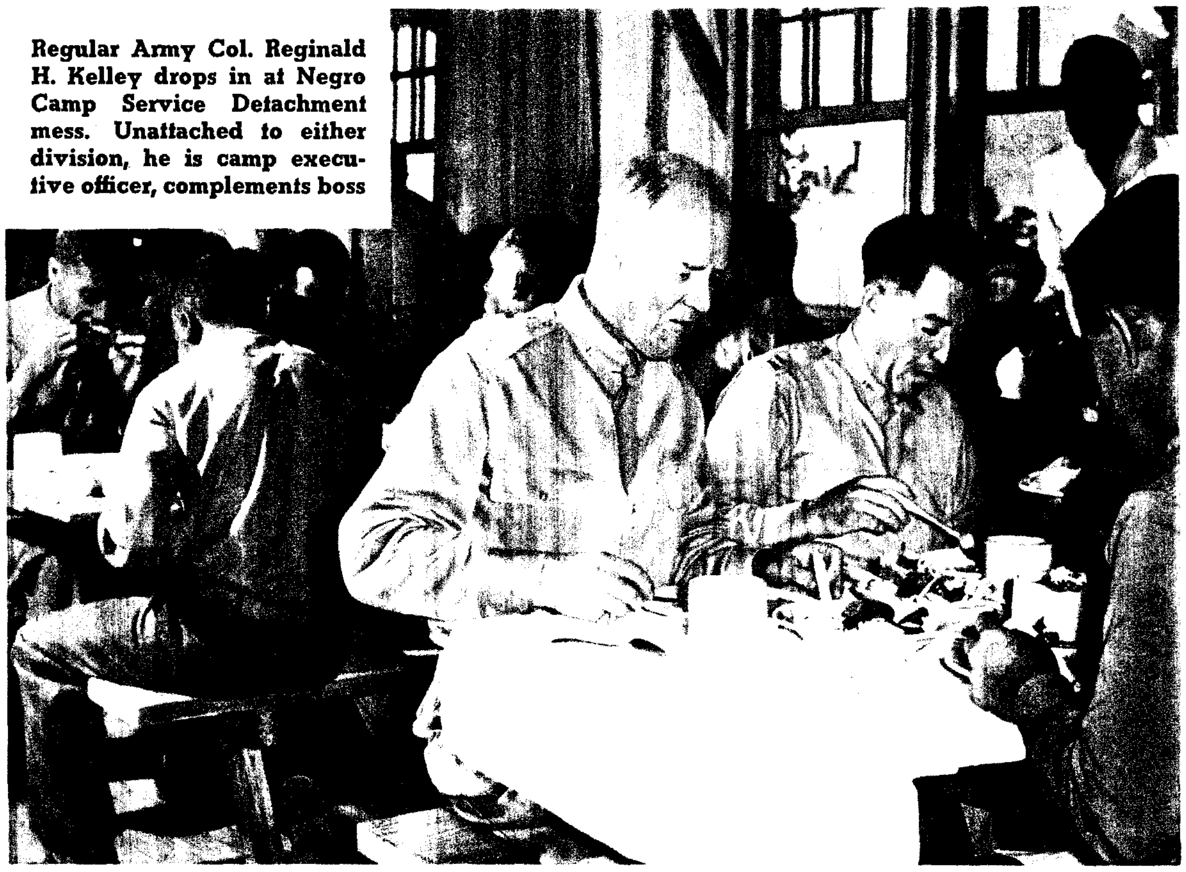


Many a University of Alabama alumnus recognizes W. E. Vails as "Eddie," who worked in the university's dining room for nine years. Drafted, he is now a mess sergeant

Five members of the 102d Infantry (New Haven) swing band. From left: Sgt. Norman Leyden, Corp. Jack Reid, Pvt. Joe Meder, Pvt. Carl Frak and Pvt. Jack Cavallaro



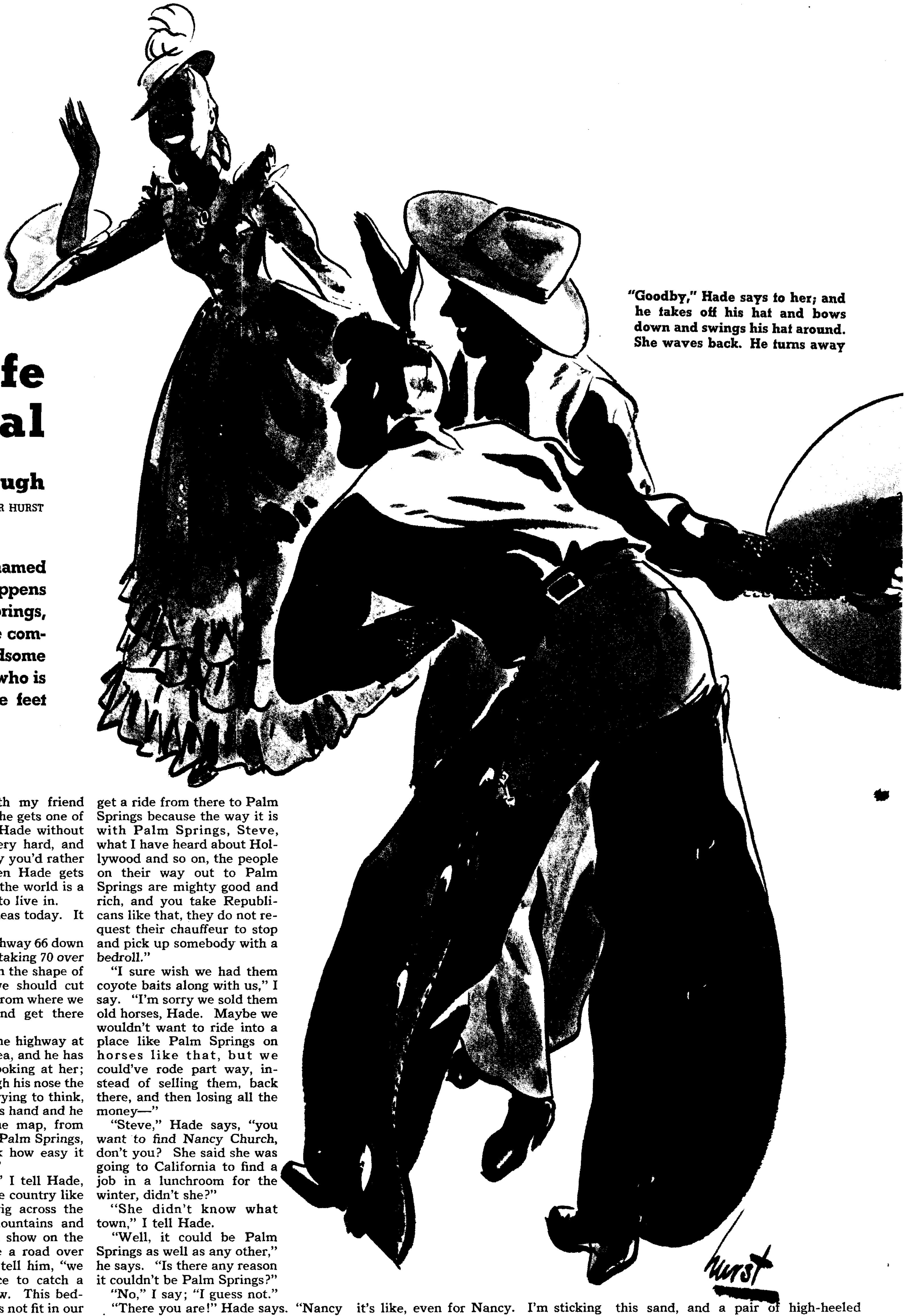
Good Friday service was held for the 169th Infantry by two Catholic priests. Members of the regiment built a platform, an altar and pine cross, and rigged up an address system



Regular Army Col. Reginald H. Kelley drops in at Negro Camp Service Detachment mess. Unattached to either division, he is camp executive officer, complements boss

CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA. This gigantic, sandy cantonment is the training center for the 43d (New England) and 31st (Dixie) divisions. Some members of the 43d are shown above and at extreme upper right. Other photos show members of the all-Negro Camp Service Detachment of 500 Floridians from a cadre of thirty-two colored N.C.O.'s and privates of the 24th Infantry from Fort Benning, Georgia. The detachment is divided into four companies of truck drivers, chauffeurs, stevedores and camp railroad maintenance outfits. They make good soldiers, good mechanics

When Sgt. Willie Lewis, of Jacksonville, cleans up his snappy convertible coupé, some of his buddies rally around and try to promote rides to Willie's home town. Sgt. Lewis is a member of Company A



"Goodby," Hade says to her; and he takes off his hat and bows down and swings his hat around. She waves back. He turns away

The Life Colossal

By Donald Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

If a wonderful girl named Nancy Church happens to live in Palm Springs, her life will soon be complicated by a handsome hero named Steve, who is a cowboy with sore feet

THE only trouble with my friend Hade Crosby is when he gets one of his ideas. You take Hade without any idea, not thinking very hard, and you wouldn't find anybody you'd rather go along with. But when Hade gets what he thinks is an idea the world is a mighty hard place to try to live in.

He has got one of his ideas today. It is:

Instead of following Highway 66 down into San Bernardino, then taking 70 over to Palm Springs, kind of in the shape of a U, he wants it that we should cut across this desert country from where we are at, with no road, and get there quicker and easier.

We are sitting beside the highway at the time Hade gets the idea, and he has got his map out and is looking at her; he is breathing hard through his nose the way he does when he is trying to think, and he has got a twig in his hand and he draws the twig across the map, from where we are at across to Palm Springs, and he says, "Steve, look how easy it would be for us to do her."

"We are not any twig," I tell Hade, "that we can zip across the country like you have zipped that twig across the map. They have got mountains and things in there that don't show on the map, or they would have a road over there. Another thing," I tell him, "we wouldn't have any chance to catch a ride, like we have got now. This bedroll," I remind Hade, "does not fit in our pocket, and the canned beans inside it are good and heavy."

"Well," Hade says, "if they have got any mountains in there high enough to worry about we could almost see them from here. And for a ride, Steve, all we could get would be to San Bernardino, which is almost as far away from Palm Springs as we are now at. We couldn't get a ride from there to Palm Springs because the way it is with Palm Springs, Steve, what I have heard about Hollywood and so on, the people on their way out to Palm Springs are mighty good and rich, and you take Republicans like that, they do not request their chauffeur to stop and pick up somebody with a bedroll."

"I sure wish we had them coyote baits along with us," I say. "I'm sorry we sold them old horses, Hade. Maybe we wouldn't want to ride into a place like Palm Springs on horses like that, but we could've rode part way, instead of selling them, back there, and then losing all the money—"

"Steve," Hade says, "you want to find Nancy Church, don't you? She said she was going to California to find a job in a lunchroom for the winter, didn't she?"

"She didn't know what town," I tell Hade.

"Well, it could be Palm Springs as well as any other," he says. "Is there any reason it couldn't be Palm Springs?"

"No," I say; "I guess not."

"There you are!" Hade says. "Nancy Church is working right over there at Palm Springs, and you don't even want to cut across the country to get there sooner. If I had an understanding with a mighty fine girl like Nancy, the way you have got, Steve, I would be cutting across the country right now."

"Well," I tell Hade, "I'm not cutting across any desert that I don't know what it's like, even for Nancy. I'm sticking to the road."

SO WE have this argument, and everything Hade says I have got an answer for it, but the thing of it is we can't sit there arguing forever, and now we are walking across the country, and I am mighty good and tired.

We have been walking all afternoon in this sand, and a pair of high-heeled boots is not meant for this. To say nothing of the bedroll, which we are taking turns carrying.

The whole thing is Hade's idea, about Palm Springs. He has got this idea back there in Nevada, that we should ought to winter in Palm Springs. Some fellow has told Hade any good hand can get a

(*Continued on page 68*)

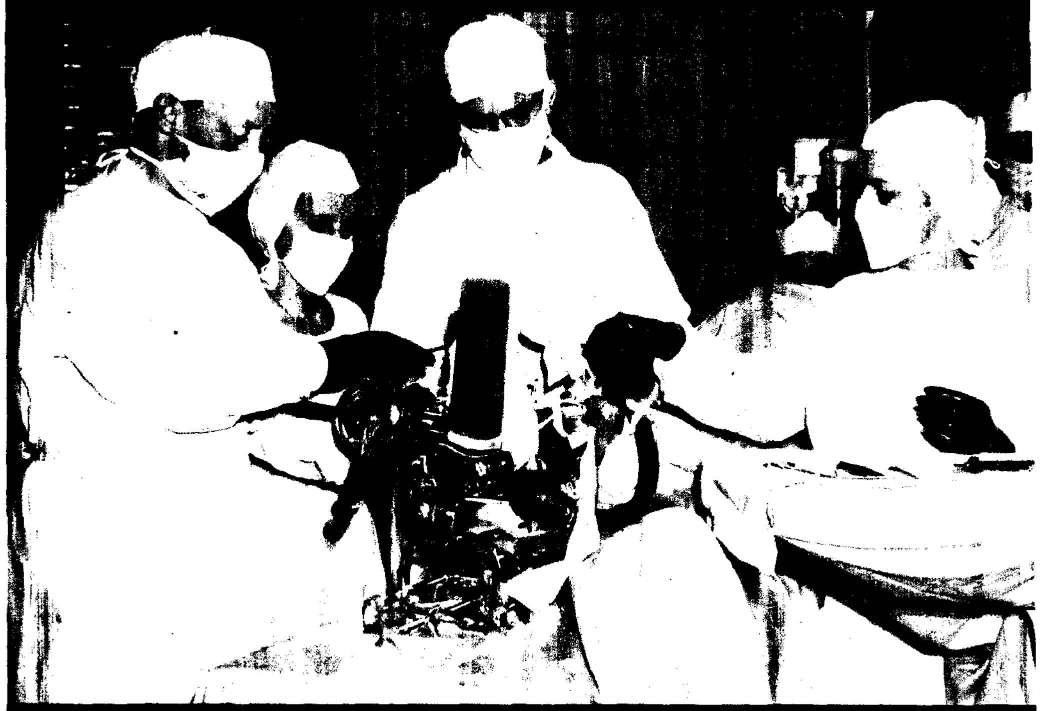
The Surgeon Follows the Bombs

By Hannah Lees

There's a group of American surgeons in England mending English bones. Here's a description of their new technique that saves lives, limbs and suffering

WIDE WORLD

A woman is removed from a blasted shelter in England to become one of the thousands of bomb-wound victims who are filling British hospitals. She will be treated with the revolutionary new plaster cast and sulfathiazole technique developed by American medical men working in British hospitals



BRITISH COMBINE

One of the pioneer American medical groups at work in the American Hospital in Britain. Left to right, they are Dr. Philip Wilson, Nurse Mildred Lewis, Dr. Charles Bradford and Nurse Miriam Knight. Below, sulfathiazole is sifted into a leg wound before a plaster cast is applied

JOHN ENGLISH and his brother were in Paddington Station, London, on their way home from work. They heard the air-raid alarm, but they'd had a hard day at the munitions factory. Take cover till the raid was over and they might not get home all night. They were standing waiting for their train, ignoring the siren, when the station was hit. John got a bomb splinter in his thigh that fractured the bone. When a bomb projectile hits an arm or leg it makes rather a small hole going in, then smashes through the muscle and bone and rips a big piece away on the other side. In John's case the hole was about twelve by six inches and definitely not pretty.

Along with some fifty other casualties he was taken to the Paddington first-aid station, put under an anesthetic. His wound was cleaned out and the bone set as best it could be. England has got herself incredibly well organized to give first aid under fire. She's had to. They were pretty sure John wouldn't be able to keep that leg, but they wanted to give him a chance. Four days later they sent him down to a hospital in Park Prewett, Basingstoke, about fifty miles outside of London.

We're particularly interested in that hospital in Basingstoke. For quite a while a group of American doctors and nurses has been working there. They call themselves the American Hospital in Britain, Ltd. They are there partly because there is a war going on now, but even more because there was another war some twenty-odd years ago.

When America entered that last war the United States government almost at once sent a group of young surgeons to England. The idea was for them to work under Sir Robert Jones, one of the early pioneers in bone and joint surgery, to help and to learn, so that when they were transferred to France later they would know something about the latest in war surgery. They did help and they did learn, but what is more important now, they started a co-operative friendliness between English and American orthopedic surgeons that is still going strong. When another war with Germany looked only one jump away, it was natural and inevitable for American surgeons to ask English surgeons how they could help again.

Plenty of Work and Experience

One of the first surgeons to ask was Dr. Philip D. Wilson, surgeon in chief of the Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled in New York. In the last war he was a volunteer worker at the American Hospital in Paris before we went in, and for two years after that with the A.E.F. He was in England in the summer of 1939 when British doctors were beginning to organize for the grim civilian bombing situation they knew was ahead. He talked things over with his surgeon friends and came home to make plans. The British didn't need help right away. It didn't seem to be much of a war for the first six months or so. But by the time things really did begin to happen in the summer of 1940, Dr. Wilson had a group of American doctors and nurses all organized—mostly orthopedic surgeons—and he took them over.

It was a good idea any way you looked at it. It was a help to England both psychologically and physically if you were feeling altruistic. If you'd rather be practical it was giving those men invaluable training they could bring back and pass on to other men here to prepare us for future trouble. Dr. Wilson's original idea was to have new men go over at six-month intervals, to spread the training, not to mention the time under fire. New men have been going over ever since. The trouble so far has been getting the original men back, because of the thousands of Americans still waiting around London to get home. But they haven't been bored while they were waiting. There have been plenty of patching jobs to keep them busy. One of the jobs that fell to them was John English and that thigh of his.

The Fortunate Mr. English

If John English had been in the last war, supposing he hadn't had his leg hacked off immediately to guard against gas gangrene, he would have had an ordeal ahead of him that would make almost any life under fire seem like a pink tea party. After the wound was cleaned, the surgeons would have taken a number of tubes and imbedded them in that wound. Then they would have irrigated it day and night by a sort of drip method with Dakin's solution, a chemical that liberated free chlorine into the wound and gradually cleaned up the infection. It was a good treatment with a sound theory behind it. If it didn't do much against the gas bacillus which so commonly contaminates projectile wounds and is so unpleasantly fatal, well, it did the best it could. It made a lot more sense at first sight than some of the things I'm going to tell you about in a minute.

Besides this steady irrigation, John would have had his wound dressed regularly, a little procedure taking about half an hour every day. Every day the tubes would have been taken out, the infected tissues scrubbed and cleaned, the tubes replaced and the wound redressed. All this, which was violently painful, would have been done with the leg pulled out in a sort of traction splint to keep the bones in line, and without anesthetic. You can't give a man an anesthetic every day no matter how sorry you are for him. And they were sorry.

Dr. Wilson, who saw, says that after five or six days of these dressings even the toughest birds among the wounded would go pale and damp at the sight of the treatment carriage rolling into the ward. But what could they do? The wounds had to be dressed and kept clean—or so they thought. So this process would go on for weeks and even months. There was still the danger of new infection every time the dressings were changed.

But John English, the lucky kid, was born just in time to get his in this war. He probably didn't feel very lucky lying there with a hole in his thigh, but he was. In the first place, having been through a bombing, he was lucky to be alive at all, not in conversational sense but in a statistical sense. It's an interesting little side light on what men can achieve when they really try. In the last war only one injury out of every five on the battlefield was fatal. But today in England the bombs are so efficient that the score is pretty close to fifty-fifty.

At any rate, John English had only a fifty-fifty chance of being alive at all, standing there in Paddington Station when the bomb hit, yet there he was in the hospital in Basingstoke four days later. Things began to happen to him that could only happen today.

The most important thing from John's point of view was that they decided to take a chance on letting him keep his leg. And the next most important to John was that they left his wound alone for days and weeks until it grew foul. That's the newest idea, and a pretty shocking one, too, but we'll go into it more in a minute.

The first thing was another thorough surgical cutting away of all infected and hopelessly shattered tissue and a clearing out of all the odd bits of bone and foreign matter, under anesthetic. This wasn't new, of course, except in its thoroughness. But it was vital to that leaving-alone process to follow.

The next thing, however, wasn't dreamed of twenty-five or even ten years ago. Ever hear of sulfanilamide? You can hardly miss unless you have sworn off newspapers. Well, sulfanilamide, along with sulfathiazole, one of the newer modifications, belongs to a group of drugs called sulfonamides that get into the blood stream and chemically destroy large numbers of highly dangerous germs. Their use by mouth isn't particularly news, but their use in operations is. Surgeons are using them pretty routinely now in even fairly simple operations like a ruptured appendix. When it comes to already infected wounds, they are the answer to a surgeon's prayer. So one of the sulfonamide powders was blown right into the wound, quantities of it, and left there.

Sulfanilamide was already in regular use when Dr. Wilson and his surgeons arrived in England. Sulfathiazole, which was very new then, they took over with them and have been using since, whenever they have had it to use. An advantage of sulfathiazole is that it is effective against more kinds of germs. A still bigger advantage is that sulfathiazole is far more destructive to the gas bacillus. So John was probably given sulfathiazole.

Don't Clean That Wound

The next step was another contribution of the visiting doctors. The thigh bone had been set well at the first-aid station, but had got out of line again on the trip down to Basingstoke. So those pieces of bone had to be got carefully in place again and kept in place. With a badly shattered bone that was quite a problem, or used to be. Dr. Wilson used the methods devised by two Americans —Anderson and Haines.

You take four steel pins very much like knitting needles and drive two into the bone just above the wound, right through the skin and flesh, with the ends projecting and coming together at a point. Then you drive the other two into the bone just below the wound. Then you put the whole leg into a special machine that takes hold of the two sets of pins and with the help of X-rays you pull the bones into place. When they're as perfectly in place as can be managed you clamp a solid metal bar across the ends of the two sets of pins, and there the leg is in a sort of vice.

There was John English still under the anesthetic. His wound had been cleaned and sulfonamide-treated. His bone had been set and splinted. He had been given a blood transfusion to counteract shock. The next thing was to put a light dressing over the wound and then wrap his whole leg up in a plaster cast and send him back to bed. And when he woke up—well, nothing. Feed him, keep giving him sulfathiazole by mouth. Leave his leg alone for days, for weeks, for as much as a month. The wound would ooze pus, the cast would get foul, the air would get fouler. If it got too bad you could pack the cast in charcoal bags to absorb part of the odor. But don't touch that leg, don't clean up that wound, whatever you do.

It Started in Nebraska

This unbelievable way of curing infected compound fractures—a compound fracture is a broken bone that has come through the skin—is known as the Trueta method after a Spanish surgeon, but was actually discovered by an American surgeon named Orr.

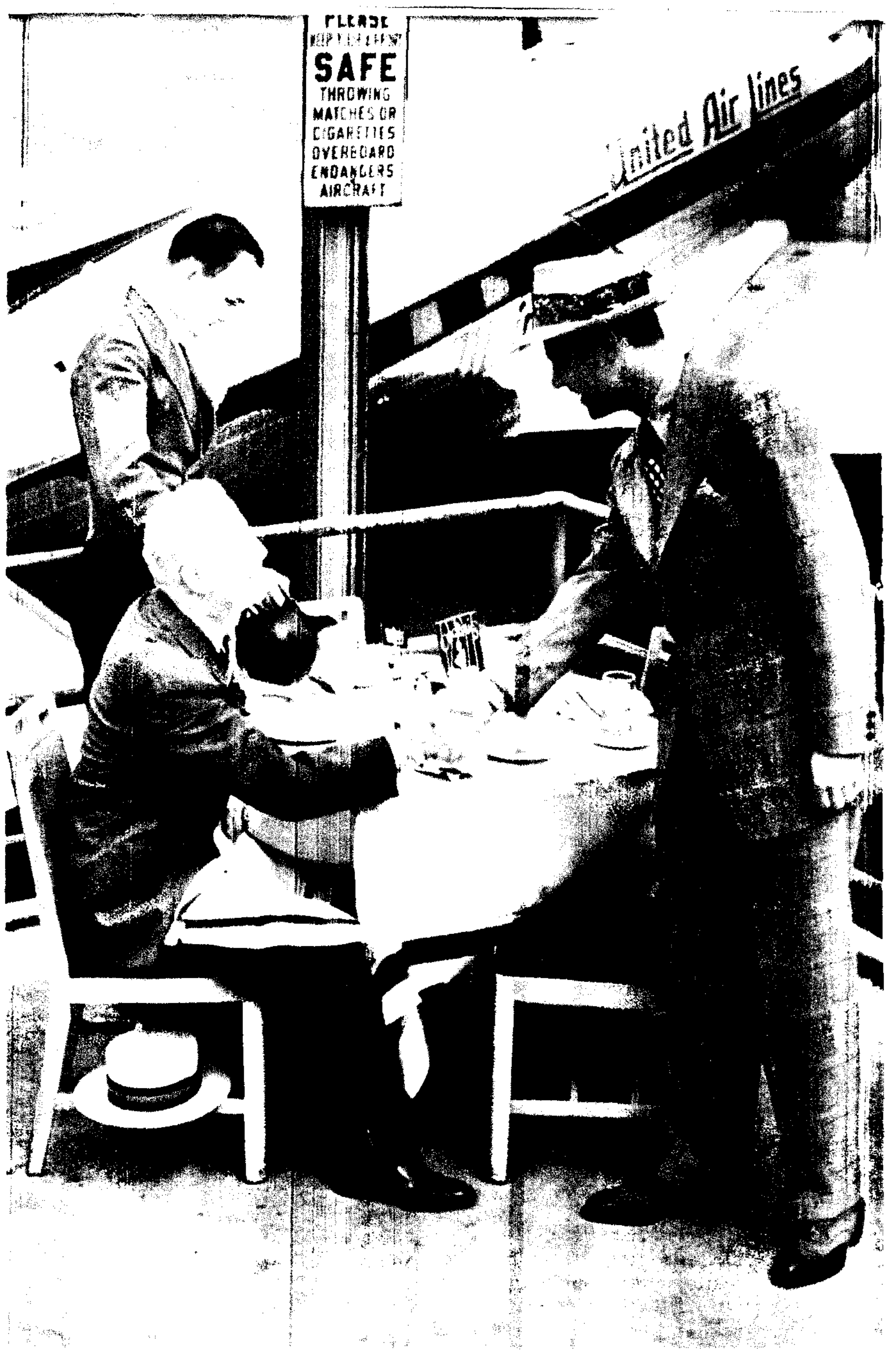
Some years after the last war, Dr. Orr, out in Nebraska, began wondering: If complete rest of the injured part was the most important factor in all tissue repair, how could it possibly be a good thing to keep opening up wounds and fussing over them and putting patients already in bad shape to the added strain of all that daily agony, not to mention the daily danger of new infections? So he tried cleaning out wounds by radical surgical methods, but nothing stronger chemically than salt solution—the sulfonamides hadn't even been thought of—wrapping them up in plaster casts and leaving them alone. Dr. Orr was sure that it worked. He had reason: He kept seeing patients get well that way. But the usefulness of this method in war surgery hadn't of course been demonstrated.

When the Spanish civil war came along, Dr. Trueta, who was the chief surgeon of the General Hospital of Catalonia, tried this treatment on Loyalist wounded, partly because he didn't have the facilities for all the dressings and irrigations any other method would have involved.

There are several theories why this treatment works. One is that if you leave a whole mass of germs something appears to happen that retards their damaging effects. Another is that the plaster exerts a beneficial, steady pressure on the injured tissues. Wounds where a window was cut in the plaster for treatment purposes simply swelled up into the open space and didn't do so well. Still another is that when wounded tissues are undisturbed each little capillary forms a blood clot that blocks the infection from going into the system. Whatever the mechanics, there is no question that that word *undisturbed* is the secret of the good results.

So there lies John English in Basingstoke. Every month he is taken to the operating room and his wound is redressed and rewrapped in plaster.

Meanwhile, the American Hospital in Britain keeps taking in whatever the first-aid stations send. Dr. Wilson has come back to America to do some more organizing and Dr. Wallace Cole, a surgeon from Minnesota, is holding the plaster-of-Paris front with his dozen or so orthopedists and a handful of nurses. Quite a conflict over there between the forces of destruction and those of construction. In Basingstoke construction seems to be holding its own. ★★★



OWER Y
OILING

By Henry L. Jackson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY IFOR THOMAS AND WILLIAM LARROUSSE

ur warm-weather wardrobe can combine comfort with good le for every summer occasion. Luncher at left, for example, in ouble-breasted Service Blue tropical worsted suit, lightweight ped batiste shirt, striped lisle hose and lightweight black calf ies. Hat is sennit straw, striped band. Standee: Tan Glen Urqu-t tropical worsted suit, new wine-color mesh shirt, water-silk m hat, puggree band; brown suède and calf wing-tip shoes

HE evidence is mounting that men are not so dumb any more. This summer, for instance, you're going to see fewer cases of self-suffocation than ever. Anybody showing up at Forest Hills July with a blue serge sack suit and a derby hat will get one long ınx salute. The boys have been gazing with some attention at the s and have decided they are going to have some of that summer conditioning. This year it's going to be lightweight suits, mesh e, garters and suspenders, perforated shoes and porous straw hats.

In the lightweight-suit field you will find four colors for conserva-e business wear—blue, gray, brown and tan, available in tropical ghts looking like regular winter suits. Glen plaids, white and ored stripes and a variety of checks all appear in these lighter ght suits, with Service Blue, a light gray-blue, the newest shade business wear.

For semisports wear, in addition to tropical worsteds, there are ıtweight gabardines and Palm Beach cloth. Generally in the rma or light natural tan colors.

For week-end and vacation wear you can choose from tropical steds, Palm Beach cloth, rayon-and-cotton or rayon-and-worsted tures, tropical-weight flannels, linen, seersucker and tropical-gh tweeds looking like regular-weight tweeds.

Newest color for vacation clothes is parchment, one of the natural shades. Don't be afraid that you'll look like a member of the eet-cleaning department in a white linen suit. Even the Duke of ndsor wears one. It is ideal for vacation wear, as the jacket may be n with colored slacks, the trousers with other lightweight jackets.

In shirts you'll want a light shade to harmonize with your suit. Tan l pale yellows are outstanding. Paperweight cottons are cool, and onspicuous open weaves and mesh effects add to summer comfort. ey weigh about a third less than your regular business shirts. Even lars have been streamlined for comfort, with lower neckbands. Ties made of the identical lightweight fabrics as suits; there are even sh ties that are easily and safely laundered. You'll find light yel- ground ties and bright patterns decorating many shirt fronts.

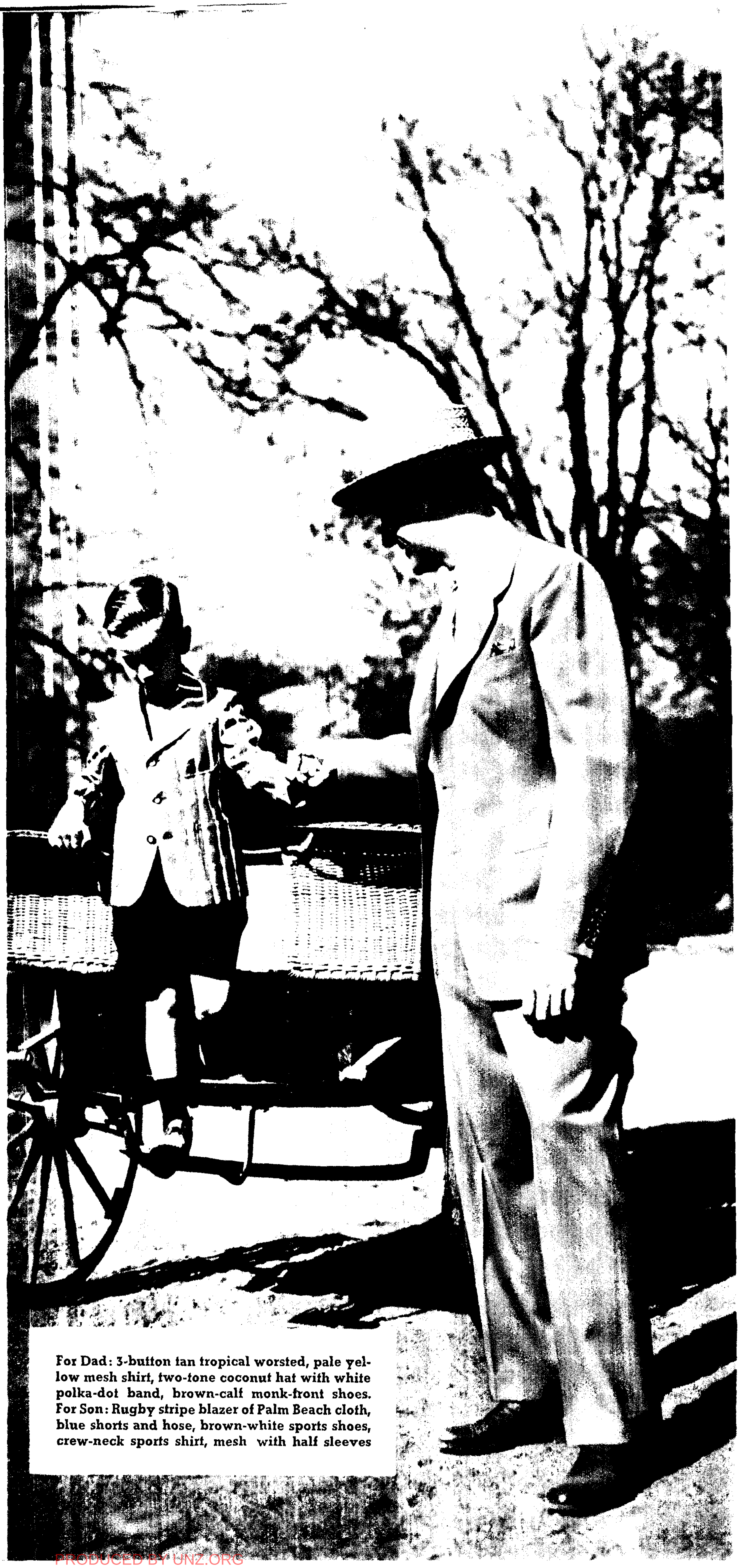
Don't make the mistake of wearing sports shoes with tropical-ight business suits. You can get lightweight shoes of black or brown, forated for air circulation; keep your two-tone shoes and rubber-ed shoes for resort and vacation wear. New note in sports shoes is rown-and-parchment color combination, which fits in well with tan l natural color suits.

You can get through the dog days in comfort with ankle-length cot--mesh socks, mesh suspenders, open-weave silk or cotton belts, ıtweight suspenders. Even your wrist-watch strap can be of cotton.

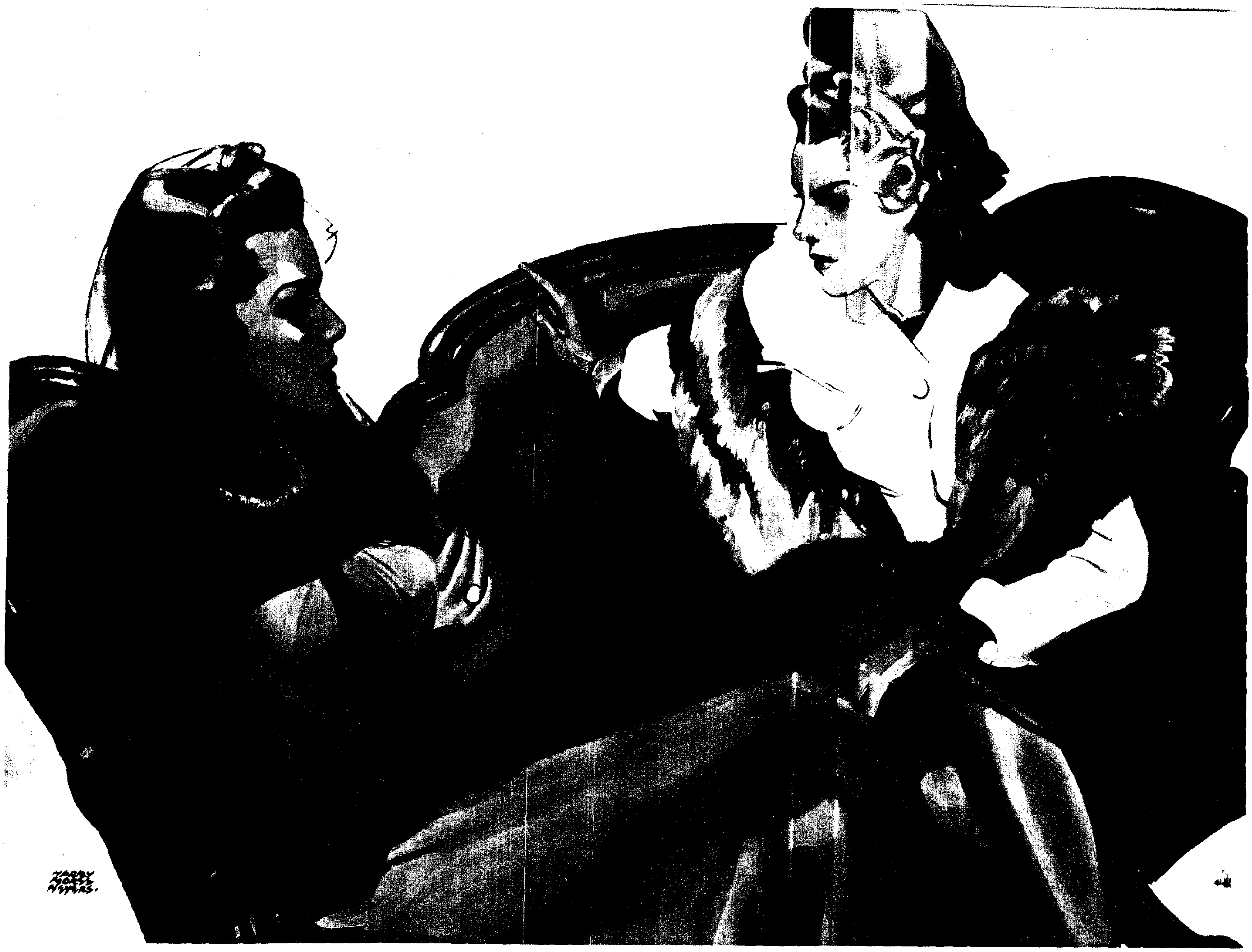
In summer hats you'll find that coconut straws are still great favor-s; also popular are dyed Panamas, water-silk palms and Jippi ppas, varying in color from a light natural straw shade to dark ocolate browns. The sennit straw, better known as the straw kelly, ill worn by many men for business wear.

The prices are also lightweight and this should make everybody ppy, but there is one circumstance to give the well-dressed man ıse. The pajamas have been abbreviated to the point where a ın goes to bed in half-sleeved top and shorts. ★★★

cation and resort wear, Sands Point Beach Club: Far left, double-easted parchment-color suit, lightweight striped shirt, dyed nama hat with club stripe band, striped silk hose, brown-and-rchment-color shoes. The girl is wearing a white Palm Beach suit. side her is a tan tropical worsted suit, bold charvet tie, brown ınk-front shoes in moccasin style, two-tone coconut hat, coconut aid and leather belt. White outfit was popularized by the Duke of indsor. Suit is Palm Beach; Nassau blue shirt with widespread llar; red-white check tie; pearl top Nassau coconut hat, blue nd; brown-and-white Norwegian style shoes, red rubber soles



For Dad: 3-button tan tropical worsted, pale yellow mesh shirt, two-tone coconut hat with white polka-dot band, brown-calf monk-front shoes. For Son: Rugby stripe blazer of Palm Beach cloth, blue shorts and hose, brown-white sports shoes, crew-neck sports shirt, mesh with half sleeves



Rita said, rather harshly, "Let's have it, Dale." Dale leaned forward. "Did you ever know a man named Paul Campbell?" she asked

Lady in Armor

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

CONSTRUCTED by a company of which Neil Berkeley, an unscrupulous and powerful politician, is the principal owner, a bridge, collapsing suddenly near the small Southern city of Karnak, causes the death of thirty-nine persons. While the people of Karnak rage, Tom Garrison, the engineer who had supervised the building of the bridge, disappears.

Cognizant that the sheriff, Angel Verner (one of Berkeley's followers), is a scoundrel, the voters of the county elect a new sheriff: a girl—Dale Meredith. The Merediths—Dale, her father and her younger sister, Peggy—live in an attractive old home. They have as their guests an English widower, Peter Aylesworth and his small daughter, Joyce. Aylesworth has found refuge in America, after losing an arm while fighting for England.

Mystery surrounds Dale and Jerry Hamilton, owner of Chinquapin plantation. Known to be in love, they have never married. Why? Only Jerry and a girl in New York City—*a girl whom he had married secretly in a moment of weakness*—know the answer. . . . Rita Hamilton—Mrs. Gerald Hamilton—comes to Karnak, and, disregarding Jerry's protests, his blunt statement that, since they have never been happy together, they should be divorced, ensconces herself in Jerry's home.

Astounded, knowing very little of the true story, Karnak accepts the newcomer socially; and in a remarkably short time, she is deep in a none too secret affair with the crookedest man in Karnak County: Neil Berkeley. . . .

Dale takes her new duties seriously. Planning to clean up the county, which is dominated by Berkeley's machine, she sends Ed Clarendon, a deputy sheriff, to close "Carney's," a disreputable gambling establishment. Clarendon is shot to death; and Carney disappears.

Hoping to get rid of the troublemaking sheriff, Berkeley starts a crime wave. He feels certain that Dale will be unable to handle his hired toughs; he feels sure that she will, in time, be forced to resign. . . . Dale and Jerry Hamilton have a talk, in the course of which Dale reveals an important secret: She has received a letter from Tom Garrison in which he accuses the county engineer and Neil Berkeley of substituting poor material for good in the building of the bridge.

A stranger, Paul Campbell, reaches Karnak. He makes inquiries about "*Rita Fenton.*" He is told that there is no one by that name in Karnak; there is, however, a Rita *Hamilton*—Mrs. Gerald Hamilton. Obviously puzzled, he soon realizes—after someone has described Jerry's wife to him—that Rita Fenton, for whom he is looking, and Rita Hamilton are one and the same. Following this discovery, he is very agitated.

Seeing him on the street, Rita (who is with Berkeley) is terrified. She is even more terrified when, following him, she sees him go to the home of Dale Meredith—*the home of the sheriff!*

IV

NEIL parked in the shadows halfway down the block. From there they could watch Dale's house. He lighted a cigarette and handed it to Rita. He noticed that her hand trembled so she could hardly hold it. He lighted one for himself and spoke from behind a cloud of smoke.

"It's no good pretending," he said. "You're scared stiff. You need help. I'm willin' to do what I can, but I have to know what it's all about."

"There's nothing you can do."

"There isn't much I can't do in Karnak. Come on now, honey . . . you can trust me."

"Can I?" She turned suddenly and buried her face in his shoulder. "Oh, Neil—I didn't mean that. I know I can trust you. But I've got to have time to think. Maybe I can tell you tomorrow."

"Tonight would be better."

She raised her head and looked straight at him. She was trembling violently. He took her by the shoulders. "Hold it, Rita," he said sharply. "You're right on the edge."

"I know . . ." She spoke with difficulty. "I'm scared, Neil—awfully scared. I've got to have time to think."

"Then you'll think at home." He started the motor of his car. "I'm taking you."

"No!" Her voice was sharp with hysteria. "I'm not going home. I can't go there tonight."

"I'm taking you somewhere, honey. Right now. Where will it be?"

She moistened her lips. "Take me to Ed Clarendon's," she said. "Martha will let me stay there tonight."

Neil made no comment. He didn't know what moment Rita would go completely to pieces. He drew up in front of the little green-and-white Clarendon cottage.

"I can't take you in," he said. "Since Ed's accident I'm not too popular."

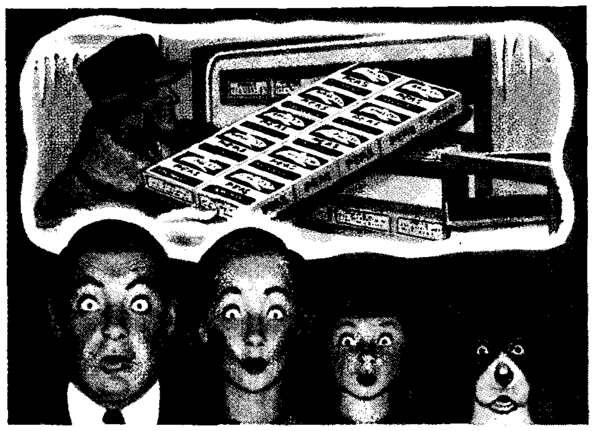
She got out of the car. Her face was pallid, her step none too certain. He

(Continued on page 50)

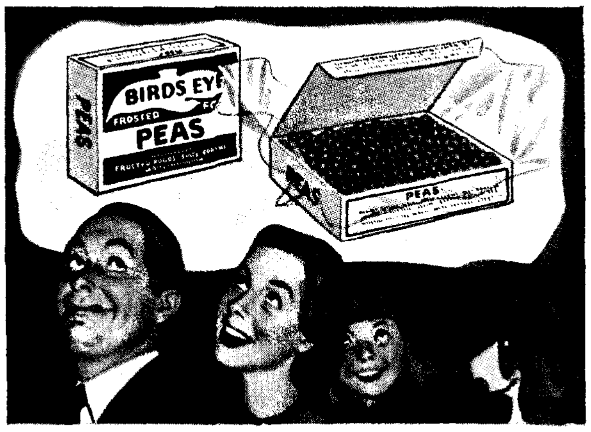
Cease pining, you with the passion for Peas!

1. Cease pining for June, oh lover of peas! For, though June peas aren't up yet, you can relish *today* the *garden-fresh* flavor of peas just picked! It's yours . . . *intact* in Birds Eye Peas! A summer-sweet goodness hard to match even in peas you might raise in *your* garden! Astounding? Wait . . .

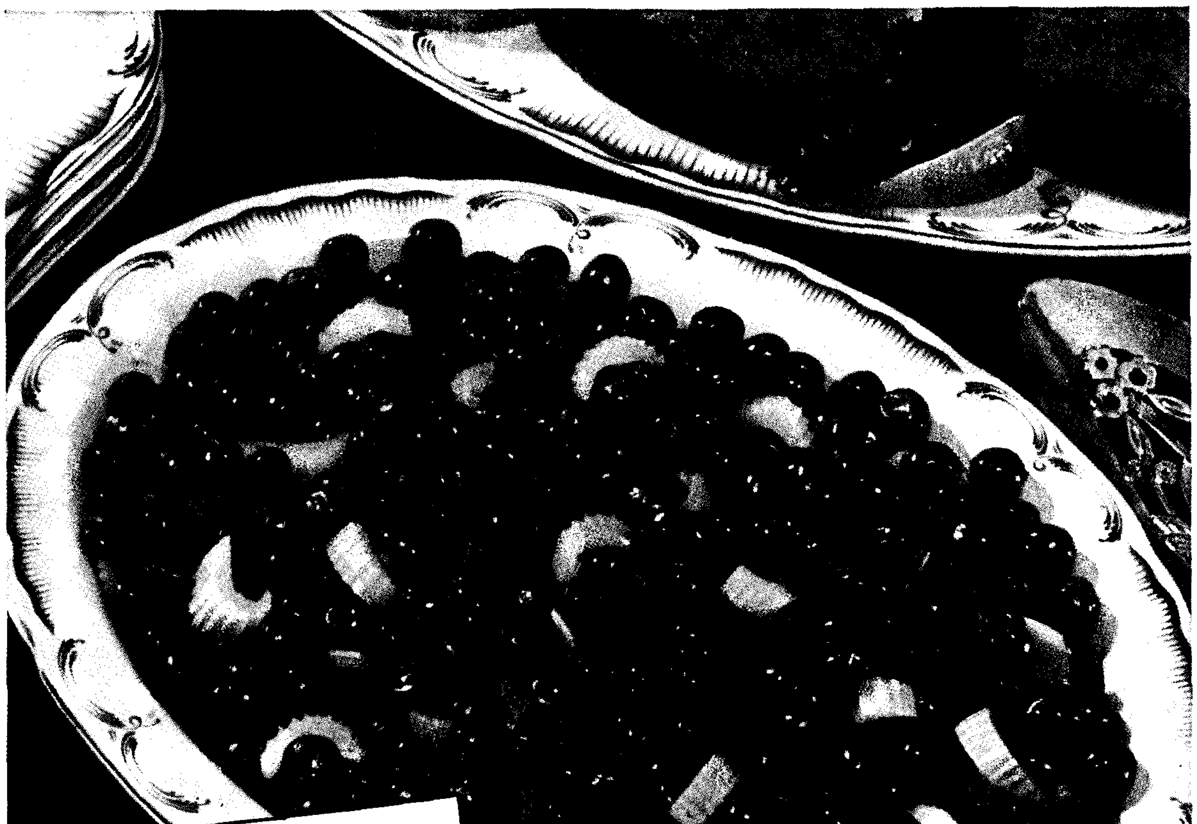
2. We plan it that way. The secret's partly in special seeds . . . and soil we know is best for pea raising. Partly, too, in skimming the crop for only the sweetest, tenderest peas. ("Flavor cripples" *never* make the Birds Eye grade!) But, important as this care is . . .



3. The miracle lies in Quick-Freezing . . . only 4 hours after picking! In capturing full flavor and dewy-freshness before they can fade! So that Birds Eye Peas come to you . . . summer *and* winter . . . perfectly *garden-fresh* and luscious! *All shelled,* washed, ready to cook!



4. *Waste-free,* of course, these glorious peas . . . like *all* Birds Eye Foods . . . are kind to your purse. One box of Birds Eye Peas equals 2 lbs. of ordinary *unshelled* peas! You pay for no pods . . . you eat every ounce! Try 'em soon . . . either plain or creamed. Better still, try "*Savory Peas*" as described in the panel at left . . . for a brand-new thrill!



Special!

ONE WEEK ONLY!
(May 19 to May 25)

BIRDS EYE PEAS

Delicious Fixed This Unusual Way:
"SAVORY PEAS"
Luscious, buttery, garden-fresh peas . . . with celery and seasonings and bits of pimento for garnish.

PEACHES

Also featured
GOLDEN CORN—FOWL FOR FRICASSEE

IMPORTANT!

Birds Eye Peas have been accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association.

A GRAND NEW COOK BOOK FOR YOU!

A wonderful addition to your kitchen library . . . the new Birds Eye Cook Book! It's 64 pages long . . . packed with interesting and imaginative recipes . . . and it costs only 10¢! Just ask your dealer for one the next time you're shopping, or write Birds Eye Frosted Foods, Dept. COL 5-41, Battle Creek, Mich. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

BIRDS EYE
BRAND
FROSTED FOODS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"MY-Y! ORCHIDS! BECAUSE I SERVED THIS NEW 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!"

Post Toasties
Corn Flakes
FLAVOR
NOURISHMENT
VITAMIN B1
ECONOMY
11 OUNCES—NET WEIGHT—311 GRAMS
MADE FROM CORN, FLAVORED WITH SUGAR AND SALT; VITAMIN B1 ADDED
MANUFACTURED BY POST PRODUCTS DIVISION OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN MADE IN U.S.A.

MORE NOURISHING!
New Post Toasties with Vitamin B1 are richer than ever in easily digested, quick-energy food values.

MORE DELICIOUS
New Post Toasties are *crisper* corn flakes —rich in America's favorite breakfast flavor!

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY!
Of all cold cereals, corn flakes cost the least—and of all corn flakes, new Post Toasties with Vitamin B1 are your "best buy"!

ONLY CORN FLAKES containing VITAMIN B1
the "missing vitamin" in 3 out of 4 diets.

A Post Cereal made by General Foods

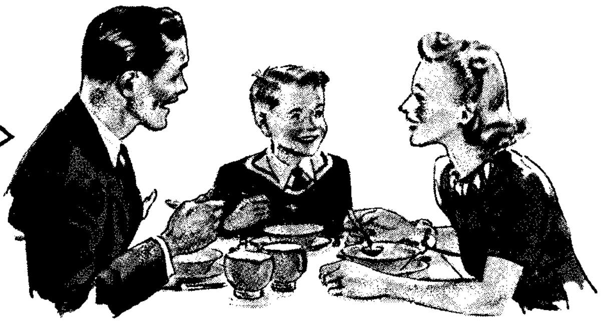
NOW IN NEW ECONOMY SIZES

OUR CANARY ATE MORE for breakfast, I used to feel, than my *family* did! Tom, my husband, used to rush out with breakfast practically untouched—said it just didn't appeal to him. Worse, Little Tommy began to imitate him—wouldn't eat. I was *worried*, until my cousin Mary gave me—no, not orchids. That comes later. She gave me a *tip* . . .

"THERE IS A NEW Post Toasties out now," said Mary. "Really a *4-star hit* for breakfast! Toasted to stay crisper in milk or cream. Wonderfully rich in real corn flakes flavor. Menfolks love 'em! And *nourishing?* Why—they're *packed* with easily digested, quick-energy food values. And . . ."

Post Toasties
Corn Flakes

"MORE THAN THAT, Sally, the new Post Toasties are the only corn flakes containing Vitamin B_1. That's the 'missing vitamin' which scientists say 3 out of 4 people *don't get enough of* in the foods they eat every day. Yet it's *so* important for energy and general well-being. And—no other cereal costs so little as corn flakes, so those new Post Toasties with Vitamin B_1 are your *very best buy!*"



NEXT MORNING—my fussy family *cheered* when I served Post Toasties. Little Tommy actually asked for *more!* And my husband—"Sally," he said, "these corn flakes are *great—there's* a breakfast I can go for!" Soon after he left for work, a florist's messenger arrived. Tom had written on the card: "*Orchids for you, darling. Today* I started work chipper as a lark! A nourishing breakfast sure makes a difference!"

ENJOY THE NOURISHING *NEW* POST TOASTIES

FOR A 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!

The Lady of Santa Clara

Continued from page 12

"The mule was not lame, of course. This is a gift of your father."

"Yes. I asked him for this gift."

He knew of the trouble that was threatening, of the movement that was taking shape in the interior among the wealthy landowners who were angered by the agrarian reforms of the liberal government, and among their sons who had lived abroad and were infected by the doctrines of the new order in Europe. There were agents of European governments working among those elements, fostering those doctrines. The leader of the movement was one Antonio Prado, who had fought on the side of Franco in Spain.

Condon knew many of these men and talked with them over glasses of rum in the village taverns when he was inspecting the work of his geologists in the interior; but he was careful of his words, assuming a neutral attitude and hoping nothing would happen to interfere with the progress of his enterprise.

"I am a North American," he would say to them, "and know nothing of your politics. That is something for yourselves, in which I have no right to an opinion."

NOW he thought only of Elena Ponte and of his work, hearing rumors of things in the back country, of meetings at the big haciendas and mysterious consignments of material moving on the trails at night, but not feeling any great concern. From their breeding and background the sympathies of the Pontes might well be on the side of the Pradistos but he had never spoken to them of the matter. Condon felt a certain regret at the thought but it was of no moment in the love he had for the girl and the friendship for her father. He was happier in those things than he had ever been before in his life.

It was two weeks after the ride in the mountains when a servant came from Elena's house, bringing him the note, and, after reading it, he stood for a long time by the window, looking down across the stony, sun-drenched slope of cactus and lantana to the red-tiled roofs of Santa Clara, the bit of scented paper lying among the litter on his desk.

He didn't believe it. It couldn't be true. Not after that day on the mountain. Not after the first day in the plaza and all the other days and evenings, after what they had felt in each other and spoken of, the things that were understood between them, unspoken. But there it was, on that bit of paper. He read it again carefully. No, it was only a joke; it could only be a joke. But what a joke! It was in bad taste, joking about a thing like that, and he wouldn't have thought her capable of it. But it was a joke, of course. He would go at once and ask her what she meant by sending him such a message.

He went on foot, going down the slope fast in long strides that jolted his body, not seeing the cactus plants and small rocks kicked loose by his feet nor feeling the sun like an open oven on his bare head.

Celestina, the housekeeper and the sister of Anastasia, answered the door. Could he see the Señorita Elena at once? It was very important. No, señor, the señorita had commanded her to say that she desired to see no one. But tell her that it is Mr. Condon. I feel it greatly, but particularly she desired not to see Mr. Condon.

He had turned then and strode toward the plaza, the people staring after him, walking fast, bareheaded in the sun.

Don Raimundo was in the cool patio of the Good Shepherd, playing dominoes with Peruchio, the proprietor. Seeing Condon he said something, and Peruchio got up and left them alone. He barely glanced at the note.

"Yes, Johnny, I know. I am very sad and embarrassed."

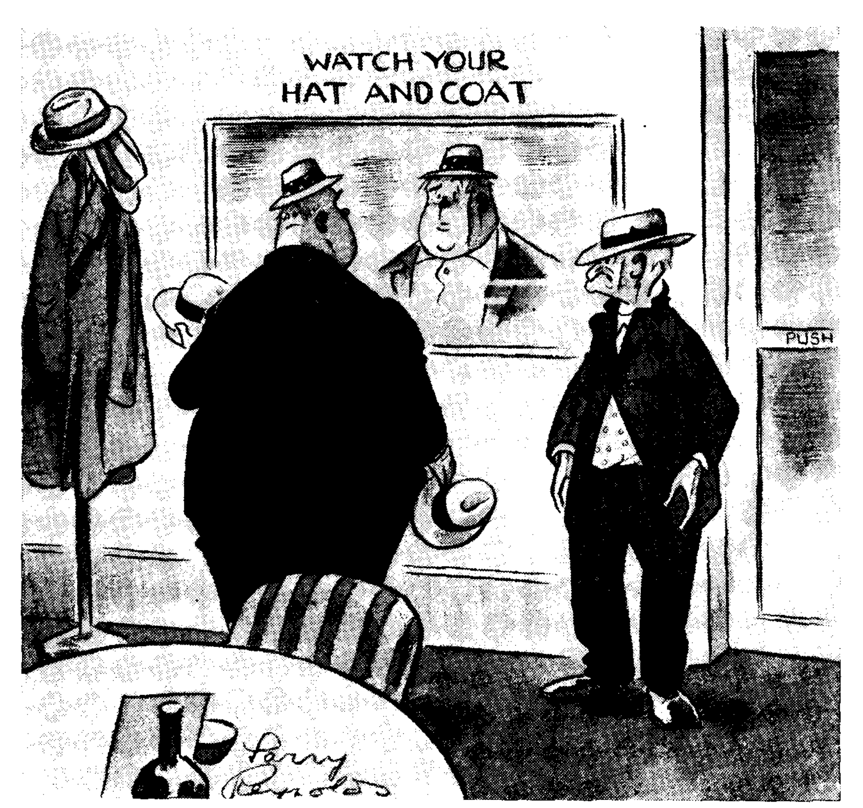
"Then it is serious, it is not a joke?"

"It is serious. I have talked with her."

"But you saw, sir! You knew how it was between us—that I love her in truth, that I wish to marry her!"

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds


WATCH YOUR HAT AND COAT
PUSH
Larry Reynolds

"Look, Butch, we don't have time to fuss—just snatch one and run!"

"I saw that and I knew and I was happy in it."

"But she says in this that there was no seriousness in it, that it was an illusion of two young people, not of a nature to endure. Well you know, Don Raimundo, that I am not a man of that temperament, nor is she such a woman."

"I would not have thought so of her, knowing her since birth, but my pleadings were in vain. She is resolved and nothing moves her."

"And Esteban Villalba. That she should marry him, this little, antipathetic, strutting cock of a Gallego, what think you of that?"

"I think ill of it, my friend, but she appears resolved in this. I have not raised her in the old ways and I cannot dictate to her now. My words have no weight. Between the two of you, you know well where my preference lies."

That was a very bad time for John Condon but there were other times later that were worse. When there were fiestas in the village, honoring the engagement of Elena and Esteban, and the lights and music from the houses where they were dancing flooded the little plaza and he watched and heard, sitting alone; when he met her on the paseo by chance and heard her polite, formal words of greeting as though from the lips of a stranger; when he passed her window in the evenings and she, sitting there talking with Esteban, nodded coldly from a great distance and he, bowing with exaggerated courtesy and sweeping his hat, mocked her with his eyes. He stayed away from the village as much as possible, spending his time with the parties working in the field.

THE Pradistos moved into Santa Clara so suddenly that there was little chance to resist, even if the will for it had been strong. There was a brief interval of terror, of noise and dust and blood and confusion, and then it was over.

There had been treachery among the troops in the military governor's headquarters. During the night all the officers and many of their men had stolen from the barracks and joined the Pradistos, waiting in the hills. When the attack came, only three companies, rounded up and led by Don Raimundo Ponte, who was a retired planter and raiser of cattle and no soldier at all, formed behind barricades at the ancient village gate, firing until their rifles jammed from the heat and their cartridges were all gone. Then they scattered, joining the throngs of people who fled toward the coast.

John Condon missed it all. Coming in from a trip to the field two days later, his truck was stopped by pickets outside the town. They questioned him briefly and allowed him to drive on. When he drove into the familiar streets everything was quiet again except for the drunken soldiers at the tavern. There were no civilians to be seen and the wooden shutters of the houses were closed.

Driving slowly past the house of Don Raimundo, he saw the bullet marks in the pink stucco and, through the missing slats of a riddled window, the broken furniture inside. He left the cobbled streets, following the sandy road that twisted up the slope to his house.

Anastasia was waiting for him at the truck shed. Her flat, Indian face, brown and wrinkled as an old leather glove, was a mask of anxiety. She spoke rapidly, watching him with her glittering old eyes:

"Don Raimundo and Elenita, they are

Hundreds of Contestants BUT only one CHAMPION

In every golfing contest—be it a major tournament or the rivalry of a friendly foursome in the sparkling sunshine of a June afternoon—there is but one winner, and this winning must be deserved.

Hundreds of kinds, styles, shapes of golf shafts seek to win the confidence of golfers—year after year the one winner is TRUE TEMPER. In 1940:

—more players, by many thousands,
—more tournament contestants, by many hundreds,
—and, every champion of a major tournament played TRUE TEMPER Step Down Golf Shafts.

Such popularity must be deserved and it is. TRUE TEMPER is the strongest golf shaft made—the sweetest in action—forged from seamless tubes of super alloy steel, tempered, finished, matched for weight and balance by master craftsmen.

The TRUE TEMPER Step Down Shaft is tops in yardage, in accuracy, in durability, and value. Every golf club maker uses TRUE TEMPER Step Down Shafts in his finer clubs.

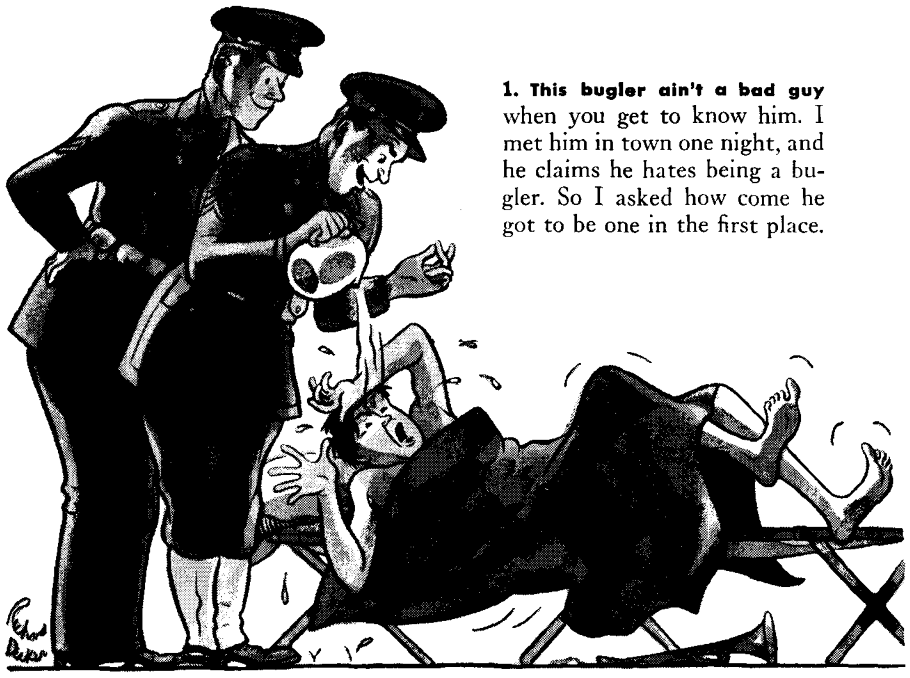
Every golf Professional is glad to recommend TRUE TEMPER shafted clubs.

In 1941, play TRUE TEMPER Step Down—the shaft played by champions. Produced only by the makers of TRUE TEMPER Products, Cleveland, Ohio.

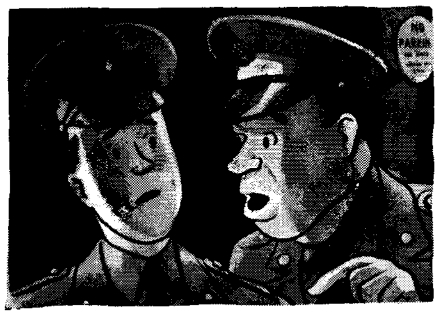
Note: We make golf shafts —no clubs or other golf equipment of any kind.

TRUE TEMPER STEP DOWN
The Golf Shaft of Champions

"So *we* had to wake up the Bugler!"



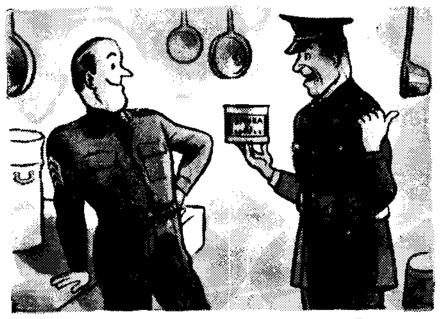
1. This bugler ain't a bad guy when you get to know him. I met him in town one night, and he claims he hates being a bugler. So I asked how come he got to be one in the first place.



2. "It's a long story," said the bugler. "I can't sleep. I toss and turn most of the night, so I might as well get up, anyway. That makes me a natural for a bugler." "Too bad!" I sympathized. "But why can't you sleep?"

3. "Coffee!" says this sorrowing horn-tooter. "A soldier likes his coffee, but the caffein in the stuff keeps me awake. I should never touch it, but how I love it!" This gave me an idea, so I said: "You should drink Sanka Coffee!"

4. "It's 97% caffein-free and can't keep you awake!" I told him. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden!' "



5. So he got a can of Sanka Coffee. I tipped the mess sergeant off, and he agreed to brew this bugler's Sanka Coffee for him special. Well . . . he ain't a bugler any more . . . on account of Sanka Coffee let him sleep so good!

6. He slept right through reveille, and the whole outfit was late. The colonel sure was mad. So was the captain. He fired this bugler, but when the colonel heard the story, he sort of grinned and went to drinking Sanka Coffee himself!

REGULAR GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Sanka Coffee is real coffee . . . all coffee . . . a blend of fine Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.

TUNE IN . . . "WE, THE PEOPLE"—Tuesday evening. See your paper for time and station.

here in this house. The old one was wounded in the fighting and Celestina brought them here to hide, this being a safe place, you being kind and a friend, a foreigner and nonpartisan. There was nowhere for them to go, señor, the old one being wounded and unable to walk or ride. I could not refuse them, being almost of their family, having suckled Elenita with my own milk when she was an infant with no mother to give her the breast. I took the liberty, señor, in your absence, and I pray that I have not done wrong."

"No," he said slowly, "you have not done wrong."

Going up the path beside the corral fence he looked at the house and it seemed changed suddenly. He had never noticed it much before. It was just a place where he slept and kept his clothes and did his work; but now she was there and it had become something very different, suddenly.

But she wasn't there of her own choosing, he must remember that. She wouldn't be there if her father hadn't been wounded. She would be out on the road somewhere with all the others, taking her chances, trying to make the coast. But it was pleasant to know she was there, dependent on him for her safety. It gave him pleasure, was the way you said it in Spanish.

He walked along the passageway under the projecting roof and paused a moment before knocking at the door of the spare bedroom, wondering how she would receive him.

CONDON had been home for two days now, living under the same roof with them. But he had only seen them three times—only enough for politeness, to inquire about their comfort and the wound of Don Raimundo. Now he must see them again, for there was news. He paused before knocking at the door once more; but he knew now how she would receive him and it did not give him pleasure.

He saw her start and rise from the chair by the bedside, just as he had expected. She stood against the wall by the shuttered window, her hands behind her, facing him but not meeting his eyes.

"*Buenas tardes,* Elena," he said. "You find yourself well?"

She answered with just the cold, formal words he knew she would use.

Don Raimundo smiled at him from the white iron bed. "How does it go with you?"

Condon leaned over him, felt carefully of the bandaged leg and found no swelling, bent the knee gently and saw no wince of pain.

"Good! A sound body heals quickly."

"Elena is a nurse like no other."

"She has done well."

He tore open a pack of American cigarettes and offered it to Don Raimundo, holding the match for him and lighting his own. He walked the length of the room, not looking at her, then stood still, letting the smoke out of his lungs slowly.

"I know you have been anxious for news of Esteban."

He saw the old man lean forward from his pillow quickly. "You have heard something, no?"

"I have been making inquiries in the village and today I was able to talk with Colonel Továr, who calls himself commandante."

He was aware of them both staring, their bodies tense, their breath held in.

"I made them believe that I was asking out of friendship for Esteban—which was an invention, as you know." He saw Elena's glance fall, the color rise to her face.

"They found him on the day they took the town—in his office at the cuartel. He was dead."

She made no sound. Her breast rose with a quick intake of breath, her eyes darted to meet her father's and held there. Condon drew on his cigarette, flicked the ash and looked out between the slats of the window. The slow drip of water from the earthen filter sounded loud in the long silence, the voice of a macaw, raucous and petulant, came from the patio and Anastasia's *alpargatas* whispered over the tiles outside.

"*Dead?*" The word came from the old man's lips with a slight hiss like the letting out of held-in breath.

"It was so. He had been shot."

"But the cuartel was undamaged. Did not the commandante—does it not seem strange that he was shot inside, in his office?"

"Of that there was no comment. I had the impression they assumed he had been hit by a stray shot—through the open window perhaps."

"Of course. It could happen thus."

He saw the quick glance between them and the lessening of the tension in their bodies, a relaxing as though from relief. The old man drew on his cigarette and when he spoke his voice was perfectly calm:

"What is there of the movement in other parts?"

"In other parts the Pradistos have failed. The attack on the capital came to nothing, with many imprisoned; but Továr is firmly established here and can hold on for long, the terrain favoring him and the government troops are far away."

"I am anxious to leave here. I am quite able to travel now."

"If I can do anything to make you more comfortable—"

"No, no, my friend, nothing of that! Naturally, we are anxious to reach the capital where we will be safe, but we wish to relieve you of the risk you are taking."

"Do not think of that, either of you. I am a foreigner, completely detached from political things, and no one would suspect me. You are safer here than anywhere else for the time. The patrols are still out on the roads, picking up those who are trying to reach the coast. Here you are in your house."

The thin, brown hand, hard and sinewy from handling rein and lasso, grasped Condon's arm and then the old man lay back on his pillow.

At the door he felt a touch on his shoulder and turned. She was before him, her head lowered, the soft black hair close to his cheek.

"I want to thank you and say that I am ashamed. The worry, the fear . . ."

He had never heard her voice like that before. Gentle, chastened.

"Of course, señorita. I understand."

They stood for a moment without words.

"I am very sorry about Esteban," he said.

"Ah, yes. Thank you." She said it almost as though she had forgotten about Esteban.

ANOTHER evening a week later they were together again in the little room, with the shutters closed to hide the light from outside. Don Raimundo was well now, out of bed and dressed, and Condon had brought a checker board and a bottle of wine. The board lay neglected on a rawhide chair. Don Raimundo strode about the room, stamping the tiles with his soft riding boots, slender and lithe, his dark eyes flashing.

"I tell you it isn't of my nature to play this part of a furtive animal. It is contrary to my instincts, my breeding and my ancestry. I am caged here in this room like a beast in the pen, not daring to open the windows nor take a step even into the patio."

"But there is no chance for you on the road. I have scouted every pass."

"Nevertheless, I am resolved to cast the dice. It is better to be carrion than a rat in hiding."

"Would you have Elena carrion, too?"

"I feel as my father does in this."

"I think you would be perfectly safe in surrendering to Colonel Továr. As I have said, he has declared amnesty for all who resisted."

"You think one can trust his word? You are so naïve. They are bandits, all of them, nothing more!"

"But there is evidence of sincerity in this. They have already tried some of the prisoners and freed them—men who fought with you at the gates."

"It does not convince me. It is only a ruse, designed to draw out others from their hiding. I know them and I will never trust them. Johnny, will you sell me two riding mules and a pack burro?"

"I cannot do that, knowing what would happen to you both."

Don Raimundo turned away from him, threw his cigarette to the floor and ground it with his heel. He felt Elena's eyes upon him, cold as blue gun metal.

THAT night he lay in his bed by the window, watching the moon spread its first glow under the low eaves, tracing its curving path behind the dark silhouette of the orange tree, seeing it sink slowly below a far hill across the valley. He stared wide-eyed into the purple darkness of the tropic night.

He sat up at the first sound—faint, unmistakable, coming from the corral below. There was a creak of leather, a tinkle of harness metal, the quiet movement of animals on soft earth. Then he sat up, getting into shirt, breeches and boots, buckling on his holster, in the darkness. He moved across the patio silently, hugged the outside wall going down the slope and stopped in the shadow by the corral gate. He stood until his sight was adjusted to the darkness.

There were the animals standing and Manuel, the *arriero*, in his big hat, working silently as a ghost. Elena and her father were standing together, blacker than the purple darkness.

He stepped from the shadow and stood without speaking. He saw Manuel freeze, heard his whispered exclamation, "Ay, mi madre!"

Don Raimundo's voice was very calm: "It is necessary that we go, Johnny. I left money to pay for the beasts on the table in the room."

"I am sorry, sir, but it cannot be. Manuel, unpack the beasts and put them into the corral."

Then he saw Elena move toward him a short step and saw the movement under her dark *ruana*. Her voice was a whisper but there was strength in it, as in her father's.

"You have been very kind to us, Johnny, and you must believe that we are grateful; but you must understand, too, that we are determined to leave. There are certain things you know nothing of. There are reasons why we cannot surrender to Továr."

"And you would shoot me then?"

He saw her eyes fall, the pistol in her hand fall, disappearing into the opening of the *ruana*. "No, I could not do that."

He stood silent for a long time, looking down into her eyes, seeing the faint starlight reflected in them. Then he turned to Manuel and spoke quickly:

"Unpack the beasts and get out the truck. Fill the tank, put in four extra cans of gasoline, pack all this stuff in the truck and get one of the tarpaulins to cover it. Fill all the water bags and get plenty of canned food from the storeroom."

Then he turned to Don Raimundo: "We won't try to make the coast, we'll take the back road south to the Unare River. I have a party working there and know the route well. There is a chance of getting through there."

"You are going with us, my son?"

"Yes, I am going with you."

He went back to his room and packed his duffel bag, and when he returned to the corral Manuel had the truck out of the shed and was piling things into the open bed. Don Raimundo came over to his side.

"You are resolved in this, Johnny?"

"I am resolved."

"Then I must tell you, so you may know. It was I who killed Esteban."

"I knew there was something."

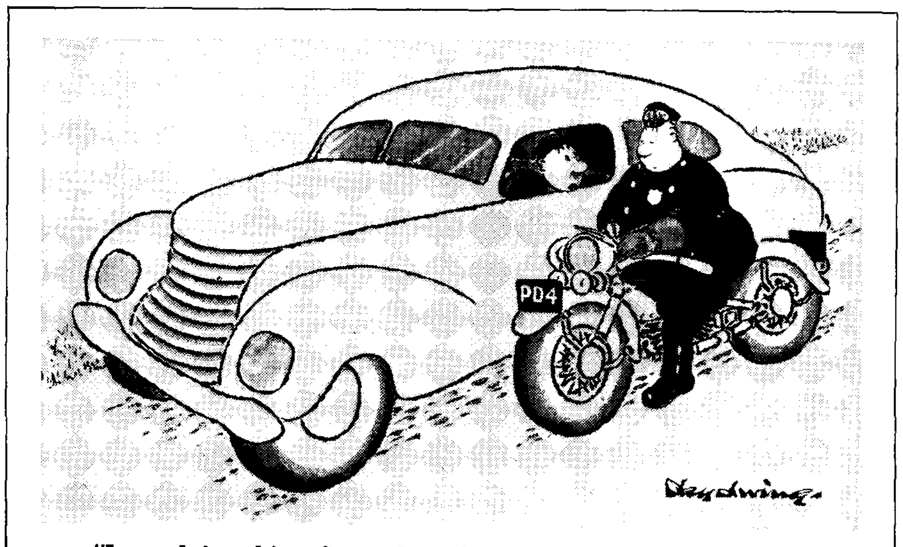
"Yes, that was it. He was with the Pradistos and it was he who worked among the troops at the cuartel. I did not know before, but discovered it that morning, and that is why I shot him. It is clear why Továr would like very much to have me."

"I am still resolved. You did well. I have something of politics underneath and I say you did well, and I have other things in this which are more than politics."

THEY traveled at night with no light but the moon, following the dirt road southward through the rough, rolling country, Condon at the wheel and Elena and her father lying in the bed of the truck under the tarpaulin. During the days they rested, off the road, the truck hidden among thickets of chaparro and moriche palm.

Early on the third night they were high in a range of mountains, and Condon stopped the truck and went ahead on foot to scout the pass of La Culebra, two kilometers above. That was the place of greatest danger, the southern outpost of the Pradistos. Once beyond it they would be safe.

When he returned an hour later Elena

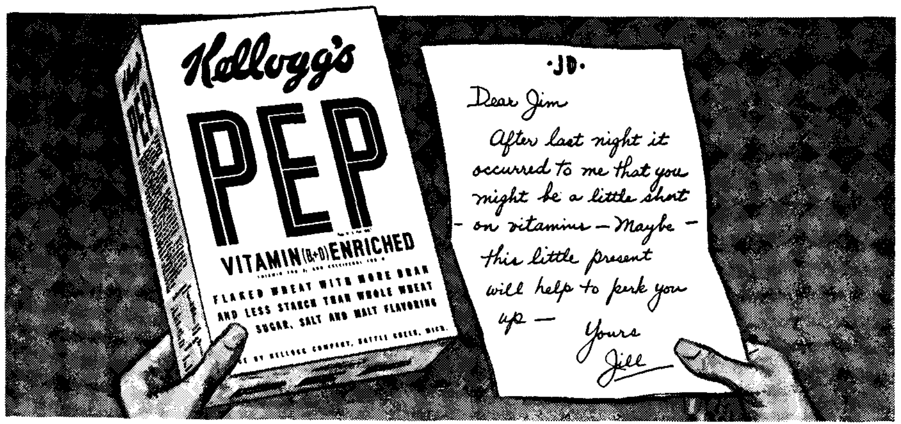


"I was doing thirty-five, when along comes a gust of wind . . ."

JAY IRVING

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Jill: But I don't *want* to talk about the war; let's go and dance!
Jim: Oh! I don't feel much like it. I've got the mopes tonight. Think I'll shove off.


Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN (B1-D) ENRICHED
FLAKED WHEAT WITH MORE BRAN AND LESS STARCH THAN WHOLE WHEAT
SUGAR, SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
·JD·
Dear Jim
After last night it occurred to me that you might be a little short on vitamins — Maybe — this little present will help to perk you up —
Yours
Jill

Jim: (next morning) Of all the crust! Imagine that Jill sending me a note like this. Just wait till I talk to her! KELLOGG'S PEP, my eye!

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN ENRICHED

Jim: I'll show her how to tease me . . . !
Sis: Hey! Wait a minute, hot-head. The way you've been moping around lately I think a few vitamins wouldn't do you any harm at all. It says here that PEP has been enriched with vitamins B_1 and D. Why don't we *try* a little before you make that call?

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN ENRICHED

Sis: Yessir, KELLOGG'S PEP is enriched with these two important vitamins. And none of us can feel our best unless our diet includes a proper share of all the vitamins . . .
Jim: Hey! I don't know much about vitamins. But, boy! Do I know something delicious when I taste it! Why, this is the best cereal I ever ate! Maybe Jill isn't so dumb after all.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

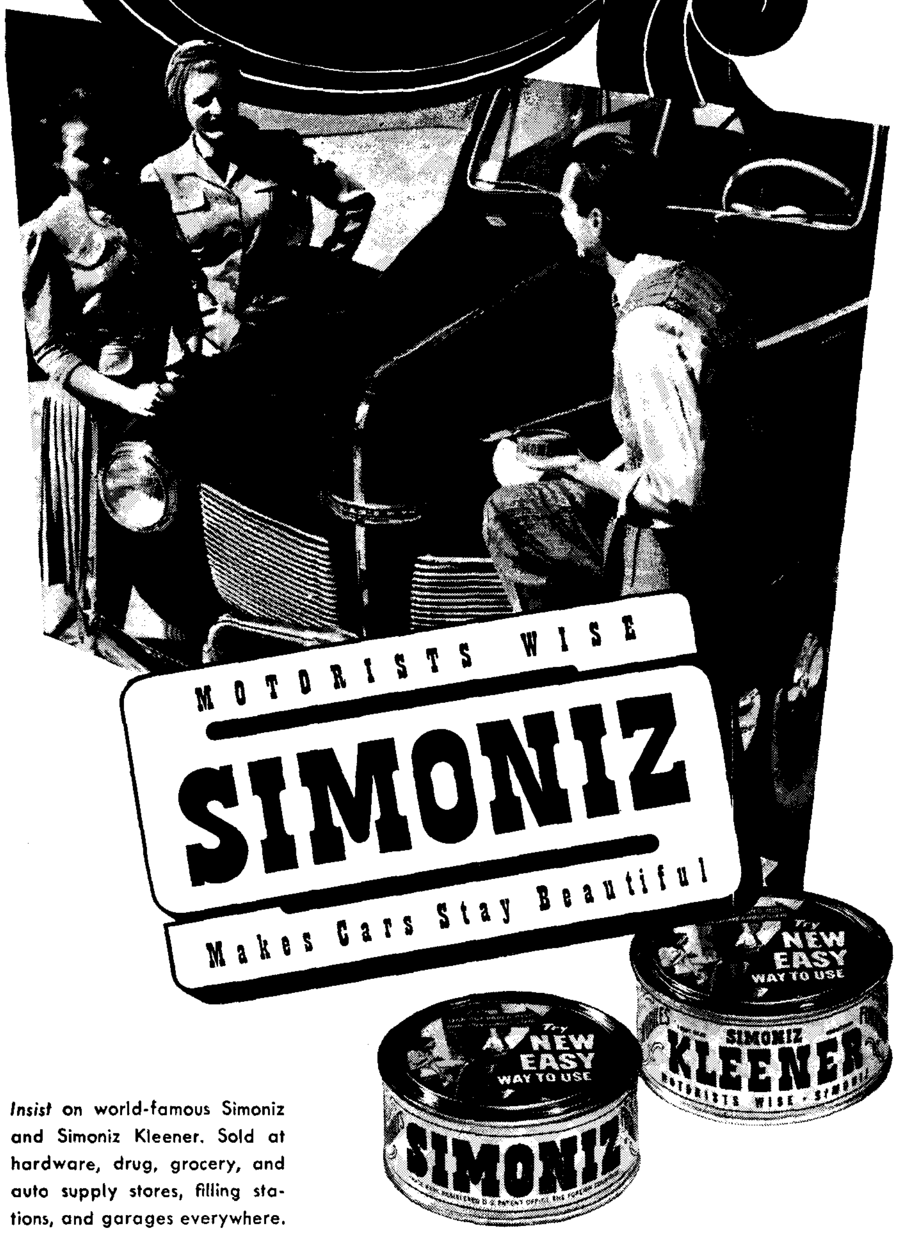
NEEDED
Defense
FOR ANY CAR'S BEAUTY

SAVES FINISH FROM ALL WEAR AND TEAR

Simoniz, and save your car's finish! Weather, dirt, moisture, and the sun's rays are constantly attacking its beauty. A real blitzkrieg that dulls and eventually demolishes the lacquer or enamel. Simoniz stops this destruction. Leaves a hard, sparkling surface of protection to take the wear and tear. A perfect defense for the finish which makes it stay beautiful and last longer. So, Simoniz your car. And do it right away! If the finish already is dull, Simoniz Kleener comes to the rescue. It quickly restores the glorious lustre and rich depth of color your car had when new. And then, if you want the beauty to last, apply Simoniz.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"It's Wiser by Far to Simoniz Your Car"



Insist on world-famous Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Sold at hardware, drug, grocery, and auto supply stores, filling stations, and garages everywhere.

was sleeping and Don Raimundo was sitting up with his rifle resting across the duffel bag.

"There are no troops at the pass but I saw their fires a little way below on the other side. The descent is too rough to negotiate in darkness. We must go through them by daylight."

He started the motor and drove up to the pass, where he stopped again to wait for the dawn. He sat in the cab behind the wheel, smoking and watching where it would come in the east, over the treetops below. Then at last the sky paled, color spread among the low clouds, and long fingers of golden light fell upon the mountaintops. He spoke through the opening behind his shoulder:

"Are you ready?"

"We are ready," Elena said.

"Keep well down below the sides and covered. They must not see you."

"Have no care. God guard you."

"God guard you. Now let us start."

He pressed the starter and headed down the steep decline. He pushed in the clutch, feeling the truck drop free and swoop downward, gathering speed. The wind rose to a steady roar in his ears and the road seemed to jump about before him at the curves—rock walls suddenly ahead, empty space with a floor of treetops, rises of wooded slope. The wheel kicked viciously from the bumps and he gripped it hard, bending over, twisting it and recovering quickly. With the clutch out, there was little sound to warn them on the road ahead.

THE yellow ribbon straightened out, stretching in a narrowing band that came toward him swiftly, rolling underneath as on a turning drum. A brown-clad figure ran onto the road from the bush, others joined it until there was a mass of them across the road, growing swiftly in size until they were men, rifles in their raised hands. Almost among them, Condon filled his lungs.

"No brakes!" he shouted. "I have no brakes, they are burned out! *I cannot stop!*"

He had a glimpse of scattering men, heard the cries above the roar of wind, and then he was through them. There was a faint popping behind, like a string of firecrackers, a singing in the air and a loud clanging against the high iron tailgate of the truck. He rounded three bends in the road and then pressed the brake pedal a little at a time, letting out the clutch slowly until the motor took hold, checking the speed. Then, forcing himself, feeling the pounding of his heart, he looked back through the window.

They were sitting up, smiling at him. Suddenly he was very tired, flooded with a great happiness that melted his strength.

OVER the small group of palm-thatched huts at the port on the Unare, the flag of the republic was bright in the sun. At the dock beside the muddy, smooth-flowing river, a motor launch poured the hot smell of her Diesel engines into the still air and her Cockney master shouted at the sweating peons who rousted sacks of coffee into her hold.

John Condon sat with Elena at a shady place on the bank where the current swirled around smooth, black boulders.

"Your eyes are misty now, like the smoke from the cook fires when they burn palm wood."

"You will be safe going back?"

"Don't worry. I shall simply explain that my brakes were gone and I couldn't stop. Now tell me again about Esteban."

"Tonto! I have told you a thousand times."

"Tell me again, the sound of it gives me pleasure."

"Well, then, I hated Esteban."

"It has a very musical sound. Now the rest of it once more."

"I promised to marry him because of my father, for whom he made political trouble, being in the government. But I did not tell my father of that until afterward, when the question of Esteban was resolved."

"And always you loved me?"

"Always I loved you and for always."

The thin, piping note of the launch whistle broke the silence and the girl rose to her feet.

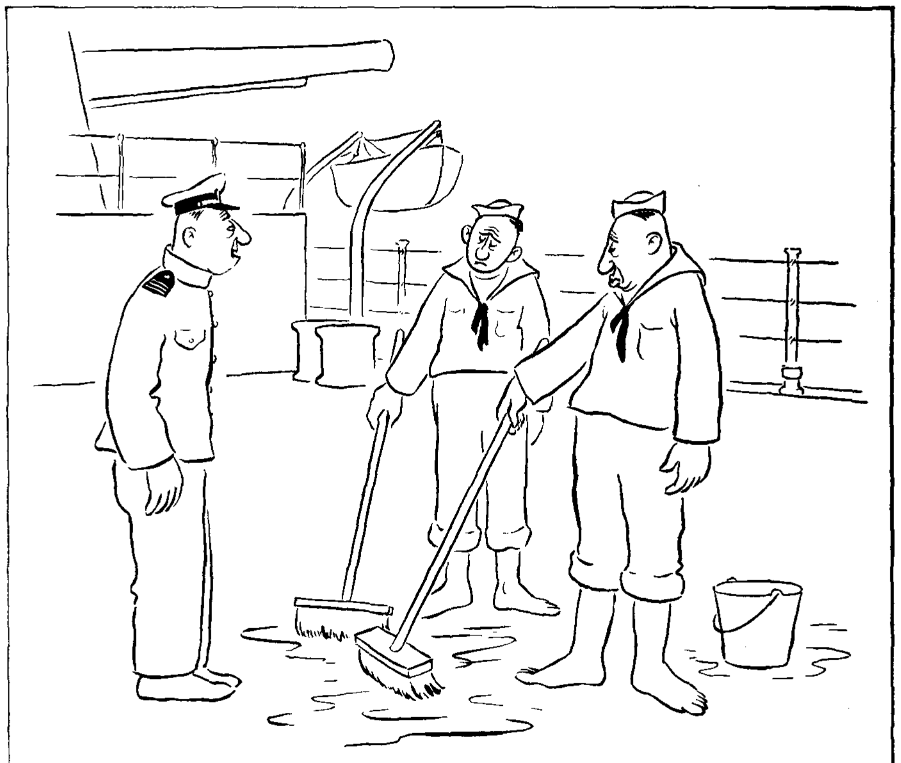
"Your eyes are misty again. I must correct it."

Her eyelids were wet and salty against his lips.

"It will not be long? Tell me the truth."

"Only until I can reach the capital by one route and you by another; but it will seem a matter of years to me."

"And to me a matter of years."



"I'll bet the men on the other ships don't whine and pout whenever they're asked to do a little work!"

F. HUMFREVILLE

Why Pay More [illegible]

CHEVROLET SATISFIES! CHEVROLET SAVES!

GIVE LOW-PRICED CARS THIS "**QUALITY QUIZ**" AND YOU'LL CHOOSE CHEVROLET!

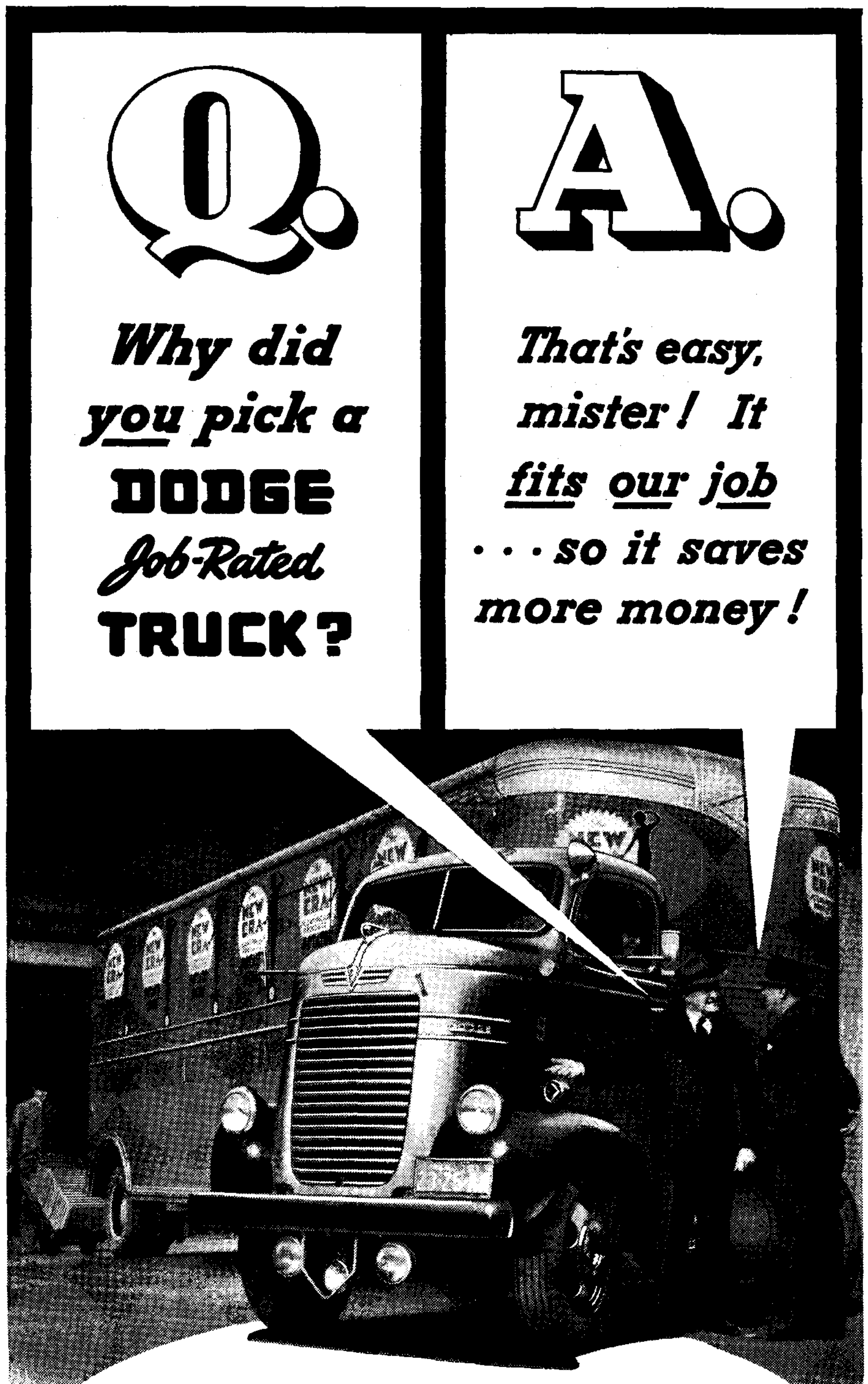
	CHEVROLET	No. 2 CAR	No. 3 CAR
90-H.P. VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE	YES	NO	NO
CONCEALED SAFETY-STEPS	YES	NO	NO
VACUUM-POWER SHIFT AT NO EXTRA COST	YES	NO	NO
BODY BY FISHER WITH UNISTEEL TURRET TOP	YES	NO	NO
UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO	NO
BOX-GIRDER FRAME	YES	NO	NO
ORIGINAL FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION	YES	NO	NO
TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH	YES	NO	NO

You'll Say "FIRST BECAUSE IT'S FINEST!"

You get all the essential motoring qualities in this luxurious new Chevrolet for '41 ••• And you save a whale of a lot of money in purchase price, operation and upkeep, when you buy it and drive it ••• It's the No. 1 car of the nation ••• It's the No. 1 car for you!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

AGAIN CHEVROLET'S THE LEADER!


Q.
Why did you pick a DODGE Job-Rated TRUCK?
A.
That's easy, mister! It fits our job . . . so it saves more money!

LOOK AND SAVE - BUY THE 1-2-3 WAY!

1. LOOK AT LOW-PRICED TRUCK 'A'
2. LOOK AT LOW-PRICED TRUCK 'B'
3. THEN LOOK AT LOW-PRICED DODGE Job-Rated TRUCKS

● When truck users say, "Dodge trucks are the best we've ever owned" . . . they mean it . . . and from experience! They mean Dodge *Job-Rated* trucks are saving them money on gas, oil and repairs . . . are more *dependable* than any other trucks they ever bought! Ask your Dodge dealer to show you the *Job-Rated* truck that fits *your* job! See him—*today*—for a "good deal" all ways—with liberal trade-in allowance and easy budget terms!

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST

Chassis..$500 AND UP (WITH COWL)
Chassis..$595 AND UP (WITH CAB)
Pick-Ups $630 AND UP
Panels..$730 AND UP
Stakes..$740 AND UP

Above prices are delivered at Detroit. Federal taxes included. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any) extra. All prices shown are for ½-ton except stake model which is for ¾-ton. 112 standard chassis and body models available.
PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

DODGE DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

DEPEND ON DODGE Job-Rated TRUCKS

Better BECAUSE OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION ENGINEERING

The Plight of the Last Censor

Continued from page 13

Printing of ship news was forbidden, although notices of arrivals and departures were posted in hotel lobbies.

Now and then, however, some field man would go off the deep end. One very rigid prohibition was against the photographing of tanks, and although the papers implored, the rule was enforced. Imagine, then, our dismay when a newsreel concern burst forth with a complete set of tank pictures. The press raged, generals thundered and an investigation disclosed that a young captain had given the required permission, thinking it a help to recruiting. After much stewing around, everybody came to the conclusion that there was no good reason why tank pictures should not be taken.

By way of adding to the magnitude of the task, it was not only the news columns that had to be watched. What good for the city desk to suppress transport sailings and troops movements when the society columns contained every detail in the account of the wedding of an Army lieutenant or a Navy captain? Nor was the rural press any less important than the metropolitan, for country editors, going down to the depot to see "the boys" off, rarely failed to report their destination.

Editors Will Be Editors

With the best will in the world on both sides, violations soon came to be daily occurrences. New York censors would kill a story to which Chicago officials offered no objection. A paper in Kansas City or Milwaukee, asking for an interpretation, would be told not to print a story. A rival paper, exercising its own judgment, went ahead and slapped the story on the front page. Straightway a scream from the city editor who had telephoned for a ruling and had abided by it. A lieutenant would bar one newspaper from taking plane pictures and the next day a colonel would give the right to a rival sheet.

Along with unintentional violations there were many bold and open breaches of the agreement out of the average editor's sheer inability to resist an "exclusive story." The publication, for example, of testimony given by Army or Navy men before supposedly secret sessions of a congressional committee. As a matter of course, the papers that had been "scooped" howled to high heaven.

In order to minimize the danger of submarine attacks, our first transports sailed in separated detachments, and the papers were asked to print nothing until the last of the four groups reached France. The Associated Press announced the arrival of the first group while the other three were still in the danger zone, and straightway rival associations erupted with Vesuvian fury. A month later the Associated Press scored another scoop by ignoring the agreement.

"In the name of our papers throughout the country," wired Roy Howard, then head of the United Press, "we file most vigorous protest against action of Associated Press today in publishing arrival of American troops in Europe in violation of voluntary censorship, and request reply as to what steps are being taken to protect those who keep faith from Associated Press or individual papers which break faith."

Every correspondent, before sailing for France, was required to post a bond that he would submit all dispatches to the press section of the American Expeditionary Force. As a rule, faith was kept, but in several notable instances, men evaded it by returning to the United States and writing their articles on this side of the water. One metropolitan daily accompanied the announcement of such a series with this self-justifying blurb:

"In December last Mr. ——— joined the staff of the New York ——— and went to France as general correspondent. He was so affected by conditions there that on his own initiative he returned to bring to the American people an uncensored message that would not wait . . . Light is curative. Truth is compelling. The mind of a great democracy requires to be moved."

The articles appeared in due course, all highly critical, and, anxious to know just how authoritative they really were, I cabled General Pershing, who replied as follows: "Mr. ——— came December 14th, remained two days, returned United States. Do not know he ever visited front. No record of unofficial information at Red Cross, embassies or elsewhere. Only information comes from Red Cross worker who happened to meet him and to whom ——— said he was on 'journalistic mission.' Unable to learn he ever saw any official. Nolan. Pershing."

Still another journalist of standing returned to the United States after spending only five days in Paris, and burst forth with a sensational series based entirely on gossip that he heard in hotel lobbies. General Pershing cabled explicit denials in due course, but there was nothing else that could be done except to forfeit the bond, a penalty so trifling as to lack any punitive value.

That was the rub then, and it will be the rub today. Without any law to back them up, the military authorities are powerless to take action even when violations of the agreement are bold and repeated. Punishment is up to the press, and the press itself is powerless for the very good reason that it has no ethical code, no rules governing individual conduct. The shyster lawyer can be disbarred, the quack doctor can have his license revoked and the unworthy minister can be unfrocked but the newspaper profession is powerless to expel its black sheep. But will the press acknowledge the fault as its own? Not if past experience is any criterion.

When Secrecy Was a Joke

Throughout 1917 and 1918, every violation, whether innocent or intentional, was the signal for a deluge of telegrams, demanding that instant and severe punishment be visited on the offender. This was absurd, for the printed card stated specifically that enforcement was a matter for the press itself, yet when this obvious answer was made, a general cry arose that the agreement was a "farce" and "to hell with it."

As a matter of truth, that was my own opinion. Not only was the plan plainly unworkable, but every passing day strengthened the conviction that it was of a piece with the hysterical "shush-shushing" that warned against unguarded speech, just as though every citizen possessed some important military secret that would reach the Germans unless he kept close watch on his tongue. Virtually everything we asked the press not to print was seen or known by thousands, making secrecy a joke. As the present "voluntary censorship" is a carbon copy of the old, the joke may be expected to persist. In support of my claim of uselessness, here are the prohibitions in news reporting asked by the Secretary of the Navy:

1. The actual or intended movement of vessels or aircraft; or enlisted personnel or divisions of mobilized reserves, or troop movements of the Marine Corps.
2. The development of secret technical weapons.
3. New ships or aircraft.
4. Navy construction projects ashore.
5. The arrival in American ports of damaged British ships for repairs under the Lease-Lend Act.

These are virtually the same prohibitions that we laid down in 1917, and every whit as unnecessary. The arrival and departure of ships and planes are about as secret as the trips of a sightseeing bus. Until war comes to these shores, or expeditionary forces are sent abroad, the movements of troops possess little significance, for the location of training camps is a matter of common knowledge. Pin down any member of Army or Navy Intelligence, and he will admit that there is no single activity in the field today that can be kept secret or needs to be kept secret.

This holds good for new ships, new planes and Navy construction projects ashore, for shipyards and aviation factories are not of a size to be hidden, nor of a nature to be located in some remote mountain fastness. In addition to thousands of workmen, other thousands see these yards and factories every day and have a fairly good idea of what is going on in them.

History Repeats Itself

Within a week after the call for secrecy in connection with damaged British warships, the wounded Malaya limped into the harbor of New York on a bright Sunday afternoon, the hole in her side looming large. Several newspapers and press associations respected the Navy's request, but others cut loose with full descriptions and interviews with the crew, every article carrying photographs. Why not? Every vantage point was black with spectators.

Even before the "voluntary censorship" was well under way, a newspaper announced the construction of six new cruisers, giving the cost and many other circumstantial details. When he was taken to task by agitated officials who were convinced that he had been guilty of espionage, the reporter calmly explained that he had obtained his information from the Congressional Record.

Just two illustrative absurdities. Of all the prohibitions, the only one that has any real meaning is that dealing with the development of secret technical weapons. Here, of course, secrecy is an essential, but it is not going to be provided by any censorship of the press, for if the information comes to the ears of a reporter, most certainly it will have been learned by any spy worth his pay. Concealment of new inventions and technical developments, along with war plans, is the business of the military authorities. Secrecy at the source is the one and only answer. That is where enemy agents are going for their information—peeping, prying and bribing.

This was the conclusion forced on me back in 1917, and at a date when the "voluntary censorship" had been in operation less than two months. Although convinced in my own mind that the plan was both unworkable and useless, I felt the need of making sure, and before taking any action had a heart-to-heart talk with a man high up in one of the Intelligence units.

"Tell me," I asked him, "do you honestly believe that the enemy is stupid enough to rely for its information on something as slow and haphazard as the indiscretions of the press?"

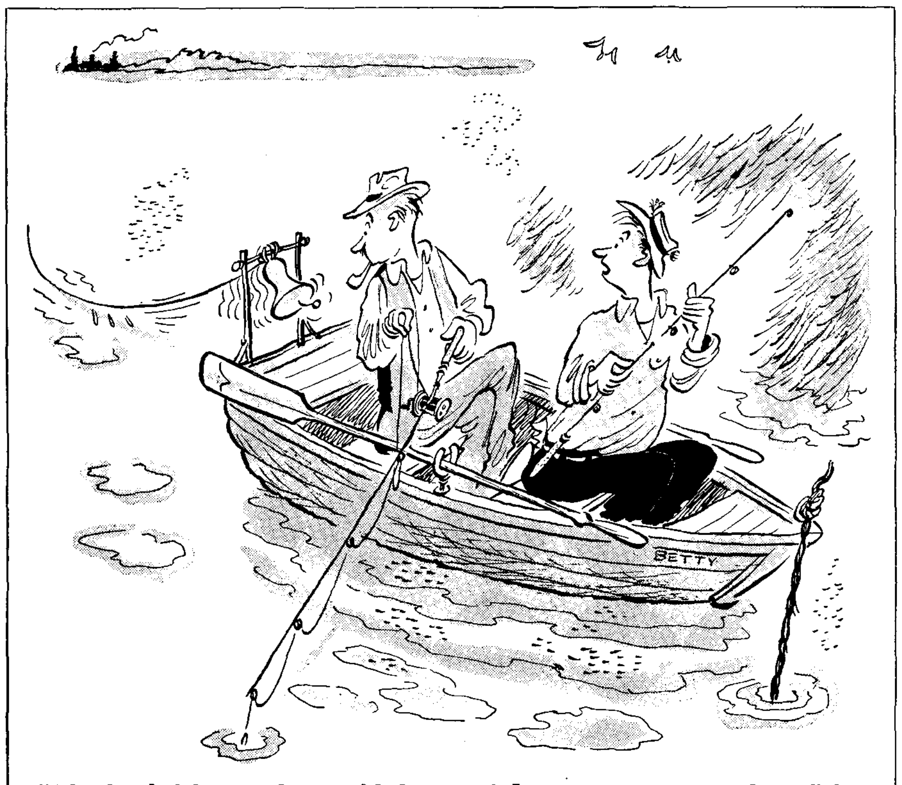
"I do not." The answer came without a moment's hesitation. "Speed in transmission is the essence, and it takes days, not minutes or hours, for newspapers to reach the enemy or a neutral country in direct communication with the enemy."

"Then common sense," I insisted, "indicates the employment of spies, and the use of cables?"

"Of course."

As a result of this conversation I went to President Wilson, and in July, 1917, he issued an executive order subjecting all cable communications to rigid censorship. This done, what the newspapers printed ceased to be of importance. Even when enemy agents succeeded in getting hold of military secrets, they could not get the information out of the country, and attempts to do so resulted in their detection and arrest.

That is what should be done today. Not any trifling press censorship, as unworkable as unnecessary, but censorship of cables and, of course, the radio: a censorship that will not touch opinion in any degree but that *will* prevent communication between "potential enemies"



"Oh, shucks! Now, what could she want! Just when we get ready to fish!"

DAVE GERARD

SHEDS STRAIT-JACKET IN 67 SECONDS

but couldn't escape the "bite zone" in his pipe!

Any pipe mixture containing only 1 or 2 tobaccos forms a "bite zone" in your pipe AFTER THE FIRST FEW PUFFS!

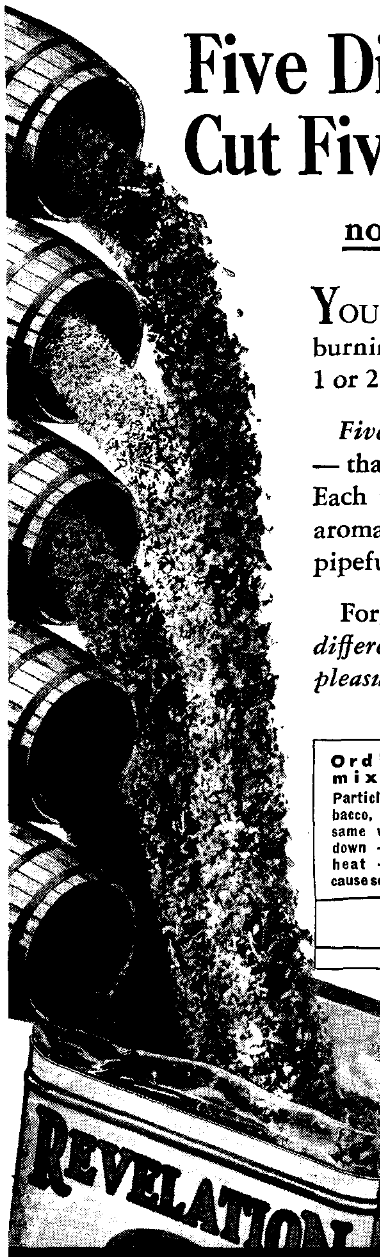
Five Different Tobaccos Cut Five Different Ways—

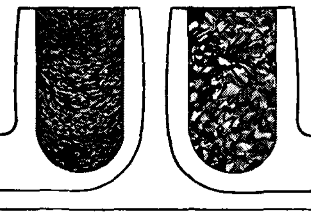
no "bite zone" with Revelation!

YOU can't get flavor like this — or sweet, cool burning — in a so-called "mixture" that has only 1 or 2 tobaccos.

Five superb tobaccos — a real, balanced blend — that's why REVELATION is *different . . . better.* Each tobacco supplies its own special flavor and aroma. Each is cut separately . . . to make each pipeful *smoke* best . . . *taste* best.

For cool, clean, no-bite mildness . . . gloriously *different* flavor . . . *the perfect peak of pipe-smoking pleasure . . . try* REVELATION today!





Ordinary mixture: Particles of tobacco, all cut same way, mat down — retain heat — often cause soggy heel.

Revelation: Five different cuts pack perfectly . . . porous, so your pipe "breathes" — burns more evenly, coolly.

YOUR OWN EYES show you these five finer tobaccos in REVELATION: *Burley* (clean, cool, even burning) . . . *Carolina* (tastes like sunshine looks!) . . . *Virginia* (lots of good, rich flavor) . . . *Perique* (adds that fine Champagne taste) . . . *Latakia* (spices up the whole dish!)

15¢ POCKET TIN

REVELATION PIPE MIXTURE

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

Presenting the star performer
Golden Shell Motor Oil

Does 4 jobs at once!

"Busy? Say—lightning is 'slow motion' compared to me," says "Goldie."
"I do 4 jobs—all at once—the instant your engine starts.
"If you had a pair of X-ray eyes you'd see me . . .

1. **"COOL your engine. I help keep it from gettin' het up too much when you step on it.**
2. **"CLEAN out grit an' dirt. I help carry this rubbish away.**
3. **"SEAL in power. It's a sin to waste power through that little crack between pistons an' cylinder walls!**
4. **"OIL every one of the movin' parts! Somethin's bound to get hurt if there's friction.**

"How do I get that way? Lissen, my bein' able to do 4 jobs at once is just a plain case of proper *balance.* I get it from Shell engineers. An' confidentially, they say I'm a steal at a quarter a quart!"

THE MODERN OIL FOR PRECISION-BUILT CARS

and their undercover agents in the United States.

Riding herd on the cables is simple, but keeping tab on the air, at first glance, may seem to present a difficult problem. What easier than for an enemy agent to install a sending set in the top floor of a New York apartment house, or in a Colorado mountain cabin, and transmit to his home country the information gathered by efficient operatives? Locating him would be about as difficult as finding the needle in a haystack. On the contrary, radio censorship is as simple as cable censorship, for already the Federal Communications Commission has worked out a system by which it polices the ether as methodically and efficiently as a policeman patrols his beat.

At the center of this system are eleven primary monitoring stations located at these points: Millis, Massachusetts; Baltimore; Atlanta; Grand Island, Nebraska; Allegan, Michigan; Portland, Oregon; Corpus Christi, Texas; San Pedro, California and in Puerto Rico, Alaska and Hawaii. In addition there are eighty secondary stations, one or more in each of the forty-eight states.

The "policeman" in a primary station can make a complete circuit of the ether, and no signal is too weak for it to pick up and record accurately. When the receiver runs across a strange signal, then a "direction finder" is brought into play. Maybe three or four more stations will join in and lay down their bearings as lines on the map. Eventually and inevitably, two lines will cross, and at that crossing point or "fix" is the sending set.

Now a call goes out to the secondary stations, each furnished with a fully equipped automobile to do monitoring work in the field. By the same method in which the general location was determined, the exact position of the illegal radio can be found.

The 1918 Plague of Rumors

There, then, is your answer. With cables and radios under watch and guard, preventing communication with the enemy, what need to devil the press with foolish and unnecessary restrictions? Even more important, there will be no impairment of people's confidence in the news. That was the result of the "voluntary censorship" that hurt us most, just as it will work irreparable harm today if the foolish plan is not discontinued. When the public knew that *something* was being kept from them, the conviction grew that a *great deal* was being hidden, and this feeling lent itself to the manufacture and spread of every variety of wild and disintegrating rumor. Nothing was more amazing than the speed with which some whisper raced from coast to coast, causing untold anxiety and distress.

Throughout 1917 and 1918 we were constantly harassed by this sort of thing. Now it would be that epidemics had broken out in the training camps, with cholera, smallpox, the plague, etc., etc., killing soldiers in such number that the bodies were being dumped into trenches without burial ceremonies. Then would come a whisper that a German submarine had crept into New York harbor, sinking ships by the score, and that every morgue and every hospital was filled with dead and dying. One of the most circumstantial lies was to the effect that a Missouri family had received the body of a son, sent home from camp for burial, with the casket marked "Contagious: Do not open." Nevertheless, the parents did open the coffin; and found that the corpse had two bullet holes in the head.

Many of these whispers were started by the type of gossip that likes to give the impression of being "on the inside," but the vast majority bore unmistakable signs of enemy origin. I remember two in particular: One told how German agents in the Government Printing Office had injected some kind of germs into Liberty Bonds so that they would crumble to dust in a few weeks, leaving the holder with nothing to show for his money. The other, and one that persisted, was that the Red Cross made members of the A.E.F. pay for sweaters, socks, chocolate, tobacco, etc.

Nothing stood more clearly proved than that the atmosphere created by common knowledge that news was being suppressed, even in small degree, provided an ideal "culture" for the propagation of the bacteria of enemy rumor. That statement is as valid today as it was in 1917. No one knows who starts a rumor, but there is an editor behind every printed word. A newspaper story is tangible even if untrue. It can be denied, and its falsity proved.

Frankness Means Confidence

By way of illustration, a disgruntled sailor told a reporter for a metropolitan daily that hospital conditions were disgraceful, and the care of the sick attended by cruelty and neglect. The story was flashed across the country, forcing the mothers of the nation to bear a new anxiety, but the fact that it was printed gave opportunity for full refutation. A competent committee of physicians and surgeons, headed by Dr. Welch of Johns Hopkins, instituted an immediate inquiry, and reported that the charges were without foundation, Navy hospitals ranking with the best in the world.

By way of completing this indictment of press censorship, no matter what the form, there is its relation to the important question of domestic morale. The needs of the day are confidence, enthusiasm and service, and these needs will not be met fully until every citizen is given the feeling of partnership that comes with frank statements concerning every phase of the national-defense effort. Billions are being spent, and many more billions will be spent, putting heavy burdens on every taxpayer.

What wiser, then, and more helpful, than to let people know what is being done with their money—to provide them with the assurance that the preparedness program has *not* bogged down, but is going ahead at full speed? Information, and detailed information, as to the progress of plane and ship construction is *good* news for Americans and *bad* news for potential enemies.

Common sense commands that newspapers be given the green light! With a censorship of the cables and the radio, there is no reason why the flow of information to our own people should not be full and free, no reason why we should not have the generous co-operation of the press instead of grudging obedience to resented orders; good will instead of ill will; an end to rumormongering, and above all, an invincible domestic morale.

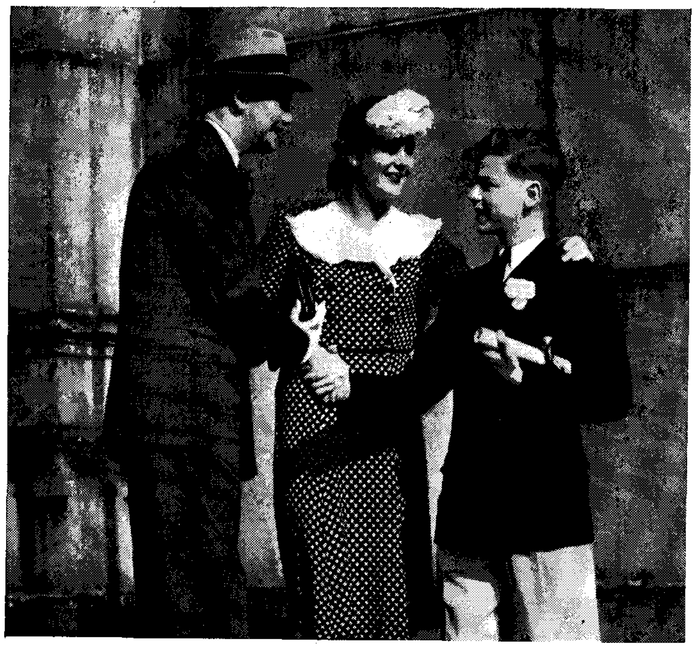
PAINT
KAY KARAFFA

Why buy him a typewriter at the end of school?

SUMMER VACATION, you're probably saying, should be a time for rest and *physical* development only.

True. But learning to use a typewriter is more fun than work for a youngster. And he'll return to school with fingers that can keep pace with the racing thoughts of youth—not chained to the creeping progress of his pencil. For, the greater speed and ease of typing will free his mind for *thinking* rather than for *writing*.

How do we know that a Portable typewriter can do these things for *your youngster? By tests in the nation's schools and colleges* which show that students who use typewriters average 17% *more* written work—make 75% *fewer* mistakes in English—and average *10% to 30% higher grades* in many subjects than those who use longhand alone!



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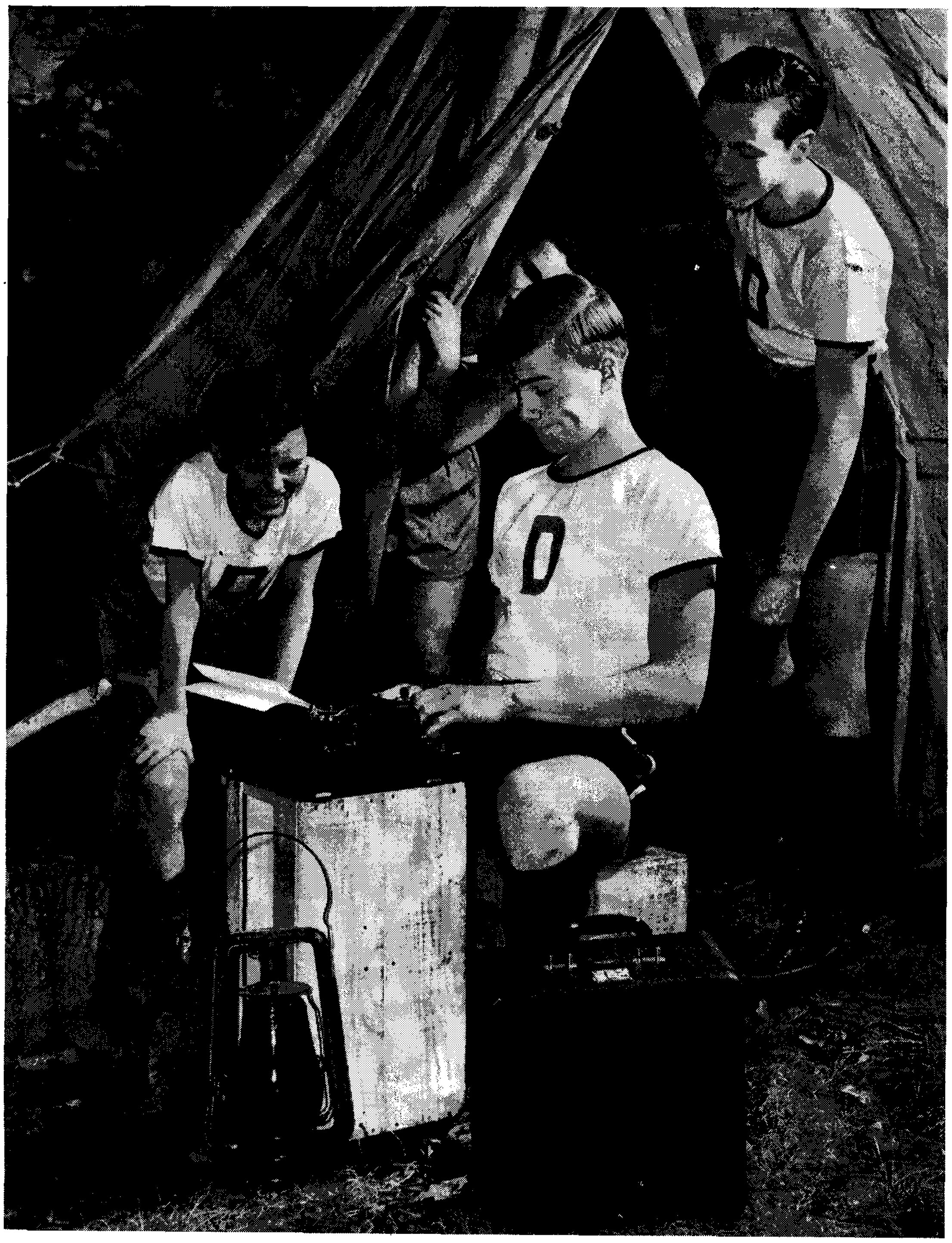

Royal Arrow Model—$54.50 Other Royal Portables—$44.50 to $64.50

But which Portable? One make is really a standard office typewriter—in almost everything but size! This is the Royal Portable. It has a keyboard just like that on a full-sized typewriter—plus these famous "big-machine" features: MAGIC*Margin (just flick the lever to change margins) . . . Touch Control* (adjusts key tension to your individual touch) . . . Bobless shift (the carriage doesn't clatter and jump up when you shift) . . . and many others.

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THE **STANDARD TYPEWRITER IN PORTABLE SIZE**

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Baby Ruth is rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Dextrose helps you fight fatigue when body sugar is low.

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If you want to be sure your children get fine, wholesome candy, *candy that's also good food,* let them enjoy Baby Ruth, the candy bar selected for the "World's Wonder Children".

The luscious coating, chewy caramel and creamy center, the abundance of golden, freshly toasted peanuts—every morsel of this great candy bar is chock-full of flavor and goodness. Be sure you and *your* children enjoy Baby Ruth *today!*

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Baby Ruth, being rich in Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable ingredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."

Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D.

Trail Town

Continued from page 18

Half a moon threw its dull silver glow on the ground and wind breathed out of the south with its blend of bitter-strong earth odors, driving that salty vigor deep into Mitchell, so that his weariness and the dark aftermath thoughts of the fight and his black speculations concerning River Bend went away.

He cut a circle on the prairie, watching his back trail with a close eye, reached the river and dropped down its bank to the edge of water. He came in this way to the dark area beneath the bridge decking and saw Sherry Gault's horse vaguely standing before him. He dismounted and moved forward and saw her; she sat on the ground, silent and waiting, and when he dropped beside her, he saw her face turn and make its pale glow.

NOW that he was here he had nothing to say immediately; nor did she seem in a hurry to break the silence. The fragrance of her nearness revived his acute hungers, so that he had to bring his will upon himself. She was like no other woman he had known. Beyond the bridge the river was a silvered flat shining between gray banks and its steady motion came against the sand shore and made small, liquid echoes. A pair of riders ran off the prairie and took the bridge townward, the plank boards roaring above them and fine dust sifting down. Mitchell removed his hat and covered her head with it. His shoulder touched the soft point of her shoulder; the sweet smell of her hair came to him.

She said: "I saw the fight."

"I'm sorry."

"I respect him a good deal more than I did."

"Didn't think he had it in him."

"Then," said Sherry, "we both learned something."

"He's your man," said Mitchell. "Don't you know what's in him?"

"Do we ever really know what's in anybody?"

"You've been with him long enough to know. You've watched him long enough."

"I haven't watched you as long as I've watched him—but I know you better. I know more about you than I do about him."

"One thing," he said, "you ought to know—"

She took his hat from her head and handed it back. She moved her shoulder away. "Never mind, Dan. That's not why we're here. You know what's being said around town about you?"

"Yes."

She was long silent, struggling with some hard question. Since she was Mike Gault's daughter, he thought he knew what it was. Mike had taught her never to interfere in the affairs of other people—and to permit no other people to interfere in hers. Now, he guessed, every impulse collided with that training. Therefore he said:

"Young Dick Lestrade asked me that same question, and ran away before I could answer it. No, Sherry, I didn't kill Bravo."

She sat still. Other horsemen boomed across the bridge, once more loosening the dust upon them. Again he put his hat on her head to protect it. After the sound had died she said: "That hurt you a great deal—Dick's running from you. I saw it on your face when you came up the street. Would it help if I found Dick and told him?"

"Not now. He'll have to struggle it out for himself. Then maybe I can talk to him—and maybe he'll believe me. This is his first introduction to the miseries of living. I hated to see it happen to him so soon. Tough enough to grow out of being a boy without making the change in a hurry."

"Suppose," she said, very softly, "he won't believe you?"

"A bad break for me. Nothing to do about it though."

She removed his hat and gave it to him. It was as though she wanted to keep him away so that no part of his personality or his will touched her. She was self-reliant; she had always maintained a reserve against him. She murmured, "I hate to think of it," and rose. She turned to him, near enough for him to view the unreserved feeling on her face: "Josephine Balder told it this afternoon. That's where Dick Lestrade heard it. But it came from another source."

"I know."

"Do you know? You're sure?"

"Yes. From your man."

"That's the second time you've called him my man. Don't do it again."

"Isn't he?"

"Don't talk about it, Dan."

He went at her with a rising energy. "If he is, what makes you so shy of it, or afraid of it, or ashamed of it?"

"Maybe—" she began, and stopped. Later she added in a changed, subdued voice: "Is it that clear, Dan? Is it that certain? Can't I have any doubts at all? Can't I wonder, sometimes, if I'm doing the right thing? Can't I wonder how it might be if—"

"Maybe," he said, quite dry with his answer, "I don't know anything about it."

"How should it be?" she asked. Her voice held a reluctant note, the note of wanting nothing from him and forced to this question against her will. It made her voice somewhat sharp: "Tell me, since you seem to be so sure."

"Why," he said, "I ride in the dust and I mix with sin, and so I guess I shouldn't know. But as far as I'm concerned, if you love him then heaven and hell are all the same, right where he is, and you're right with him all the time. If it isn't that it is nothing at all—and I wouldn't want it."

"Do you think," she said, now unaccountably angered, "you'll ever find that in any woman on earth?"

"Yes."

A LONG string of riders thundered over the bridge and Sherry Gault faded into the muddy gloom and he thought she had gone. But afterward, when the hard echoes had died up and down the river he heard her say in a half-voice, "Dan," and he walked on half a dozen steps and found her near her horse. Moonlight came in and touched her. Her shoulders swayed and her face was round and open, without coldness. "Why don't you leave me alone? Why don't you stop saying things like that?"

"The only way I know is to say what I feel, to go after what I want."

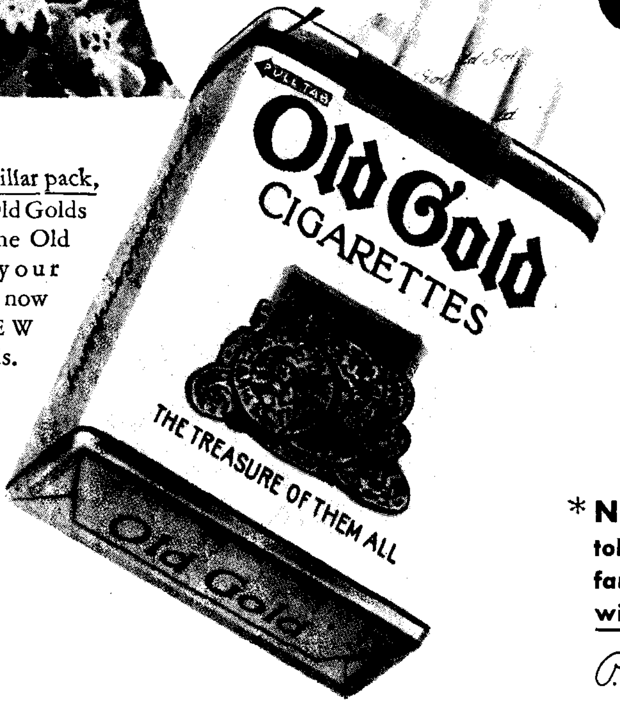
"You don't really want me. Any woman would do."

If she meant to hurt him she did it well. He said, "Good night, Sherry," and turned to the buckskin.

She called after him and when he didn't stop she ran after him and pulled him around. "I'm sorry." Then, exasperated at this quick change in herself, she cried out: "How am I to know what you are? There never was a man so contradictory. You can be cruel enough to beat the living lights out of Ford or cut a man down with the butt of your gun. You can take your ease in Big Annie's. You can smoke a cigar and

It's what it means and not the size, that puts a sparkle in your eyes! Something new has been added that spells Happiness ahead! And that's what something new can mean to you —as you will find out when you enjoy this fragrant, pleasant-tasting cigarette!

Something NEW* has been added!



Same familiar pack, but new Old Golds inside. The Old Golds your dealer has now are NEW Old Golds.

SEE FOR YOURSELF! Light up a *new* Old Gold—and taste the flavor of that rare, imported tobacco that's been added. Several years ago, the makers of Old Gold secured a good supply of this tobacco . . . put it aside to age and mellow—until now it's ready for you! A new touch of pleasure in a smooth and friendly cigarette! Get a pack of new Old Golds soon!

*** NEW—A prized imported tobacco, from the eastern Mediterranean—a tobacco whose small heart-shaped leaves impart new life and zest to the famous Old Gold blend! So every moment you spend with Old Gold will be even more pleasant than before.**

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RIGHT HERE ON MAIN STREET

Of course you will find dealers who sell General Motors cars in your home town—you probably know one or more of them.

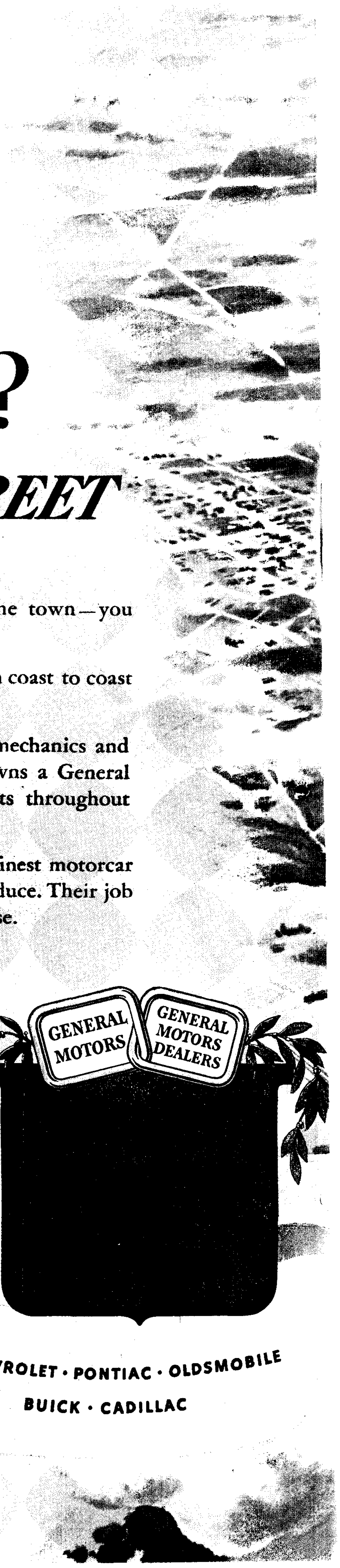
But—what is equally important—you will find them on every Main Street from coast to coast and from border to border.

In the course of providing their own customers with the service of trained mechanics and with quality parts, they make it possible for every man or woman who owns a General Motors car to find prompt and reliable service on thousands of Main Streets throughout America.

These dealers are our partners in progress. Our job is to furnish them with the finest motorcar values that GM research can develop or GM manufacturing resources can produce. Their job is to bring these cars to market—and keep them rolling through years of use.

They bring to that job a steadily increasing skill in management, a standard of business judgment that entitles them to recognition as one of the finest groups of merchants in America. They are just that, with mighty few exceptions.

And they are something more. They are valuable assets to any community — good men to know as neighbors and friends.



GENERAL MOTORS

GENERAL MOTORS DEALERS

GENERAL MOTORS

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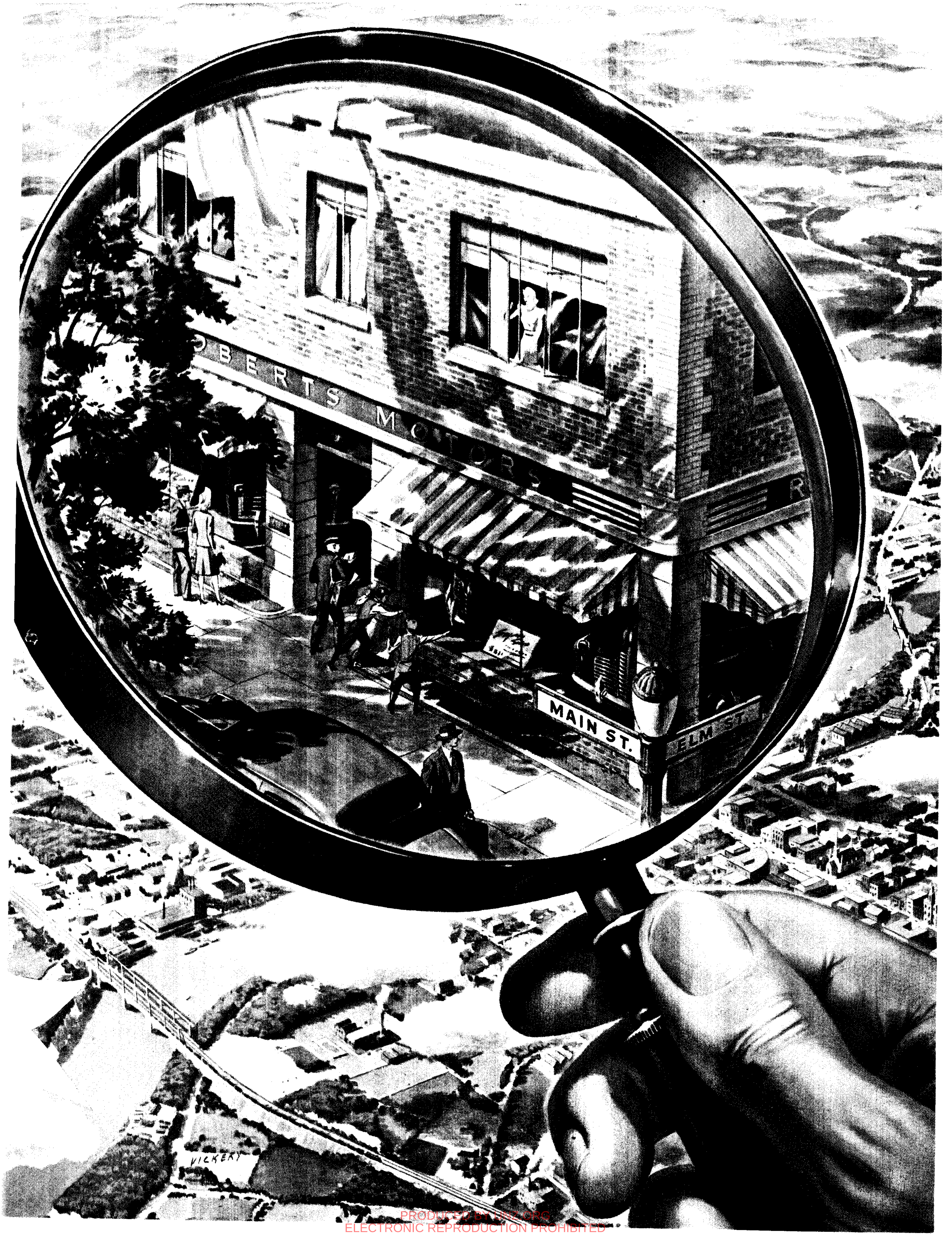
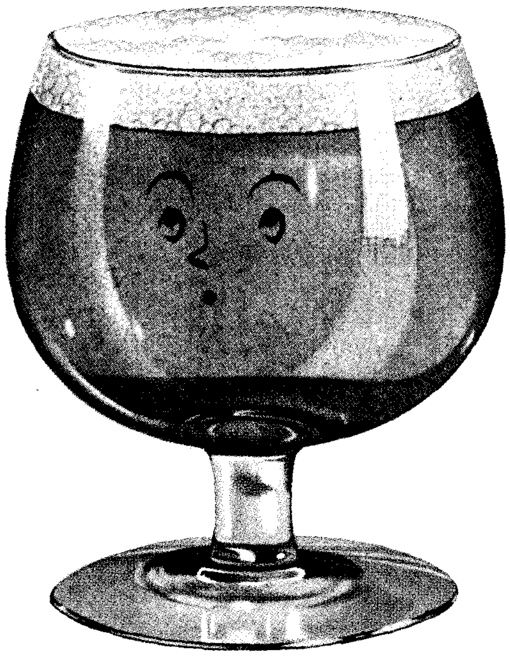
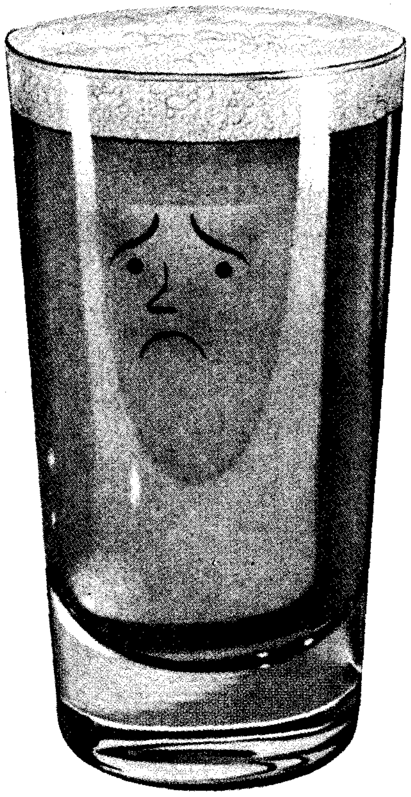

OBERTS MOTORS
R
MAIN ST.
ELM ST.
VICKERY

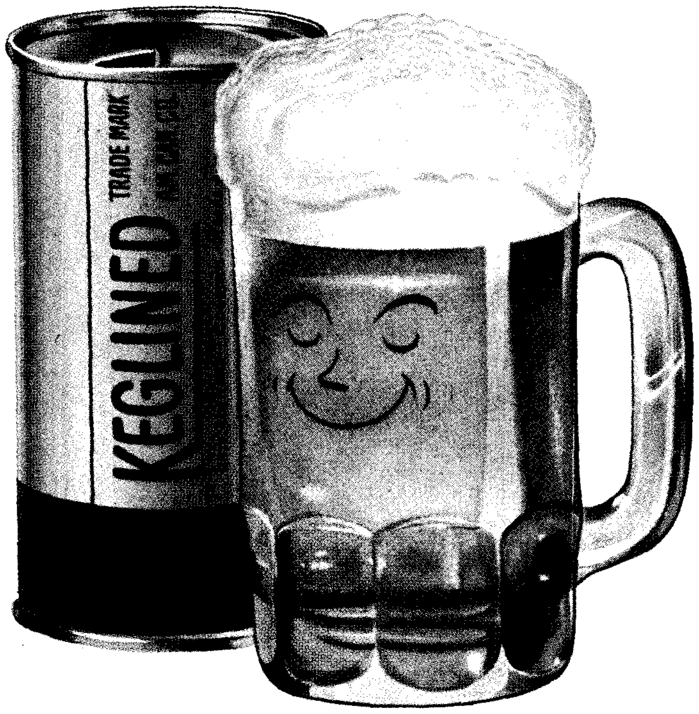
The Three Little Beers



This little beer was a good little beer. But somewhere along the line, he was exposed to *light*. Alas, he's not quite as good as he was!



This little beer was also a good little beer. But on the way from the brewery to you, *air* worked on him—and he's not quite the beer he used to be, either.



This little beer was a good little beer, too. And still is! For this beer is fresh from a can trademarked KEGLINED, where its flavor was guarded *three ways:*

(1) No light harmed it because nothing is darker than the inside of a sealed beer can. (2) The can was sealed by a patented process that expelled all expellable *air* from it. (3) The beer's goodness was further guarded by a *Golden Lining*—a lining specially designed to protect its flavor from the brewery to you.

Cans are more convenient, too!

1. Half a pound lighter, easier to carry home.
2. Use only half the space in a refrigerator.
3. They chill *faster*.
4. No empties, no deposits.

★ **Tune in "The Amazing Mr. Smith",** delirious comedy-mystery. Mondays, 8 p. m., E. S. T., Mutual Network; 8:00 p. m., P. S. T., Don Lee Network.

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KEGLINED
TRADE MARK
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Canned beer is grand beer

...look for the trademark KEGLINED
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stand on the street and smile as though you were a king. How should I know what goes on in your head? How can I tell what is in your heart?"

"It doesn't matter, does it?"

She drew a great, long sigh. "Yes," she said, "it seems to matter. I wish you'd give this job up. Move on to another town or go back to the Aspens. But turn in your star. There aren't many days left on your calendar. Everybody knows that but you. When I stand in the hotel window and watch you go down into the shadows at the foot of Race I wonder if you'll ever make the circuit and come back alive. It takes you fifteen minutes to reach Brinton's stable. Some day I'll count off those fifteen minutes—and you won't be there."

"You've done that, Sherry?"

"Yes, I have." But she covered it with a quick explanation. "So does everybody. Why not? You're a gambler, shaking dice for your life. It is the biggest gamble in town and the town's got its bets up—on how long you'll survive. Get out of it, Dan. Doesn't it hurt you to know that people wonder if you're honest or if you're one of the crooks? Doesn't it cut pretty bad to know some of them are lying about you and believing the worst? That's why it matters to me—because Ford started this rumor. You two are fighting for survival. That's what it amounts to. I don't mind the fighting. Men were born to fight. But I'd not like to know it was Ford's tongue that killed you. Not that way."

"Sherry," he said, "there's only one thing I want. You know what I want. But even if I could have that, I wouldn't resign now."

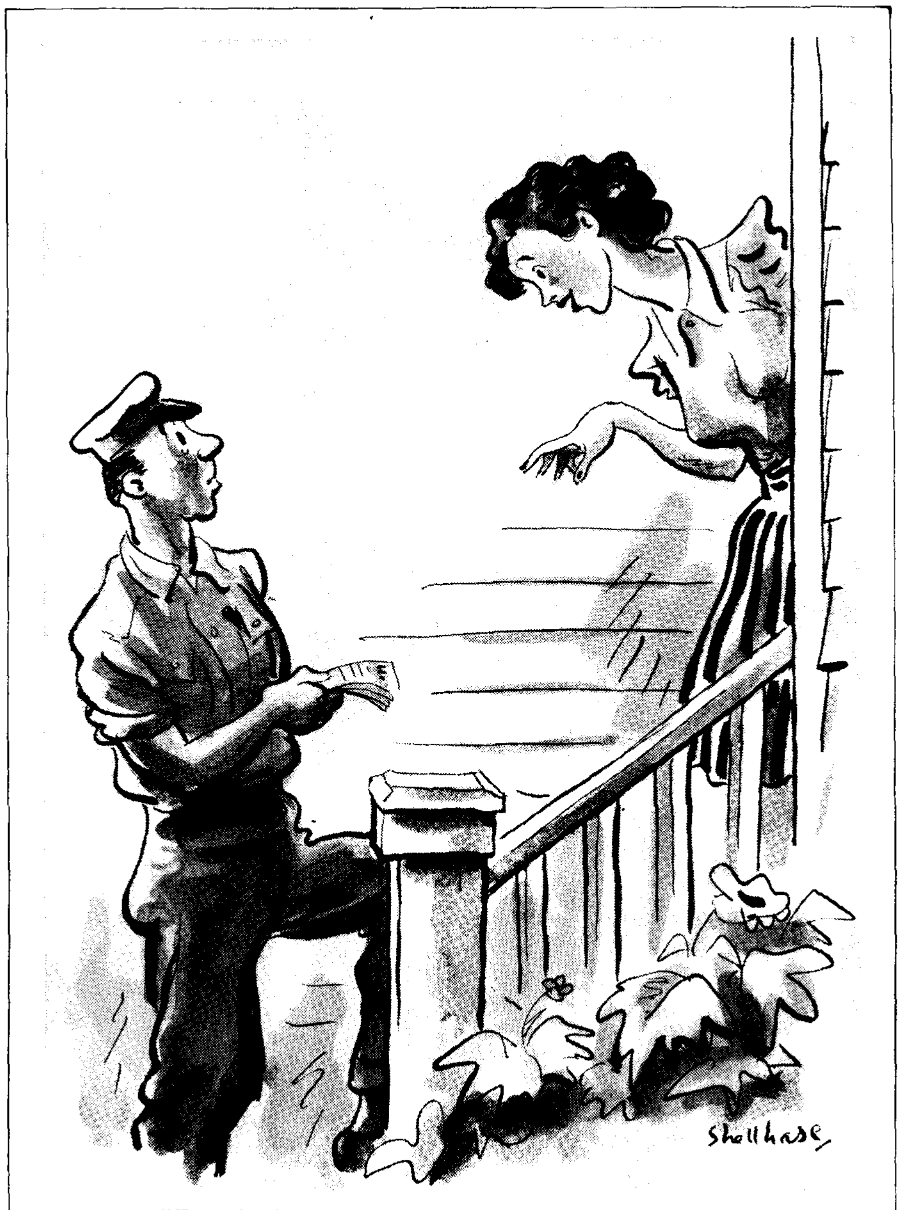
"Why?" she said. "Why?" Her voice was strong and alive and disturbed. Its echoes ran deep into the full silence of the night.

"I never rode around a shadow. If I ever do there won't be much left of me. That's about all I've got—just the knowing that I won't duck."

"Oh, you great fool! Proud men die just as fast as humble ones."

"Sure—but they die proud." He moved forward to her and he let his will slip so that it no longer disciplined him; and since he wanted her he brought her in until her warmth and cushioning body was close with him, and he kissed her and took her wild, fiery flavor from her without restraint and had his moment of free entry into the full and deep and passionate values of this girl. He had that entry with her consent. Taken by surprise, or suddenly willing—this he never knew—she gave him all he asked for and pulled herself away. Afterward she seemed to understand how deeply he had broken through her barriers and how open she had been to him during that interval. She hit him in the chest and struck him hard across the face and wordlessly ran to her horse. In a moment she was racing back toward town.

HE STOOD fast. Every edge of the night was sharp and biting and every sound had its melody in the dark and every odor came to him for his keenest relish. He was pleased. He felt free and great; the day's irritations vanished. He had done what he had long wanted to do and had done it well. Swinging to his saddle, soundlessly laughing at the night's goodness, he started back to River Bend. Tonight, for this little



"You don't have to worry about our bill getting much bigger—we're moving out of the state soon"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

HERE'S NEWS

*GOODALL

TROPIC WEIGHT

is the name of this new Tropical Worsted Suit, discovered by Goodall, makers of cool Palm Beach. The fabric is *slowly woven* of two-ply virgin yarns and has an amazing way of shedding wrinkles and staying pressed. Its crisp fresh "feel" is due to a secret finish. And its *matchless* value is the natural result of Goodall's year round specialization on light weight wear $25.00

Slacks, $8.50 • *Students' Suits (sizes 16-22),* $22.50

At most good stores...in tans, blues, browns and grays • And while you're there, slip into the new Goodall Tropic Weight De Luxe, a suit of exquisite luxury—woven with rare imported yarns, $32.50

De Luxe Formal (white jacket, black trousers) $37.50

ADD A FEW PALM BEACH SUITS

to your Goodall Tropic Weight wardrobe and you're ready for every whim of the weather—from now 'til Fall. They're washable, cool—and only $17.75

Extra Slacks, $5.50 • *Goodall Company, Cincinnati*

Attend the Goodall Round Robin Golf Tournament, Fresh Meadow Country Club, Flushing, Long Island, May 22, 23, 24 and 25.

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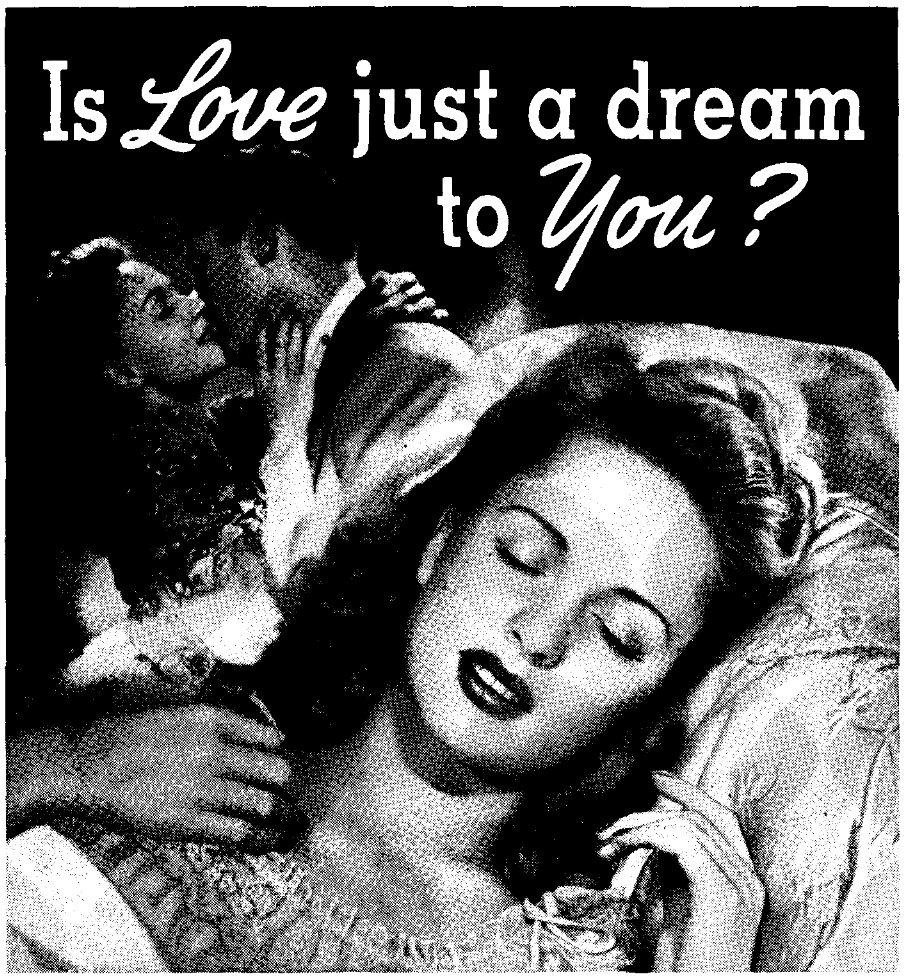
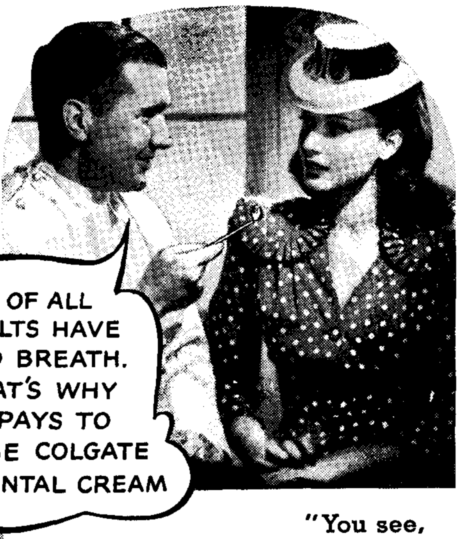


Is *Love* just a dream to *You?*

IF it is, then look to your breath! For bad breath is just too much for love to cope with! And if you think YOU haven't got it, then bear this fact in mind ... 76% OF ALL ADULTS HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY IT PAYS TO USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM



"You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between teeth...helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath."

See how Colgate's brightens teeth, gives you a more sparkling, a more attractive smile! Enjoy its flavor . . . its penetrating, refreshing foam! Such a pleasant way to combat bad breath!

Play Safe! TWICE A DAY—AND BEFORE EVERY DATE—USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

MAKES TEETH SPARKLE
QUICK AND FOAMY
DELICIOUS TASTE
POLISHES SAFELY
COLGATE
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
CHILDREN LOVE IT
COMBATS BAD BREATH
APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

while with Sherry Gault, he had found what wonders life could hold for a man.

Other things were happening in River Bend this night and other people were weaving their little separate strands of circumstance that were to make the red-and-black pattern of fortune for the town and for Dan Mitchell. One lone light burned on Willow Street in the office of Bill Mellen near the depot; and Mellen sat in talk with three homesteaders who had come from the camp at the edge of town.

"Be ready to travel before sunup," he said, "and I'll be there to lead you out. We'll go beyond Bridger's Coulee. All level land, not far from the river. Anywhere along there a drilled well ought to bring you water within 180 feet. You people can join hands in the expense of the first well. That's the way it is done."

"I'VE heard about Chickman Flats," said one of the homesteaders. "Why don't we file there?"

"The best of that district has been taken," said Mellen. "The rest of it isn't good. I don't want to see you starve out on poor soil. I don't want to see a string of busted homesteaders moving back east in their wagons in a couple years." He was a sincere man; he had the hot zeal of a good cause in him. "These Texans come here and raise hell and make a big show and a lot of noise all in one night. Then they are gone. The homesteaders have got to take it slow and patient. One day, friends, you'll have your fences up all across this country and the wild trail bunch will be gone."

"Glad to see that day come," said the homesteader. "This is a wicked town. I would not care to bring my family up Race Street now."

"Race Street will die soon enough," said Mellen. "The gamblers and the toughs will go. Wait and see. It is people like you who make a country. I'm the only one that sees it, but every day the tide grows. There were twenty-five prospects off the train this noon. Look at the horizon to the east in the mornin'. You'll see wagons coming. Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin—they come from every place. Folks that want poor man's land."

"You think winter wheat will grow here?"

"It grows in Minnesota, doesn't it? Then it will grow here. Fellow down in Heister's Coulee is going to sow winter wheat this fall. Fellow by the name of Wallin. Then we'll know. This land will grow anything. Some day River Bend will be a little city and you'll see the day when a cowpuncher will be a stranger in a crowd of farmers—looking for a saloon that isn't here."

"You're sure?"

Mellen said: "The history of all these towns is the same. They start wild and then they grow tame. It won't be long. The cowpuncher and us homesteaders can't live side by side. The open trail and the homestead fence are two different things. The fence always wins."

The homesteaders went away and Mellen killed his lamp and left the rear of his office, coming into Antelope. He passed the Balder house and saw its lights strong-shining in the front room. In there Josephine Balder, a woman who had her convictions and pushed them ceaselessly, now lectured her husband. "Ed," she said, "I know you too well. You have your authority. Why don't you use it? You can tell Dan Mitchell what he is to do. You can tell him to close up Big Annie's. You can tell him to clean out Charley Fair's. Don't tell me you can't. Why don't you do it? You're too easy."

Ed Balder gave her a bullyragged husband's futile glance.

"You're not afraid of him surely," said Josephine, well aware of her husband's vulnerable pride.

"Josie," said Balder, "stick to reasonable argument. Don't go flying around on this and that. Why should I be afraid?"

"Then why don't you do something about Race Street?"

"You know where the merchants of River Bend get their bread and butter. From these Texans full of money to spend. From these herds that come here and pay stockyard charges, from the trail bosses that buy supplies, from the train crews that put up here and take care of the cattle cars. Where would we all be without that trade? Suppose the trail moves away from us? Suppose it goes to War Bonnet? Then War Bonnet would have the railroad shops and the big barns for the stage lines, and the warehouses and stores. Pretty soon War Bonnet would have the county seat—and this town would dry up and blow away."

Josephine, having used one line of reasoning, now jumped to another—caring nothing for strict consistency. "You said yourself," she argued, "that Mitchell was too rough with Cap Ryker."

"True."

"Then why don't you call him to heel?"

"I spoke to him about it."

"We don't have to deal with crooks and we don't *have* to close down our blinds every sunset. We can get along without Race Street. We're decent people. We don't have to make our deals with Charley Fair. What a repulsive thing that is."

"I make no deals with Charley Fair," pointed out Ed. "We just get along, best as we can. What is good for him is good for me, to a certain extent."

"Maybe then you ought to be running a joint on Race Street."

"Josie, for heaven's sake—"

"It amounts to the same. If you agree with a crook on anything you're the same as a crook, aren't you?"

"All right," retorted Balder, "close down the town, then. What do we do without trade?"

"If it goes to War Bonnet, we'll set up shop in War Bonnet."

"So you'll follow the crooks to War Bonnet," said Ed Balder, finding some satisfaction in tripping up his wife.

"Oh," said Josephine, "you just talk in circles. You don't face me straight out. I'm telling you Race Street is getting worse. I'm telling you that Dan Mitchell thinks himself master of this town, and of you. And there you sit, letting him think it. Talk about your trade all you want. One day you'll wake up and find that Charley Fair's running this town and it will be so bad nobody can live in it."

Balder, knowing Josie, thought differently, but contained himself. He settled back in his chair and irritably considered the ceiling.

FROM her room in the hotel, Sherry watched Mitchell swing down into Race, black and tall as the saloon lights reached him. Riders came up the street in great clouds of dust and broke against Mitchell and veered aside, and Mitchell, never moving from his steady pace, disappeared around the corner of The Drovers'. Sherry looked at the clock on her bureau; and waited as the slow minutes dragged by.

Deep in Bismarck the buckskin shied away from something and came to a halt. Dismounting, Mitchell came upon a figure in the alley and lighted a match, and found Chappie Brink sitting dazed in the dust.

"What's up, Chappie?"

"An accident."

"What kind of an accident?"

He helped Chappie to his feet. Chappie groaned and shook his head. "Nothing much," he said. "Just a fool thing I'll remember. I got a good memory, Dan. That's my biggest trouble—always had too good a memory."

THE meeting between Sherry and Mitchell had been on a Wednesday night. Three o'clock Friday afternoon the southern stage rolled up and deposited four passengers, one of whom was Ford Green. Riding out of Bismarck, Mitchell saw Green step stiffly from the stage and wait for a second man to join him; and then these two walked on to Balder's store. That second man turned as he got to Balder's doorway and gave the street one sudden backsweep with his eyes and when he did so Mitchell recognized that lithe and muscular shape and that face, soft as a woman's, with its great tawny mustache. This was Bill Bexar. Bexar gave Mitchell one moment's attention and passed into Balder's.

Ford Green found Balder in the back office. "Ed, this is Bill Bexar. Ed Balder, Bill."

The two shook hands. Balder settled back in his chair and favored Bexar with a good, steady stare. Bexar's reputation he knew. Bexar was a bad man who had turned town marshal; his reputation stretched up and down the trail. Bexar had big brown-black eyes, fully open and quick in the way they absorbed all surrounding things. He was completely certain of himself and gave no ground before Balder's insistent attention. Actually it was Balder who broke the inspection first and who first spoke: "Traveling?"

"Remains to be seen," said Bexar. "Friend Green here had a talk with me."

Balder was nettled. "Ford speaks for himself, not for me. Thought you were marshal at Pawnee."

"Am," said Bexar. "But the town is quiet." Then he added with the simplest, completest self-assurance: "I made it quiet. I hear that's what you might be wanting in this place."

"Maybe," said Balder, committing himself no further.

"I'll be around for a couple days," said Bexar, and turned away. His was the manner of a man who had nothing to explain or concede, who could wait for others to come to him.

Green waited until Bexar had left the store. "No harm done in looking at him, Ed. If you want a man, there's the man."

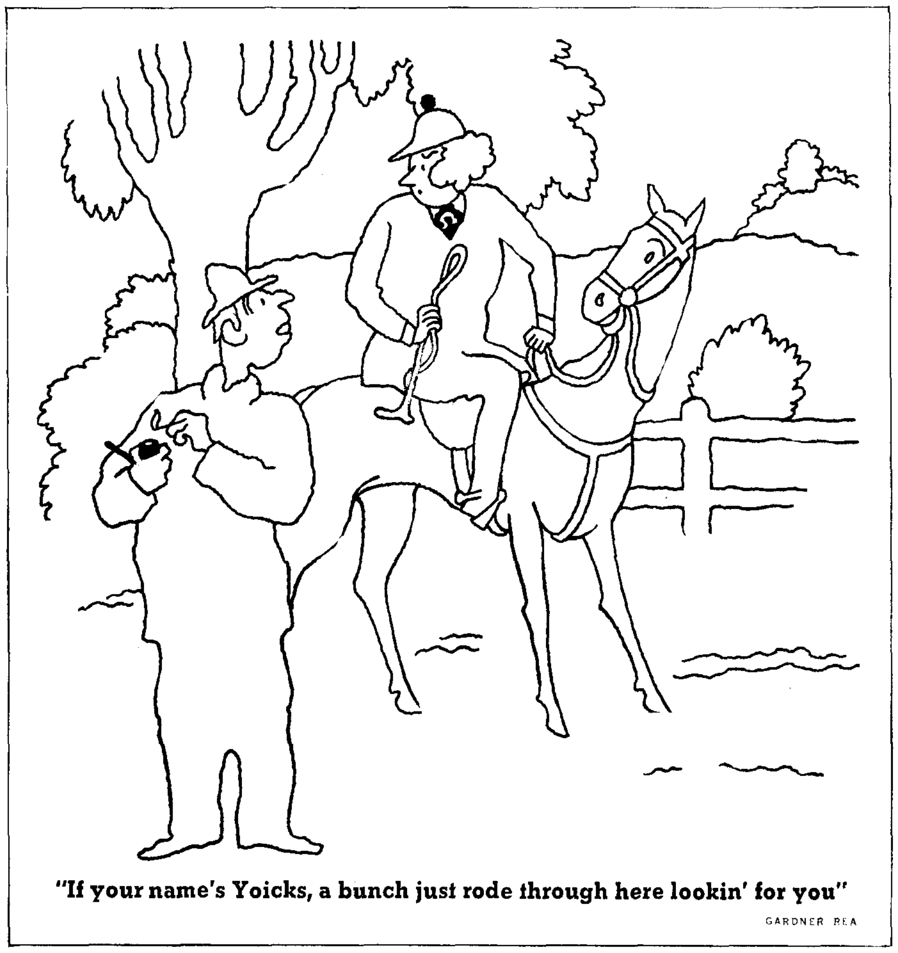
"A damned killer," said Balder. "I know all about him." He was greatly irritated. Green had brought up strong doubts in his mind concerning Mitchell, and though he tried to discount them because of Green's obvious cleverness, still they lingered and grew; and Josephine had never let up on him. Hating to be hurried or pushed, outraged that others should use him as a battleground, and increasingly troubled, he let out on Green. "Keep your damned schemes to yourself, Ford. The commissioners will appoint the new sheriff when we get around to it."

"Sure," agreed Ford Green with that yielding stubbornness Balder could not circumvent. "Sure, Ed. But he's here is you got to have a man."

He went out, pausing to watch Bill Bexar as the latter walked down the middle of Race Street toward The Pride. Mitchell rode into Race and followed Bexar's path. At The Pride Bexar swung about, leaning one elbow against a post of the overhanging gallery. Mitchell turned the buckskin and moved up to him. All this Ford Green saw with the closest attention, and as those two men faced each other he drew a long breath and his thoughts went ahead with a catfooted sureness, so that he saw their eventual collision. The picture was a certainty in his mind. All he regretted was the inability to hear what they were saying.

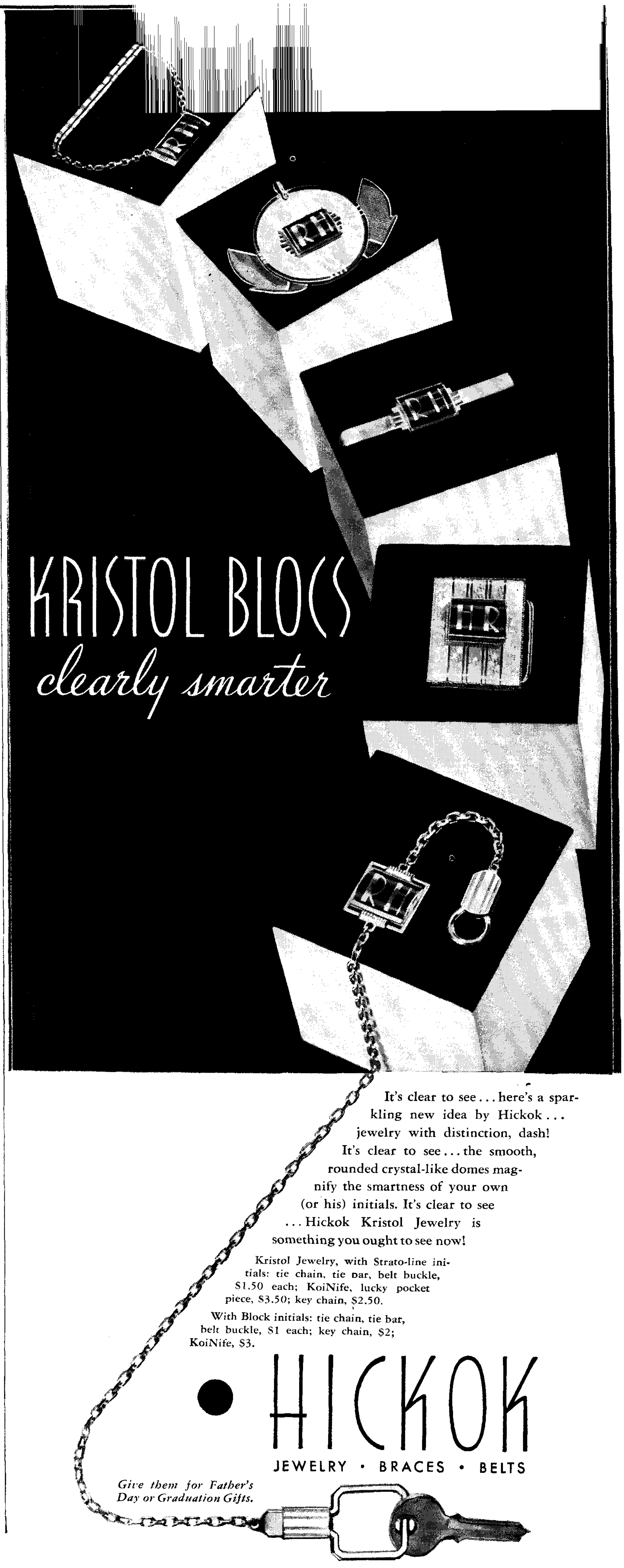
THE train, late again, came into the depot. Green now permitted himself the luxury of a cigar because of the satisfaction he felt, and watched, with a mild surprise, the number of settlers coming off the train. Never a man to overlook any political chance, he would have put his mind fully on those settlers had not his attention been so completely attracted by Mitchell and Bexar; and so he dismissed the settlers and went over the dust to his office. From his window he saw Bill Mellen come down the street with the crowd behind him.

Mitchell put the buckskin up to the



"If your name's Yoicks, a bunch just rode through here lookin' for you"

GARDNER REA



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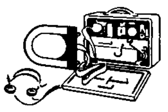

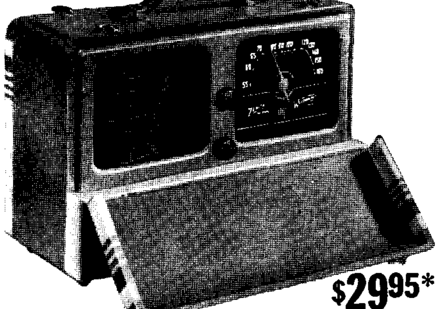

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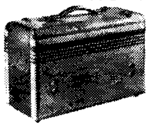

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gallery of The Pride and faced Bexar. "Your town peter out on you, Bill?"

"Just on a little trip," Bexar said. "Man gets tired of the same thing. Thought I'd come up for a drink and some poker—and maybe ride back."

"You'll get good whisky and a good run for your money," observed Mitchell. "If you're lonesome for your trade I'll lend you the buckskin tonight and you can ride the town. Anything to oblige."

"Mighty nice," said Bexar, and smiled, thus revealing his mouth and his sound white teeth. The smile brought its quick lines up against his eye corners. This man was soft in all his features; his fingers were long and white and supple. He spoke slowly with a let-down drawl. But this was a surface of deception beneath which a swift mind moved in a ceaseless range of readiness and all muscles lay waiting for a call. His reputation spoke of a wild, slashing, terrifying rapidity of motion. "Mighty nice. I'll just sit by and watch you go about your business."

"Anything to please," said Mitchell. He was easy on his horse. He had no care; he held the buckskin not quite head-on to Bexar and the buckskin stayed there. He said, as the idlest afterthought: "You'll be taking your drink in The Pride. There's a little rule in this town. Give the barkeep your guns."

"Down my way we don't bother with that," said Bexar, still smiling. "I like to let the boys have their fun. Of course, they know me—and I know them."

"Different here," murmured Mitchell. Bexar was old style. He carried a gun on either hip, slung low in black worn holsters. There were only two kinds of men along the trail who bothered about that much weight, the greenhorns trying to look tough and the occasional wild one who knew his business and knew it well. "Just leave those things in The Pride."

He waited for his answer, not knowing what it would be. For a man like Bexar, to be disarmed was to be naked. All his strength was gone without them; all the terror of his reputation was nothing. And for a man like Bexar, with the thousand enemies he had at every turn, it was almost the same as being dead to go without them. Mitchell waited.

Bexar quit smiling. He said: "If it is the same to you, friend, I'll leave my drink and drift back to the hotel. I'll keep 'em there."

"Your choice," agreed Mitchell, and rode on.

THIS was the beginning of something, not the end. Riding around the corner of The Drovers', Mitchell speculated on this new move in the old game. Green was looking ahead to the reckoning day. What was it Green foresaw, and planned for, and schemed toward? Little things like this all added to something. The game was running on, the pace quickening. The arrival of Bexar meant that the end, obscure though it might still be, was not far ahead. In the middle of one of these dark nights the powder keg that was River Bend, ignited by some small bit of casual matchlight, would blow up.

When he came into Willow again he stopped before a string of homesteaders trudging out toward the camp beyond the edge of town with their boxes and valises and their filled sacks. Behind them rolled one of Dug Neil's dray wagons, loaded with baggage from the train. He had grown accustomed to these daily groups, and he had been aware of the steady increase; yet this crowd—men and women walking steadily through the dust with their children crying and running ahead—was a sudden exclamatory note of warning. Bill Mellen passed him and looked up, and Mellen's face was lighted and there was a look of laughter in his eyes, as though this was the revelation of a secret he had long carried. Balder, Mitchell observed, was on the porch of his store, studying these people with a puzzled expression; and other storekeepers had come out to observe. Something new was happening to the town.

He followed Willow north. Balder looked at him and Balder said: "Dan, what you make of this?"

"World's changing," Mitchell said. "Your world and mine. Mine mostly."

"What's that?" asked Balder. But Mitchell grinned at him and went on. Dug Neil stood in the arch of his big warehouse. Neil said: "A funny thing is happening here. You know that, Dan? A funny thing—right under our eyes. What's it going to do to us?"

IT STRUCK everybody. Mitchell swung about on his horse watching the string of people along Willow, black against the sunlight, with the sunlight drenching them and the sunlight shining on the bare heads of the women and the children. Dust rose up around their feet, turning the air to gold—and through this gold film they moved, and one woman was crying, and Dug Neil said: "My God, why?"

Mitchell softly said: "Looking at the promised land and crying because she's glad. But she's thinking of everything green and nice back home and of her friends and of the graves of her people in the cemetery, a long way off from here, and maybe she's thinking of the old furniture she couldn't bring—and part of her cryin' is because she's sad. That's the way people reach the promised land, Dug. It started a long time ago. Moses was the first one. Now it is Bill Mellen, leading them out toward the sagebrush."

"Why," said Dug Neil, "you damned philosopher."

Mitchell laughed at him and went on down Willow. Other homesteaders still moved up from the depot and Irma Gatewood stood on the platform and looked at the train and saw nothing else. She was, Mitchell thought to himself, a long way from River Bend. Down Railroad Avenue he found Rita idling along the walk, taking her little hour of sun on this back street of town before night came. She was at the big area near Durham's rear lot and there she stopped, her face lifting white and shocked. A man—a new man from the homestead crowd—broke down Railroad Avenue, saying: "Lila! Lila Durrach!"

Some of the straggling homesteaders turned to watch. A few townsmen swung about, also watching. Mitchell brought the buckskin to a stop and he had one great desire at that moment, which was to sweep this street clean of spectators so that these two people, Rita and the young man, might be alone.

He knew how this was at once. The young man was decent in every line, and he had called Rita by another name, by a name she had undoubtedly once owned and had abandoned; and so this was the story of a girl once good now meeting someone she had once known, he thinking her still good. Mitchell remembered what Rita had said in Big Annie's when he had asked her if there had been a man; he remembered her answer. He saw the young man reach her and remove his hat. The young man's face was full of pleasure; it had on it a clear expression that cut back through time and destroyed whatever absence there had been between them and made everything as it once was. That was the man, Mitchell thought.

The young man's fine and tremendous smile was steady-shining on her. He was so engrossed by his own happiness that he was blind to the misery she showed him; and suddenly he reached down and caught her at the waist and kissed her. Mitchell saw one tragic thing happen then. He saw Rita's hands lift

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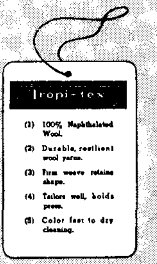
Tropi-tex
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(2) Durable, resilient wool yarns.
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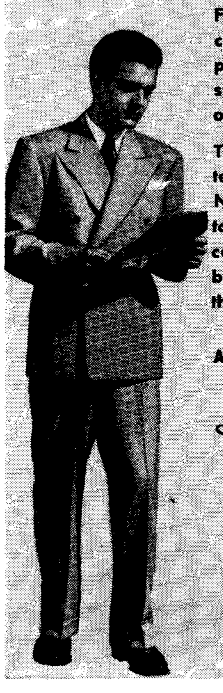

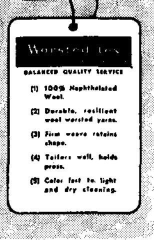
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and press ineffectually against this young man, and then her arms fell and she was silent and unresisting and passive. That was all he saw, for he wheeled the buckskin sharp about and cleared his throat and rode into Willow, the street growing dim before his eyes. John Poe, who ran the saddle shop, stepped to the edge of the walk, saying: "Dan, if you've got a minute—" Mitchell said "I'll see you later," and kept going. There were times when the cruelties of life came up from the surface like splinters of glass to slash him.

Young Henry Dreiser stepped back from Lila with reluctance, still lost in his own personal joy. "Why, Lila, what you doing here? Last I heard you was in Freeport, Illinois. I came all the way down there, but you weren't there. I never got any answer from my letters. You come out here to homestead? Your folks come out?"

"No," said Rita.

"You been living here?"

"Yes," said Rita.

"How's your folks?"

"They're dead. We went to Kansas from Freeport. They died a year and a half ago."

"You alone out here?" asked Henry Dreiser. Then one vast dark cloud went over his face. "Married?"

She hesitated, she looked down, trying to think how best to do this. She was confused, she was in deepest misery and wanted to run. She said, "No—not married."

"Lila," he said, "I came to Freeport after you. That was our agreement, wasn't it? I was to wait a year till I made some money, then I was to come. But you quit writing and when I came you had just gone off, leavin' nothing but a hole in me big enough to drive a team through. What'd you do that for?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Things happen, Henry. A lot of things happen."

"What happened?" he wanted to know. Then he added: "But what you doin' here alone?" When she didn't instantly answer, he had his own answer. "Maybe I can guess. You always liked to work with a needle. So you learned to be a seamstress."

"Yes," she said, "that's it." One great quick worry made her say: "You're not staying here, are you?"

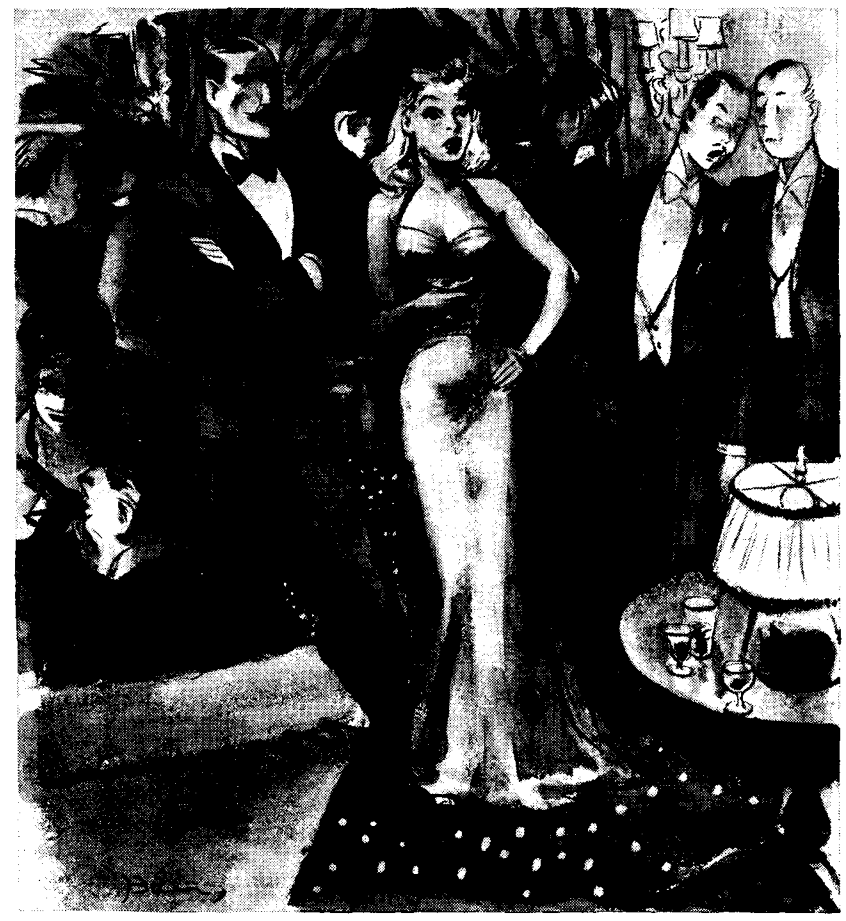
"Goin' homesteading. Everybody's going homesteading. Half of Iowa seems on the move out here."

She said, "I'll see you later, Henry," and turned away. He caught her arm, greatly laughing. "Oh, no. I'll see you home. Why, Lila, what's happened all this time? Why didn't you write?"

She gave him a dark half-glance and dropped her head. They moved to Willow and turned down its east walk toward Race. "Oh, I guess you were a long way off, Henry, and things got awfully crowded for us and I had to work hard, and there wasn't any time to think of the things we had talked about. Dad went broke in the feed business. When he died I had to get work to keep mother. Then she died. Things change, Henry."

THEY were passing the Wells-Fargo barn. Dug Neil happened to be here and gave her a strict glance because she walked the open street with a man, contrary to the rules laid down for dance-hall girls. He was about to speak to her but when she looked up at him he closed his mouth. The sunlight pressed hot against them. Henry Dreiser said in a solicitous voice, "We'll cross to the shade, Lila."

She stopped at the mouth of a little alley between the Wells-Fargo barn. In the middle of Willow lay the deadline she could not cross; the cool shadows under the farther board gallery marked a place she had never walked and never would walk. She said in a hurried, hard voice: "There is something I forgot to do, Henry. Wait here a moment." She ran down the between-building alley, passing the back end of the Arcade and the Bullshead, and came to Ute. Here she turned the corner, ran over Race and continued to Bismarck. She threw herself into Big Annie's and stood a moment in the middle of the front room; and dropped to the bottom step and crouched over, hard-breathing and pale and making little gasping sounds in her throat. Big Annie, coming out of the back end of the house a quarter hour



"I hear he's quite a duelist. He uses her for a decoy" HOWARD BAER

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"GOOD FOOTWORK, TARZAN!
You must be wearing Bostonians . . ."

HE: (*Swinging high*). Don't call me Tarzan, and howdya' guess they're Bostonians? What does a mere girl know about he-men shoes?

SHE: Haven't you heard? I'm Belinda, the Bostonian girl. All the men in my family have worn 'em for generations.

HE: I thought there was something special about that boot your dad kicked me out with last night.

SHE: He was probably demonstrating Tred-flex. Why, at our family reunions there's so much talk about Walk-Fitted shoes for men of action that we completely ignore the skeletons in our closet. But swing your own Bostonians into action, Tarzan. We're slowing down.

HE: It's a pleasure.

"TO CATCH A WOMAN'S EYE wear this new Bostonian color combination called *Cream 'n Coffee.* That cream tone replaces old-fashioned white 'cause it blends better with new clothes." ("*Walk-Fitted WINGATE*" is shown above.)

"TAKE MY FEET—they're always at ease in Bostonians." (He's wearing a *Cream 'n Coffee* combination, called "*PLATEAU*.")

"LOOK AT THAT DIVE—there's flexibility! Reminds me of Bostonians—they're flexible as a bare foot." (Above, "*NYLAND*" shown as quarter brogue (left), wing tip (right)—in *Cream 'n Coffee* tones.)

Bostonians . . Whitman, Mass. $7.95 to $11.00

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they're Walk-Fitted

later, found her there. Big Annie said: "What's wrong?"

ON HIS next round in the late afternoon, Mitchell came upon Henry Dreiser at the foot of Race Street, round-faced and solid and without deception; the kind of a lad, Mitchell thought, whose mind would not run ahead and piece the puzzle of Rita together. This boy had his faith and it remained unshaken. But he was puzzled.

He said "My name's Dreiser. I met a girl I used to know back in Iowa. You saw me with her. Where's she gone? She said she'd come back—but she ain't. This is a right small town to get lost in. You know her?"

Mitchell said: "If she wants to see you she'll come back."

"Sure she wants to see me," insisted Dreiser. "You don't up and change, after everything—" He moved his large hands and his stout shoulders. "Think anything could've happened to her down these alleys?"

"No," said Mitchell, and moved on. Henry Dreiser called after him. "Where's she live?" But Mitchell went around the corner of The Drovers', into Bismarck. Big Annie stood before her house waiting for him, and said:

"You know what's happened, Dan?"

"I know."

"Well," she said, "I guess we've got something to do. You get off that buckskin and come in here."

It was last sunlight when he entered Big Annie's. Twilight was soft and warm on the town when he left the house, moved through Ute again and crossed Race. Turning into Railroad Avenue he came to the house where George Hazelhurst kept bachelor's quarters, and found Hazelhurst on the porch, smoking his evening cigar before beginning work at The Pride.

"George," said Mitchell, "I want your house for a few days. Rita's going to move into it. She's a seamstress and this is her house, you understand?"

"The lad—the chunky lad with the look of devotion written all over him—that one?" asked Hazelhurst. "I saw him. I saw him meet her." He was groomed and pale in the evening dusk; he was a still and disillusioned and cool man grasping the little enjoyment of his cigar. "What are you trying to do, Dan? Make him believe she's a good woman?"

"Isn't she?" asked Mitchell.

"Ah, my friend, let's not touch the philosopher's stone. Does he know anything about her?"

"Seems they were engaged back East. Folks took her to another town and they died. Something happened. She quit writing to him and drifted here. He comes here to go homesteading and finds her. As far as he's concerned she's still the girl he knew back East."

"Life and its little joke," murmured Hazelhurst. "Now you propose to pull the wool over his eyes and make a match, so that everybody will be happy." Being a gambler, he was interested in the odds and found them unfavorable. "It is a bad bet, friend Mitchell. If they go homesteading around here he'll have her story inside of a week and he'll leave her."

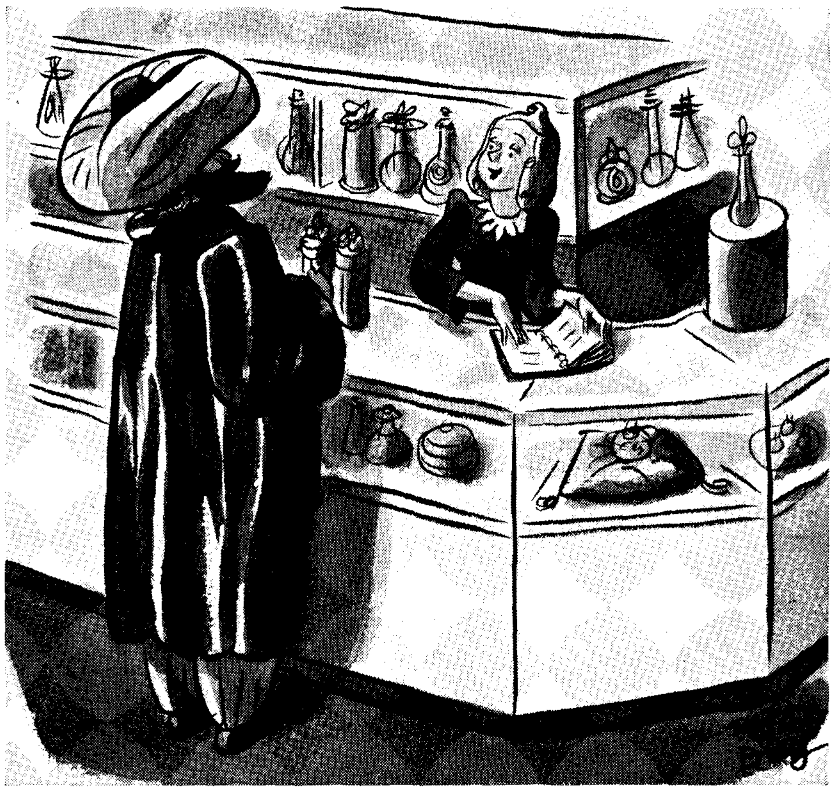
"It is up to her to get him out of the country—some other place a long way from here."

"We are being practical," observed George Hazelhurst, slightly amused. "But it occurs to me the lad is getting a deal from the bottom of the deck."

"George," Dan pointedly asked, "do you know anything against her?"

HAZELHURST said, very slowly weighing his words, "It is a little odd for you and me to be debating morals, is it not? No, I know nothing against her. But I know something about her." His cigar tip gleamed red in the gathering black. He was a nerveless, detached man whose pity and passion were well buried. "It will not matter so much about the man. He will be getting a woman who will make him a wife—no worse a wife than she would have made him when she was a kid back East. But it will matter to her. She has a conscience." He rose to his feet. "The house is hers, Dan. I will pack a grip and move down to Jack Spain's rooming house within ten minutes." He paused to give Mitchell a long, close look. "You are an odd fellow. I do not believe I quite know you. In any event, do not let the affairs of these people take your mind from the main chance. Things are happening around here."

(*To be continued next week*)



"I'll look it up to be sure, but I'm positive you're not in our free-delivery area"

ROBERT DAY

"My guests agree" says Deems Taylor "a good dinner calls for Wine"

On the radio and in the movies *Deems Taylor* has made music understandable to millions. A brilliant composer, he has created almost every form of music, including the operas "Peter Ibbetson," and "The King's Henchman." Deems Taylor lives in Stamford, Connecticut; is known as a genial host

"I'M GLAD wine with dinner is becoming so popular," writes Deems Taylor. "Because to bring out the flavor of a roast or a juicy steak, nothing in the world equals a good table wine like Burgundy.

"I notice also that many men and women now prefer dry Sherry at cocktail-time. So just set out Sherry before dinner and a good Burgundy or Sauterne with your main course if you want cheers from your guests."

As many hosts have discovered, the dinner served with wine is a genial, sparkling kind of dinner. People find they prefer this more leisurely hospitality, in times like these.

Prefer it because they need to relax and enjoy themselves. And because they would rather stay on the moderate side!

Next time friends gather at your table, bring on a good table wine. For each person pour a serving half water-goblet size. Notice the touch of glamour it adds to your dinner. Mark how it compliments your guests.

HOW TO SERVE WINE . . . The first rule, most connoisseurs agree, is to set out your wine just as simply as you would set out coffee or tea.

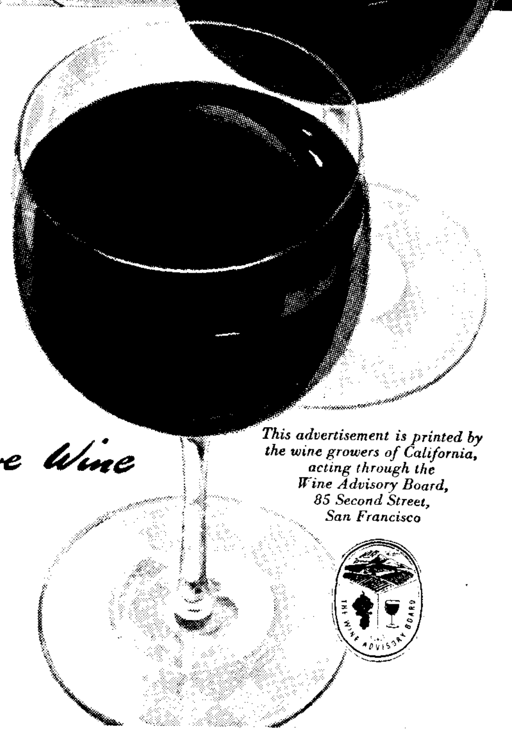
The "table wines" go best with meals, for these wines are made "dry" (not sweet) to bring to perfection the goodness of your main course. Try red tart *Burgundy* with roast of beef or with steak . . . pale-gold delicate *Chablis* or *Rhine* wine (chilled) with chicken or fish. Medium-size portions.

Ideal before dinner is Sherry, amber and of nutlike flavor. Serve your Sherry alone or with appetizers, in cocktail size portions. It's a marvelous introduction to any meal.

"Sweet wines" with the light refreshments (also with dessert or after-dinner coffee). Try red full-bodied *Port* with cheese wafers or with a bowl of nuts. Or golden *Muscatel,* which is rich with the unique Muscat grape flavor, with pound cake or with cookies. Cocktail size servings.

Be Considerate — Serve Wine

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA: You will find that the most discriminating people today usually serve the good wines of our own country. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. You will find them true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.



This advertisement is printed by
the wine growers of California,
acting through the
Wine Advisory Board,
85 Second Street,
San Francisco

Lady in Armor

Continued from page 26

watched her move toward the front door. He shook his head. "Somethin' hit her real hard," he told himself. "That guy's got her scared."

He slipped into gear and started back through town. He parked at the same spot he'd been a few minutes since, so that he commanded a view of Dale Meredith's home. The lights were still burning in the front room, and Neil settled back in the seat and prepared to wait.

He was thinking fast—and clearly. There was something in Rita's past that was all tied up with this nervous little stranger. Something important enough to bring the man to Karnak, important enough to send him to the sheriff's residence late at night, important enough to smash Rita's nerves.

"All right," Neil was thinking, "so Rita won't tell me. That seems to check it up to me to find out for myself."

SOMEONE once said of Neil Berkeley, "No matter how you hate him, you can't help liking him." He was attractive in appearance, and gentle in voice and manner. You could not suspect Neil of being what he was, which was hard and unscrupulous and dangerous. You could never suspect him of being other than a suave and gracious gentleman.

And it was this Neil Berkeley who stepped out from behind his car and accosted Paul Campbell as the nervous little stranger left Dale Meredith's house and started walking toward the civic center of Karnak. Neil said, "Pardon me, may I trouble you for a match?"

It was casual. Simple. Disarming. Campbell produced a packet of matches, struck one and held it for the other man. He thought, "Nice-looking chap . . ." as the face of Neil Berkeley was limned in the flickering light.

Neil said, "Thanks," and then, as though it were the most natural thing in the world: "Stranger hereabouts, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Headed downtown?"

"Yes."

Neil nodded toward his car. "Jump in and I'll ride you down."

His voice was soft and richly Southern, his manner genial and courteous. Campbell said, "I wouldn't trouble you . . ."

"It's no trouble, really." Neil laughed lightly. "We're right proud of our little town. Enjoy showin' folks around."

They settled themselves in the car and Neil slipped into gear. The moonlight filtered through the shade trees and sketched a lacy pattern on the pavement. "Ever been to Karnak before?" he inquired.

"This is my first time."

"Imagine that. . . ." Neil was giving a perfect performance of the proud citizen. "If you're not in a hurry, how about taking a little drive?"

Paul Campbell shook his head, but Neil insisted—and when Neil Berkeley insisted it was difficult to continue saying no. Before the stranger was aware of what was happening they were leaving the town of Karnak by a side road.

Neil was maintaining a running fire of chatter. But he was thinking hard and fast. He was sizing up the slender, nervous, little man at his side; trying to fit the pieces together: A gentleman, obviously; wealthy, perhaps; nervous and emotional. He didn't seem to groove with Rita in any way.

They circled the town and cut off toward Four Holes Swamp. That great, soggy waste took on a beauty at night which it did not possess during the daylight hours. Its gaunt grayness became silver in the moonlight, and the miasma which hung faintly over cypress and water oaks and scrub pine and palmetto floated in the night like a fleecy mantle. It was a barren spot, its quiet emphasized by the hoarse croaking of bullfrogs and the chirping of crickets.

Still chatting about inconsequential things, Neil drove deeper and deeper into the swamp on a narrow ribbon of concrete which skirted shallow onyx pools and was occasionally wrapped in black shadow. He talked of hunting and of fishing; he talked of himself—without, however, actually saying anything. He bent his expert energies to making Paul Campbell like him, and he succeeded amazingly.

He tried a dozen avenues of approach, seeking to loosen Paul Campbell's tongue, and eventually he succeeded. Campbell had relaxed comfortably and was chatting idly. He said, finally, "You must know everybody around here, don't you?"

"Why, sure I do. Who've you got in mind?"

"Nobody. . . ." Campbell's thin lips pressed tight, and he looked intently at Neil who pretended to be unaware of the scrutiny. Then the stranger said, "Do you happen to know a Mrs. Gerald Hamilton?"

It came suddenly, like that. Neil felt exultant. So his analysis of the man had been correct. The stranger was ingrowing; had things bottled up inside of him . . . and he had been bound to talk. Neil made his voice as casual and indifferent as possible. He said, "Rita Hamilton? Of course I know her. She's an amazing person."

"Yes. . . ." There was a tightness in Campbell's manner: "That describes her pretty well."

"You know her?"

"Yes. Yes, I know her."

"Well, think of that." Neil was playing the innocent. "So you *do* know something about Karnak, after all. We're mighty proud of Mrs. Hamilton down here. We think she's gorgeous."

"Yes. . . ." Campbell lighted a cigarette and puffed nervously. It was apparent that he wanted to talk about Rita, and Neil gave him his head. At length, he said, "I knew her in New York."

"Good. I fancy she'll be glad to see you. . . . Karnak must be dull for her."

CAMPBELL said, "I doubt whether she'll be glad to see me."

"Shuh . . . I wouldn't be sayin' that. Rita's one of the friendliest folks in the world. Minute she and her husband know you're in town . . ."

Paul Campbell looked up suddenly. "She hasn't been here long, has she?"

"Only a few months."

"As I understand it, you people didn't know that Mr. Hamilton was married, did you?"

"No-o . . . But then, Jerry Hamilton never was much given to discussin' his own affairs."

"You a friend of his?"

"Gosh, yes. Went through school and college with him."

"You didn't know he was married?"

"No. Rita arrived here as a complete surprise—and a mighty pretty one." Neil was smiling. "If it wasn't so late, it'd be fun to drive out to Chinquapin . . . that's Hamilton's plantation. They'd like to see you."

"Rita wouldn't like to see me."

"Oh, go on . . . you talk as though you were poison."

"I am. To her."

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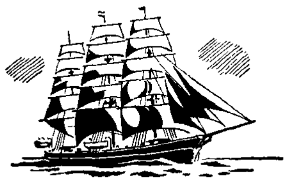

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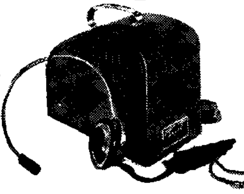

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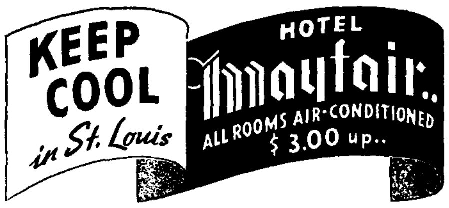

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They came to a gloomy glade, backgrounded by cypress and black gum and with heavy scrub palmetto. There was a noxious expanse of black water, and an ineffable stillness.

Campbell looked at Neil Berkeley. "Can you stand a shock?"

"It's a specialty of mine."

"All right, then." Paul Campbell drew a deep breath and his voice was not quite steady as he said, "I am Rita Hamilton's husband."

"You're . . ." Neil did not have to pretend surprise. He had anticipated something startling, but this exceeded his wildest expectations.

"I married Rita Hamilton—I thought her name was Rita Fenton—about eight months ago."

"Whew!" Neil shook his head. "You're pitching too fast for me. How could you have married her eight months ago when she's been Jerry Hamilton's wife for three years?"

"That's what I'm trying to figure out." Campbell's voice was hard. "The fact remains that I did."

"You didn't know?"

"I knew nothing—until tonight."

"And Rita . . . ?"

"Is a bigamist!"

NEIL BERKELEY exhaled audibly. So this was what terrified Rita; this was why she was afraid of the stranger; this explained the hysteria and the fear of returning to Chinquapin plantation that night where she might be confronted by her two husbands.

It did not occur to Neil Berkeley to doubt the story. This tense little stranger was too sure of himself. Neil asked, "Why are you telling me?"

"Everybody will know tomorrow."

"Why?"

"Because I told your sheriff. I asked her to arrest Rita for bigamy."

"Listen," Neil said, "I'd go slow if I were you. That's an awful serious charge to bring against a lady in this part of the country. Folks around here might not like it much, unless you can prove it."

"I can prove it. If it won't bore you . . ."

"You aren't borin' me. I promise you that."

"I knew this woman in New York. Rita Fenton—a night-club singer. I was terribly in love with her. I have a little money and I gave her presents . . . handsome ones. I wanted her to marry me. She kept putting me off. I couldn't figure why. Now I know that she was married all the time. I know she was only pretending to be in love with me."

"Sounds rather fantastic."

"It is. There wasn't any affair between us. I wouldn't have had things that way if I could. She kept stringing me along. I was so deeply in love, I let it ride that way. She never told me anything about herself. I was . . ." Campbell's slim fingers were twisting nervously. "Well, I'll only repeat that I was in love . . . and that makes fools of better men than I. Anyway, she accepted my presents and pretended she was in love with me . . . and then she got into a jam."

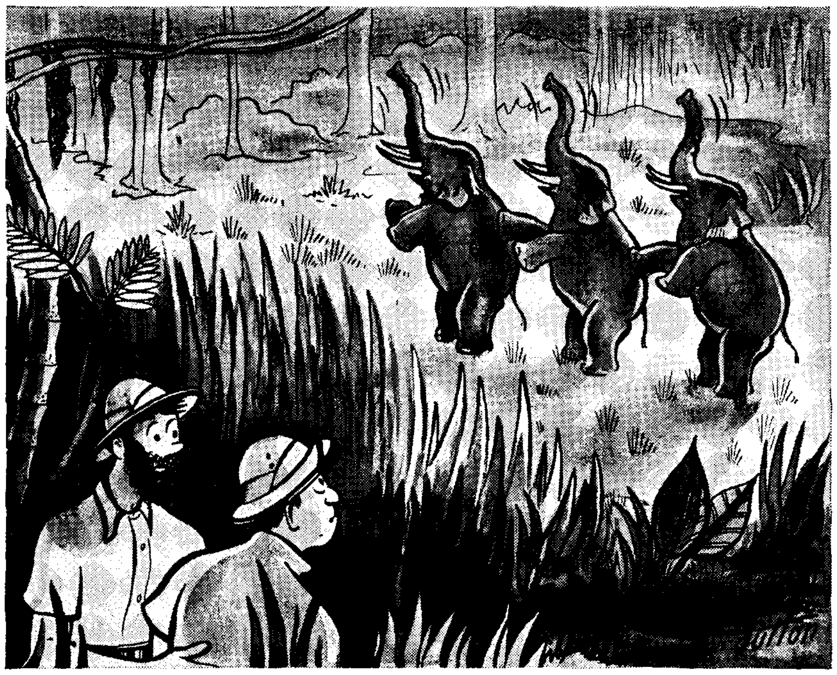
"A jam?"

"She's the kind of woman who always wants what she hasn't got and can't afford. She came to me one day scared to death. It was a silly story and I wasn't angry . . . just sorry for her. I couldn't get mad at anything she did. Anyway, she had been in one of the swankiest shops in New York. She'd been looking at mink coats which she couldn't possibly afford. Suddenly she found herself unnoticed in the salesroom with a new twelve-thousand-dollar mink coat on. Other customers were there, of course, but her own saleswoman had gone to get some other coats.

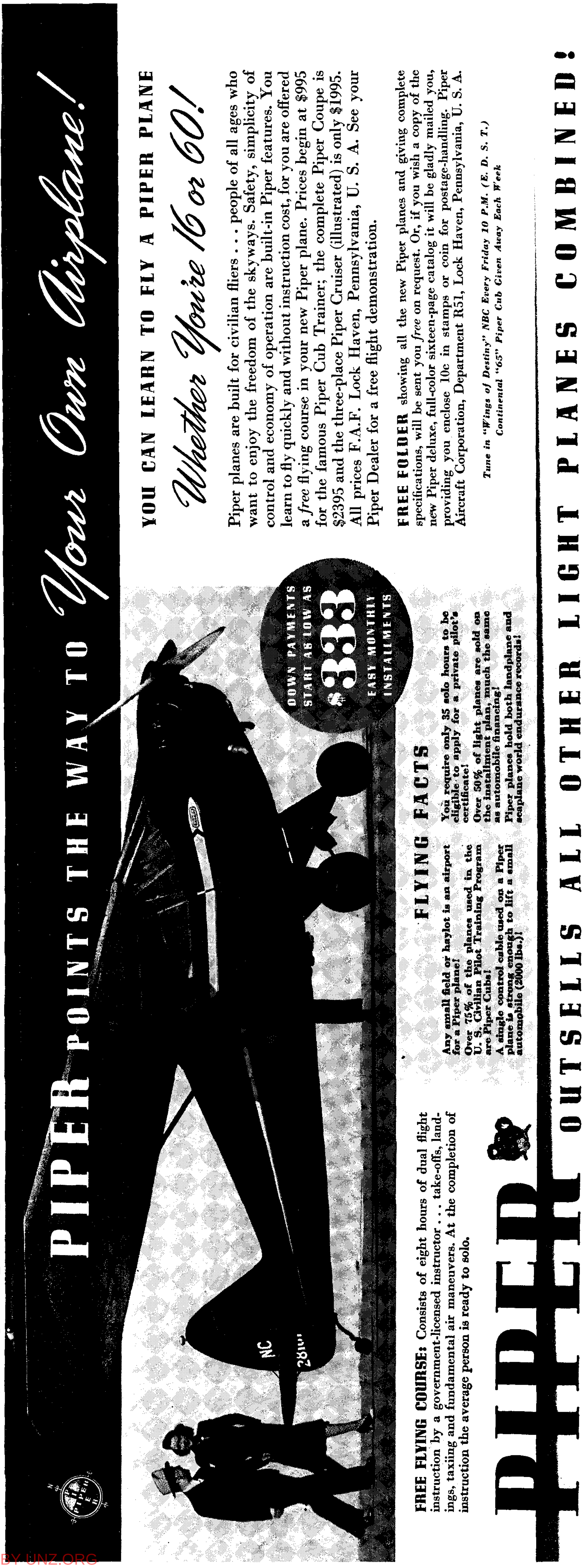
"Rita told me she walked to the door to get a better look at the coat she had on. No one noticed her. She walked out of the store. She swears she didn't mean to steal it, but first thing she knew she was walking down the street in that coat. And she wasn't stopped. She kept the coat.

"She wore it for three weeks and then they picked her up. They told her they weren't interested in putting her in prison, but it was either that or twelve thousand dollars. She came to me. I refused to give Rita Fenton that much money. But I was sympathetic and understanding. I said I'd buy that coat for my wife. I took that position and held it. I was so crazy about her, I'd take her even on those terms." Campbell was getting more excited. "She married me . . . and I paid for the coat as a wedding present. She married me—not because she loved me but because I could keep her out of jail. I didn't know she was married already . . . only tonight did I learn that she committed bigamy that night."

Neil was trying to keep his thoughts in order. This was Rita, all right. He had no censure for her . . . it was the sort of thing she would do. At that moment Neil Berkeley was sorry for Rita,



"That's the funniest thing—I accidentally clapped my hands and look what happened!" AUBREY DUTTON



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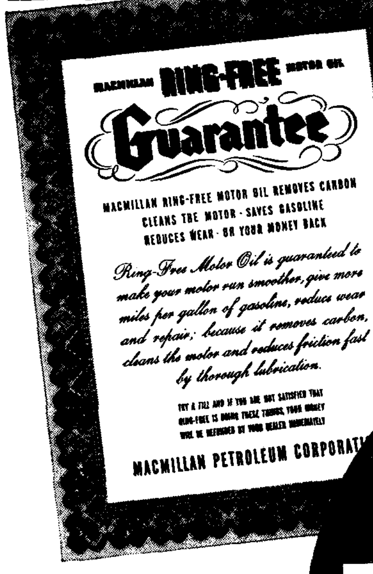
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deeply sorry. He wasn't in love with her. He never had been and never would be. But he understood her and was fascinated by her. That was the bond between them—unconventional but strong. He listened again to Paul Campbell, who was talking swiftly:

"She and I lived together as man and wife for months. I was happy. I tried to make her happy. Then three months ago, she disappeared. She left no word. I couldn't understand why she had gone away—but even that didn't matter. I loved her more than ever. I went around to all the places she had worked and talked to everyone who had known her, trying to figure where she had gone. She had mentioned places to certain friends. I went to Michigan thinking she might be there. I went to Connecticut. I heard that she had mentioned Karnak, and I came here. I was in love with her. When I got off the train tonight, I only wanted to get her back, to shield and protect her, to be a devoted husband.

"Then I saw her and learned that she was married. I found out that she had been married all the time. I realized that she had used me, but that she never had cared for me. You probably won't understand this, but in that few minutes I felt a sense of shock and then of courage. Every bit of love I had for her vanished. I wanted to see her hurt. I wanted her punished. I went straight to the sheriff and told the whole story, just as I've told it to you—just as the whole town will know about it tomorrow. . . ."

"You're really going to have her arrested?"

"Yes. I want her sent to prison. Not for stealing—not because she is a bigamist . . . but because of what she did to me."

Neil Berkeley was thinking fast and clearly. He asked, "Who else knows this?"

"No one, except that girl sheriff."

"What did she say?"

"She urged me to think it over. That's why I talked to you . . . I don't like that sheriff. I don't trust her."

"I see. . . No one in New York knows?"

"Of course not."

NEIL'S thoughts were probing deep into the future. No one knew that he had met Paul Campbell: he was a hundred per cent in the clear on that. He was thinking that one more crime—the murder of a stranger, for instance—might provide a dramatic climax to the inefficient reign of a woman sheriff. It might prove to be the startling last straw which could break the back of a terrified populace.

Neil Berkeley was gentle and suave and friendly. But underneath he was arctic and unscrupulous. He had neither nerves nor conscience. He decided what he was going to do—and he did it.

The crack of a revolver startled the bullfrogs and the crickets into brief silence. Then the sounds of the night were resumed . . . as though tragedy had not occurred.

When Neil Berkeley returned to Karnak, he had visited the Catbill River and tossed his revolver into the deep, sluggish waters. He had removed wallet, ring and wrist watch from the stranger's body, so that robbery would appear to have been the motive for the crime. He brushed and dusted his car so that there would be no trace or fingerprint of Paul Campbell.

PETER AYLESWORTH sat in a corner of Dale's office and watched the activities of that young lady with awe.

Miss Sheriff Meredith was having a rather hectic morning. The news of the murder had been brought to her at breakfast by an excited deputy. It had hit her pretty hard, because she knew that there was more to this thing than the general public was likely to suspect. She finished her meal as calmly as possible, and then invited Peter to go down to the office with her. On the way she said, "You're a terrific comfort. Just having you to talk to. . . ."

"I hear all," he smiled gravely, "see all, and know practically nothing."

En route to the courthouse she told him of Paul Campbell's visit to her home the previous night, and of the fantastic story Campbell had told her. Once she reached the office, she found many things to do.

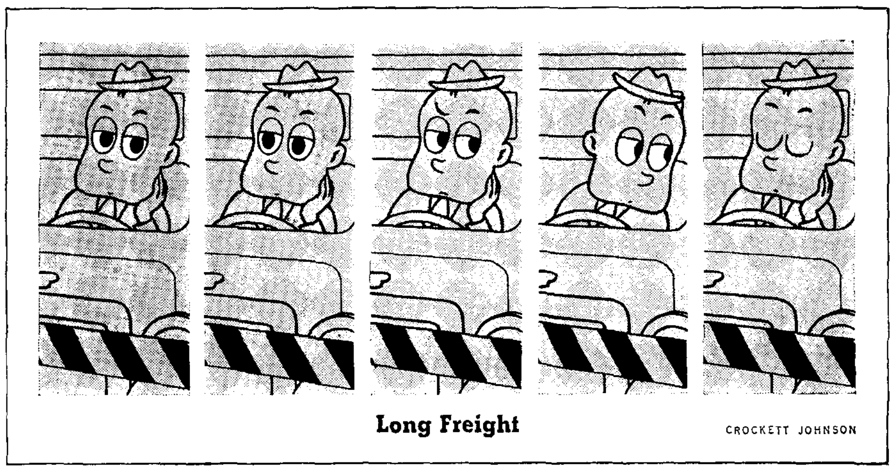
The body of a stranger who had registered at the Karnak Hotel simply as "Paul Campbell—New York" had been found by the side of a lonely road in the middle of Four Holes Swamp, dead. There was no indication of a struggle, but every indication that robbery had been the motive, since there was no wallet and no watch, and a ring that the night clerk at the hotel vaguely remembered had also disappeared.

Dale handled things well. Information that had come to her direct from the man who was now dead she kept to herself. She started the machinery of her office to working just as she would have done had this crime been what it appeared to be on the surface, which was the inexplicable murder of a casual visitor.

Dave Crawford, the coroner, impaneled a jury and conducted a mild inquest which officially proclaimed the scarcely debatable fact that the deceased had met his death by violence at the hands of a person or persons unknown, the precise method being the infliction of a pistol wound at close range. The body was then turned over to the local undertaker, and Dale notified the New York police.

She summoned two of her deputies and assigned them to the case; this being what she would have done under normal circumstances. And finally, very late in the morning, she dropped wearily into a chair and faced Peter Aylesworth.

She showed the effects of the strain under which she had been laboring. There were dark circles under her eyes and shadows of worry in them. She said, "I've done everything I was supposed



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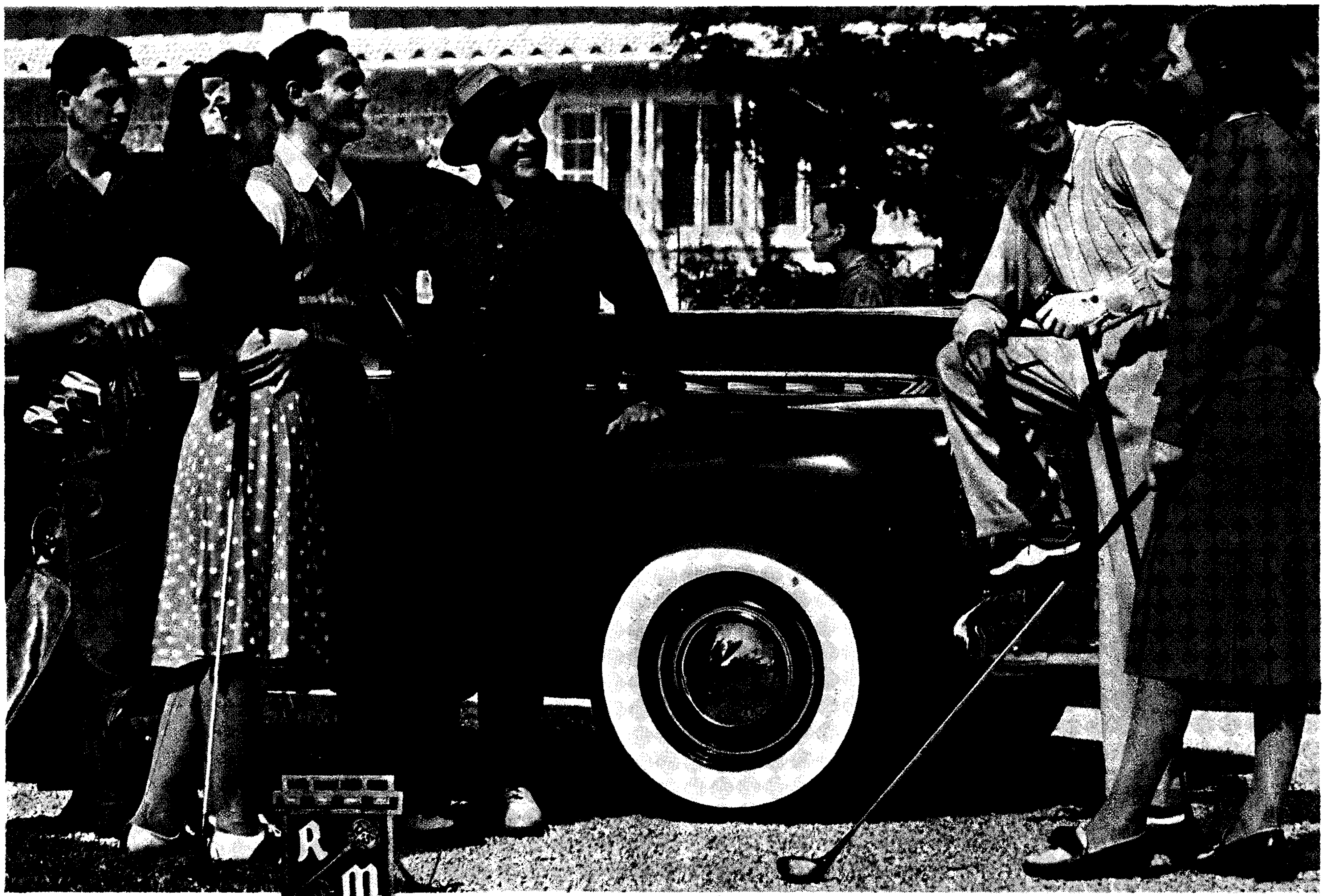

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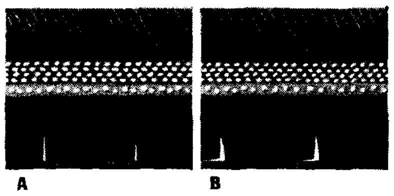

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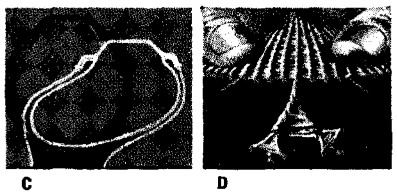

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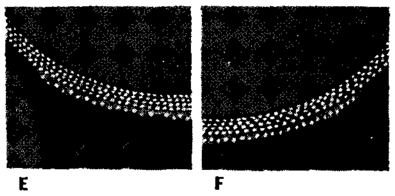

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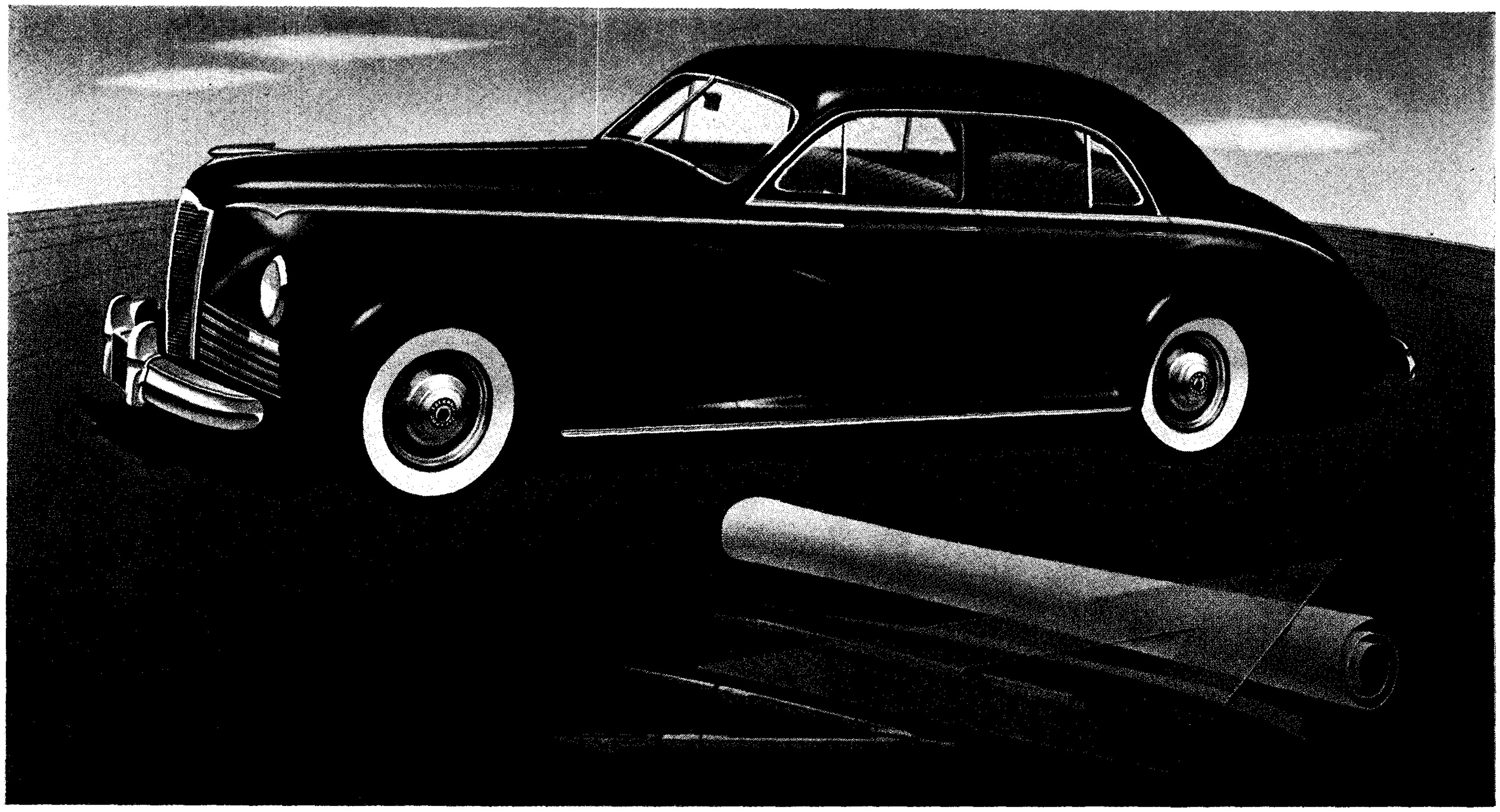

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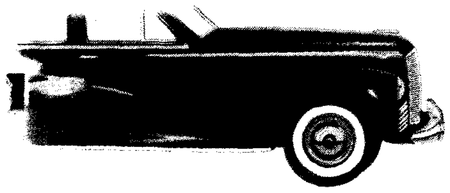
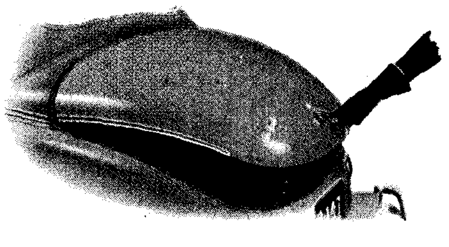
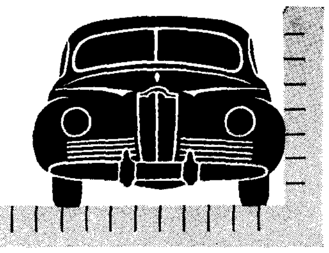


Notice, for example, the long sweep of the Clipper's "Fade-Away" fenders . . . how they actually fade into the body. Result: the widest of bodies with the width *inside* where inches count!

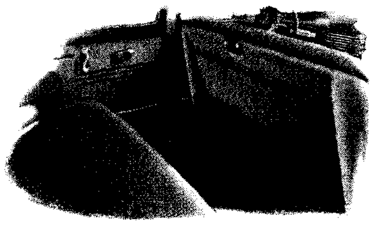


Balance — And Beauty! That shapely, streamlined deck is big and sturdy, and you might expect it would be hard to raise. But one finger lifts it easily, because it's counter-balanced for your convenience. There's an abundance of storage space, of course.

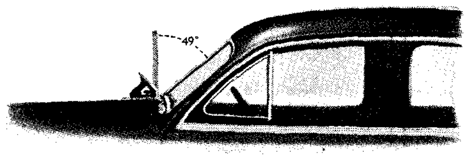
Every new beauty line of the Clipper has an *inside* reason that means more comfort. Example: a low roof line—yet most rear-seat headroom of any car.



Wider Than High, by nearly a foot! The Clipper's low-slung breadth means more stunning appearance —also more comfort for "3-in-a-seat" occasions, and *safer* driving because of a lower center of gravity. Yet the Clipper is no wider overall than ordinary cars—and road clearance is actually *increased!*



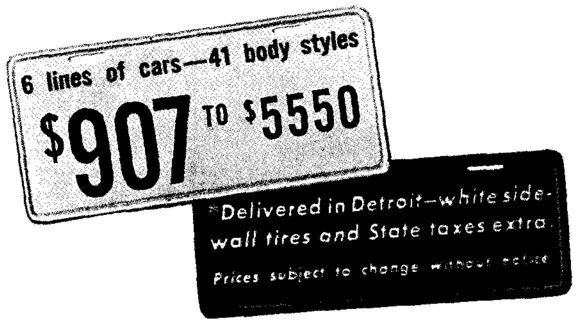
A Revelation In Roominess — more modern, more luxurious interiors feature the Clipper. For smarter appearance, as well as ingeniously added leg room, Packard has double-recessed the back of the front seat. Comfort and luxury are made uniquely complete by the Clipper's new Air-Glide Ride—that brings rear-seat passengers all the smoothness and softness of "front-seat" riding. A superb achievement of Packard engineering.



A New Angle On Smartness! The windshield is raked smartly back—49 degrees to be exact. And it's the widest windshield made—for unequalled visibility!

Your Packard dealer invites you to "skipper the Clipper." Try it! You'll find it the most revealing experience a motor car has ever provided!

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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*Delivered in Detroit—white sidewall tires and State taxes extra. Prices subject to change without notice to do, Peter. Now I've got to start doing something else."

He walked across the barren office and seated himself on her desk. His fine blue eyes were gentle and understanding, the smile on his thin, sensitive lips was of admiration rather than amusement. He said, "Rather beastly mess, what?"

"Very." She spread her hands helplessly. "What do I do now, Peter?"

He answered carefully, "You seem to be handling things jolly well."

"I've been trimming the showcases. Now the problem becomes personal."

"Yes . . ." He did not pretend to misunderstand. "Quite so."

SHE spoke softly, so that her words could not possibly be overheard by anyone in the deputies' room: "It adds up this way, Peter; I don't believe that Campbell was robbed . . . that is, I do not believe that robbery was the motive. Whoever killed him stole those things to give it that appearance."

"Clever chap."

Her eyes clouded. "If it was a man."

"I see. . . ." He looked straight at her. "I don't like to give you ideas, Dale. . . ."

"I have them already." She held his eyes. "Does it look like simple robbery and murder to you?"

"No."

"How did Campbell get out yonder in the swamp? Was he on his way to Chinquapin? Had he already been there? Or was it just coincidence?"

Peter said, "I've seen quite a few of your American movies, Dale. Isn't it possible that he was killed somewhere else and then carried to that place?"

"Possible—yes."

"What are you going to do?"

"Rely on you, for one thing."

"You're pulling my leg. I don't know anything about American procedure."

"You know a lot about me. That's what seems to be most important right now."

"Yes. . . ." His eyes dwelt on her speculatively. "I know a great deal about you. All of it exceedingly creditable."

"Campbell's killing might have been what it appears to be on the surface," she said. "But I'm certain that that's wishful thinking. If it wasn't there seem to be only three persons in Karnak who would have had the slightest motive. All three are reasonably certain to have known Campbell was in town: Two of them positively did."

"Rita and Neil?"

"Yes. Johnny Ellis said that he's sure they saw Campbell when they came out of the Bijou."

"So-o . . . ?"

"Rita certainly had motive enough. He had come here to make trouble for her. So long as he was alive she faced a prison sentence for bigamy. Also the story he told about her having stolen a twelve-thousand-dollar mink coat in New York wasn't very savory. But it doesn't seem credible that she could have done it. And that seems to bring me to Jerry."

"Jerry?" Peter sat up straight. "I say, old dear—that's a bit thick, isn't it?"

She smiled wanly. "Thanks for being so vehement, Peter. Yes, it's a bit thick . . . but it can't be checked out."

"Rubbish! Couldn't have been Jerry."

"Why not?"

"The robbery thing. Presuming he killed this chap—he'd never have tried to make it look like robbery. Even considering him is a lot of tosh."

"I hope so. I'll have to talk to him, though." She touched her fingers to her lips and gazed thoughtfully at the gleaming white front of the Bon Marche store across the square. "That leaves Neil Berkeley."

"Yes . . . one might suspect his fine Italian hand."

"I'd rather think it was Neil, horrible as it seems. It's what one could conceive of him doing, provided one can rationalize murder at all. He's an intense person for all that suavity of his. And thoroughly infatuated with Rita, even if you only believe half the gossip. So now . . ." She rose and smiled unhappily down at him. "Will you hold the fort while I attack on all fronts?"

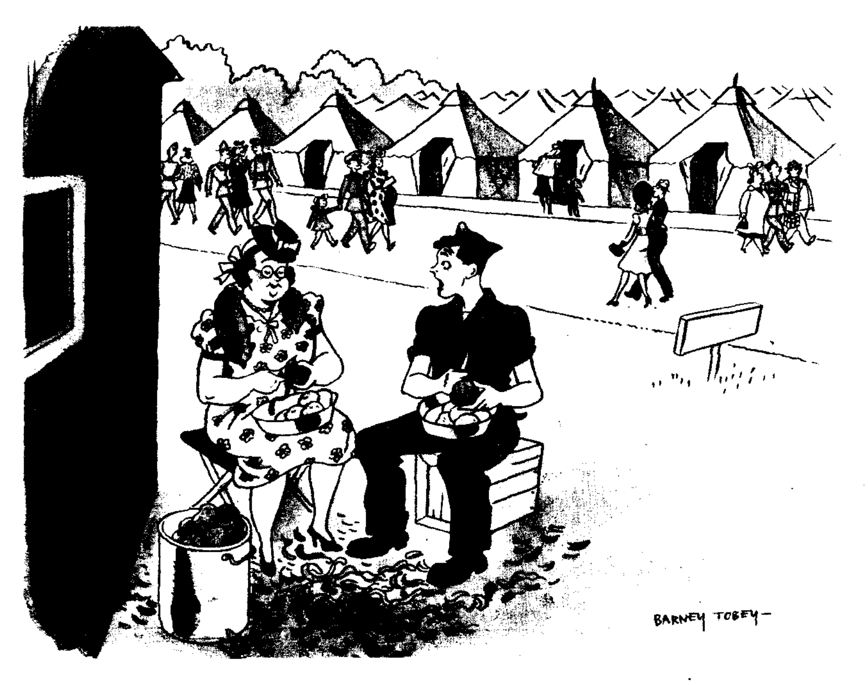
"Which one first?"

"Rita. One of the boys says she's in town . . . at Martha Clarendon's house."

There was admiration in Aylesworth's steady gaze. "Stout girl," he applauded. "Cheerio."

SHE drove to the little green-and-white Clarendon cottage and walked up on the veranda. Millie, aged nine, opened the door and conducted her into the cozy sitting room. A soft-coal fire burned cheerily in the grate. It was a nice, homey, comfortable room, but it struck Dale with a fresh poignancy. She had been here often when Ed Clarendon was alive; it had represented to her the sort of place she might some day want.

She turned as she heard a step in the hall. Rita walked in, and in that first



"I don't think the sergeant's going to like this, Mother"

BARNEY TOBEY

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meeting of eyes Dale was conscious of a sense of shock.

Rita was still brazenly beautiful, voluptuous and picturesque. But in her eyes there was a haunting fear. And Rita's husky voice seemed to grate. She said, "What do you want?"

Dale seated herself. "Can't we sit down, Rita?"

The redheaded woman sat stiffly on the ancient horsehair sofa. She moistened her full red lips and said, rather harshly, "Let's have it, Dale."

Dale leaned forward. "Did you ever know a man named Paul Campbell?" she asked.

"What business is that of yours?"

"At the moment, it's plenty. He was killed last night, here in Karnak."

"So I heard."

"He claims to have known you in New York."

"I knew dozens of guys in New York."

"There was more to it than that, Rita. He told me a lot of things last night. And I have to ask you a few questions."

"Playing cop, huh?"

"Something like that. You were at the Bijou last night, weren't you?"

"So what?"

"Where did you go afterward?"

Rita rose, and stood tensely over Dale. "I'll tell you where I went," she said. "Then maybe you'll keep your nose out of my affairs." She went to the door and called, "Martha!"

Martha Clarendon came from the back of the cottage. She was a plump, comfortable woman—a motherly, kindly, mature, gentle person on whom recent tragedy had left a scar. Rita said, "Where was I last night, Martha?"

Martha looked at Dale. She smiled and said, "Good morning, Dale." Then she looked at Rita again and said, "You were here." She didn't ask, "Why?" She made the simple statement simply.

"What time did I get here?"

"About eleven o'clock."

"You're sure?"

"Of course."

"Did I go out again after I got here? Have I been out at all?"

"No."

Rita swung triumphantly back to Dale: "There's your alibi, Miss Sheriff. So maybe you'll stay on your own side of the fence from now on."

"I shall." Dale walked across the room and touched Martha's arm. "Feeling better?" she asked.

The older woman tried to smile. "I'm getting adjusted. It's a little harder than I thought it would be."

"Send the children over some time. They can help amuse Joyce." Dale looked up. "I'll be going," she said. Then to Jerry's wife: "I'm glad things are so definite, Rita. Truly, I am."

"Nuts!"

DALE MEREDITH passed through the front door, closing it gently behind her. She climbed into her car, stepped on the starter and slipped into gear. She made a U-turn and headed east, toward the gray-green line which marked the edge of Four Holes Swamp.

"Chinquapin," she said to herself. "This won't be easy, either."

She avoided the square, but even so there were many pedestrians who turned to look at her.

She knew what they were thinking. They were thinking that this business of having a pretty girl for sheriff had passed the ludicrous stage, and was becoming dangerous. They were thinking that a primary-day joke had been carried much too far. They were wondering what she could do about this evil that was threatening all of them.

And no one of them knew the things that were really troubling Dale most deeply. Her personal problems were matters for general gossip, but they didn't know what she knew about this affair of the previous night; they did not know that she had been catapulted into a situation that was fraught with doubt and trouble and the necessity for decisions that could affect her own life and the lives of those who were closest to her.

They did not know that she was on her way to talk to the man she loved, hoping against hope that he, too, had an ironclad alibi; but impelled by her oath of office to find out whether there might be a flaw in whatever story he might tell.

AS SHE drove slowly along the road that twisted eastward through the barren stretches of Four Holes Swamp, Dale Meredith was thinking of the impending interview. She—representing the law—questioning Jerry Hamilton on the subject of a murder in which he might be involved. She thought, too, of Peter Aylesworth—quiet, quizzical, impressed and amused.

Peter had been a lifesaver thus far. He was the one person in the world to whom she could talk freely and frankly. To Jerry, she obviously couldn't because of her own feeling for him, and also because of Rita. To her father, she wouldn't for fear of worrying him more than he was already worried. And there was nobody else.

She had been thinking a good deal about Peter recently. She tried to compare the man-to-man camaraderie which he exhibited toward her with the softer consideration he reserved for Peggy.

Perhaps, she reflected, that was only natural. She had known him first in England where the domestic background and the presence of Peter's wife had cemented a friendship that was delightful but definitely untinctured by romance. But, quite obviously, Peggy was something different for the quiet, reticent Englishman.

Peggy was a new experience against a fresh background. Peggy with her youth, her exuberance, her sheer joy of living, was the sort of girl to inspire affection in men. Of course, it was difficult for Dale to realize that by Southern standards Peggy was growing up: she had almost forgotten how mature she herself felt when she was Peggy's age.

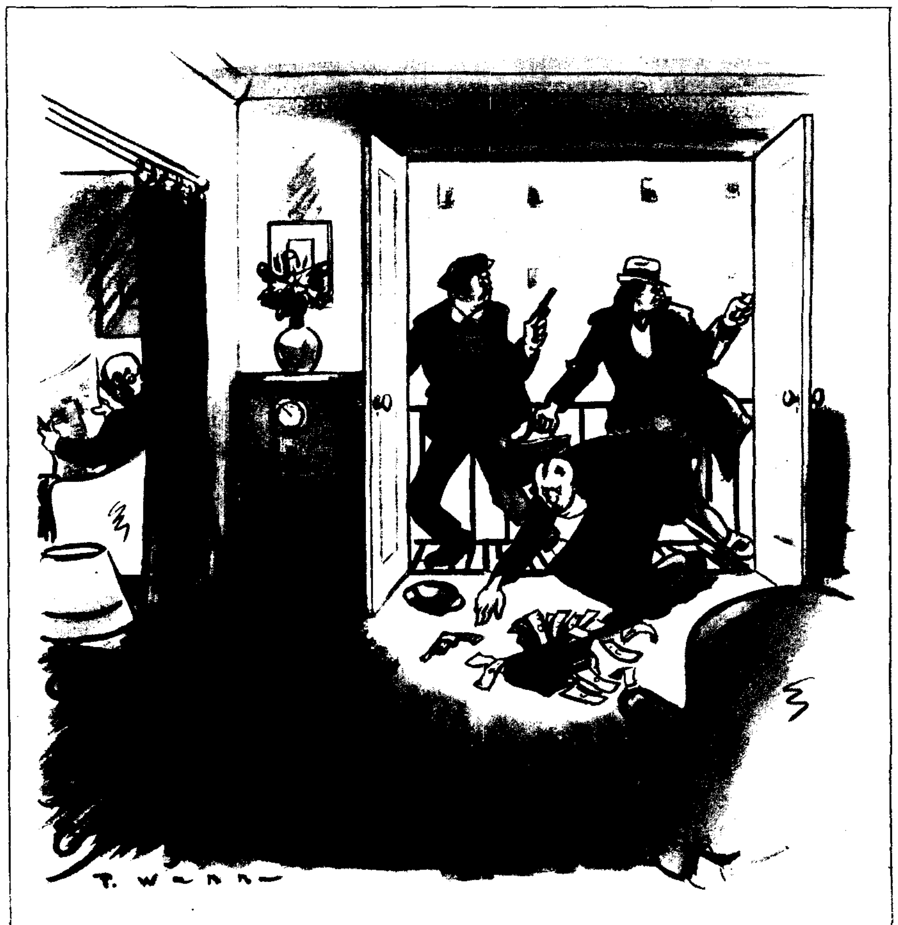
Yes, Peggy was old enough and womanly enough for men to look at with interested eyes. Men like Peter Aylesworth, for instance, who was a thoroughly grand person; and, less fortunately, men like Neil Berkeley.

Dale tried to be fair in her analysis of Neil. He had shown unmistakable symptoms of regarding Peggy seriously. It wasn't unnatural that Peggy's young, unspoiled freshness might appeal to all that was decent in Neil. The trouble was that there was so little about Neil that was decent; so little that could hold out the slightest hope of happiness, no matter how genuine his affection might be.

It wasn't merely that he was dishonest: nowadays people were all too inclined to wink at political crookedness and admiringly call it shrewdness. But Neil had transgressed far beyond those limits. On his shoulders rested the blame for the horrible bus disaster at Little Cat Creek—lives of women and children sacrificed for monetary gain. He unquestionably had instigated the murder of Ed Clarendon. He was almost certainly involved in the killing of Paul Campbell. He could not hope to keep his past from eventually closing in on him . . . and Dale was reflecting that this would bring unspeakable misery upon whoever happened to be his wife.

DALE was thinking, too, about the strange quirks of human nature. She was thinking of how perfect a person Peter Aylesworth would be for Peggy. Apart from his personal qualities, he was well-to-do—a man of property, living on a more than comfortable income from holdings both in England and Canada. She tried to remember things—trifling things—that might build up hope in this direction. Peggy was devoted to Joyce, and Peter beamed when he saw them playing together. With Dale busy at her office Peggy was running the house, supervising the meals and assuming full charge of Peter's little girl.

"It's fun," she confided to Dale. "Maybe I like to bathe her because I enjoy playing with celluloid ducks and



"Junior—for heaven's sake, turn down that radio!" PAUL WEBB

Henry Goes Haywire!

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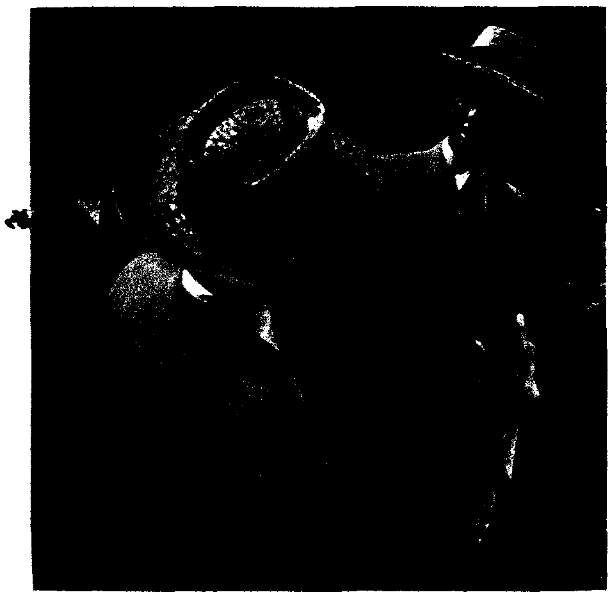
PALMETTO $3.50 • "Big tobacco-and-sugar man from the Caribbees...air-conditioned tycoon...perfect for my linen suits and gabardines...wahoo! Look at that printed East Indian band! It's mine...take the $3.50."

MINDORO $3.50 • "And here's my going-away hat...slant crown and saddle-stitched green crêpe band...there's sweep to this hat...Saratoga, get ready...ole Cap'n Henry is a-shovin' off! $3.50?...I'll buy it."



SARAWAK $5 • "Look at this movie star effect...a musketeer on a cocoanut isle...(My autograph?...Certainly, ladies.)...more speed and dash than a destroyer...$5 worth of social dynamite...I say yes."

SENNIT $3.50 • "What a hat for a Summer suit...cool, too...lattice mesh all around the crown. I look like an economic royalist...for $3.50. Just the dish to borrow money from the bank in...I'll take it."

BURMA $5 • "Breezes, blow me down right through this loose-woven cooler...this is my lucky hat. Keep a cool head, say I, if you want to soften up prospects. I'll get ideas under this hat...here's the $5."

"I bought them all, and so what? The Missus will be furious...but life is short, and I was going haywire...Why shouldn't I buy six hats? I'll look through all the closets the first thing...bet I can find a dozen of hers!...Women buy hats all the time...I'll think up something...Anyway for once I got what I wanted...and plenty of it."

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See the Curved shapes

The famous $1 Yello-Bole that convinced millions of smokers that a GOOD pipe gives more smoking pleasure than cheap pipes. This is the Medium Apple shape, in Panel Ruff finish, at all dealers. *The best smoking pipe that $1 will buy!*

YELLO-BOLE $1

There's More Pleasure in a Good Pipe

rubber frogs. Maybe it's because she looks so darned cute when she's all pink and wet. Maybe I've just got an over-plus of the much-advertised maternal instinct."

Whatever it was, it drew Peggy and Peter close together, and Dale wished that it might be closer. Since Peggy must be regarded as a woman—she'd rather think of her in connection with Peter than as the possible wife of Neil Berkeley.

"You're a scheming old-maid sister," Dale informed herself sternly. "You haven't done so well with your own love life. So maybe you'd better let Peggy carve out her own marital destiny."

Easy to say. Easy to think. But not so easy to drive fear of Neil Berkeley from her mind.

THE terrain over which she was driving became less marshy, the soil a mixture of red clay and gray sand and stretches of rich, black earth. The trees and underbrush lost their deathly grayness.

This was the edge of the Chinquapin domain. Dale visualized it as it was in spring when it blazed with azalea and jonquil, cape jessamine and wisteria. It was incredibly lovely then, and gracious. It was not at all the sort of place where Rita belonged; it wasn't the sort of place she could even understand.

Dale drove through the venerable gateway and up the curving drive toward the splendid, dignified old plantation house. She said to herself, "Keep it light, Dale. Keep it as light as you can." So she honked three times—*ta-ta, ta*—like that . . . and then, after a brief pause, did it again.

Jerry Hamilton appeared from the garage. He wore hunting trousers and high boots and a gray flannel shirt which was open at the throat. He carried an automatic shotgun which he had been cleaning in anticipation of the deer season, and two sleek pointers followed him eagerly.

He moved close to the car and his rich, quiet voice came to her reassuringly. He was laughing as he said, "Mawnin', She'iff—how you is this salubrious mawnin'?" and she smiled, too, and answered, "Tol'able, suh—tol'able. Ise feelin' right pert today."

It was a good start, a casual start, and she was grateful for it as he held the door of the car open for her and led her inside the house.

A huge fire of oak logs crackled in the fireplace. He motioned her to a chair and slouched into another one opposite, so that his big figure looked even larger than it really was. His eyes were amused as he asked, with mock formality, "To what do I owe the honor of this visit, Mademoiselle?"

"Happenstance, Mr. Hamilton. I had to drive out this way and figured I might as well leave my card." She looked around the gracious room. "Where's Rita?"

For the infinitesimal fraction of an instant, the smile left his lips as it always did when the subject of Rita came up between himself and Dale Meredith. He said, "She stayed in Karnak last night. With Martha . . . I believe."

She probed. "Weren't you lonely?"

"Hardly." He reached for the heavily encrusted brier pipe that lay on the table near his chair, and tamped tobacco into the bowl. "The Negroes were doing a lot of talking this morning. Is it true?"

"Is *what* true?"

"They say you had trouble last night. Somebody got killed out here in the swamp."

"Yes," she said, "that's true."

"Good Lord." He leaned forward. "Who was the man, Dale?"

"His name was Paul Campbell. . . ." She was watching him closely and hoping he would not notice. "He registered as being from New York, and that's all anybody seems to know about him—yet."

"They shot him, didn't they?"

"Yes. The apparent motive was robbery."

"Why do you say 'apparent'?"

"I don't know. . . . Just slipped out, I presume." This was getting more difficult. She said, "Did you go out at all last night, Jerry?"

"No. Why?"

"I thought maybe you might have seen someone, or heard something. . . ."

"Sorry I can't help you. And I think your job is getting rottener every day."

"What can I do about it?" she asked wearily. "I've got the bear by the tail."

His big features set in grim, hard lines. He said, "Neil Berkeley's behind the whole damned mess."

"Most likely."

"Arson. Robbery. Holdups. Now murder." His fingers clasped tightly about the bowl of his pipe. "Neil isn't playing very smart. He's liable to find out he's started something that others will finish."

"It would all quiet down if I got out."

"Sure." He looked straight at her. "But I'm not wasting my breath with any such suggestion. I've been wonderin' . . ."

"What, Jerry?"

"Whether I mightn't help."

"How?"

"Any way you could use me. I've got plenty of time. Perhaps you could make me a special deputy."

"That's an odd thought."

"Not so queer. The decent men of Karnak are getting up on their hind legs. Men like Carey Marshal and Greg St. Julien—"

"And you."

"Maybe. Oh, I don't want to tangle with Neil Berkeley. Neither do any of the others. We've all been content to rock along and let well enough alone. But when we—as citizens—get slapped in the face by what's going on; when we know *why* it's happening . . . well, we'll stand just so much pushing around—and no more."

"That's what I've hoped for," she said—"and it's what I've been afraid of, too."

"I don't get you."

"It would add up into a sort of civil war," she explained. "That wouldn't be so good."

He nodded soberly. "What's happening isn't good, either." He rose and looked down at her. "But that ain't neither heah nor yonder, Miss Me'dith. Impawtant point is that Ise gwine fix you up a few eatments on account you mus' be plumb empty."

He gave directions for a second plate at lunch, and while waiting for it to be served Dale was thinking, "This is where I belong. This is where I want to be. Rita doesn't." And then she tried to shut the picture of Rita out of her mind, because when she did think about Jerry's wife, she thought too fast and too vividly. . . .

JERRY walked out to the car with her, and took her hand. He said gently, "This was pretty grand, honey." And she clamped down on the starter and rolled off without a backward glance, feeling all mixed up inside.

Well, she'd accomplished what she'd come for. Apparently, Jerry had known nothing about the murder of Paul Campbell. Rita had produced unassailable proof of innocence.

Dale's pretty face became rather grim. "That narrows it down to Neil Berkeley," she said to herself. "I'll have to prove something there, because if I don't I'll be up against the fact that Jerry hasn't the ghost of an alibi."

(To be continued next week)

HOW TO SAY
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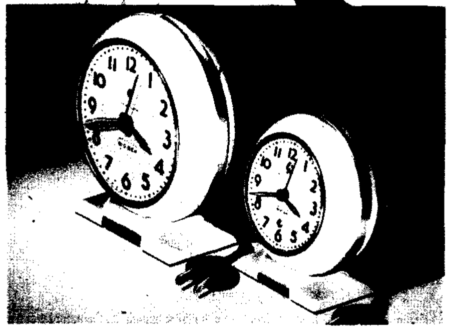

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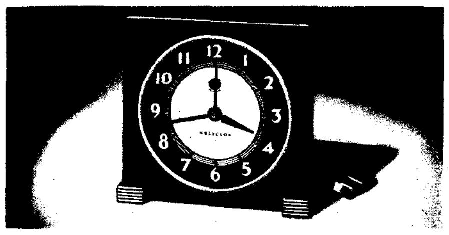

COUNTRY CLUB Electric Alarm makes an ideal gift because it also serves beautifully as a *time clock. In attractive maroon* finish with plain dial..............$2.50
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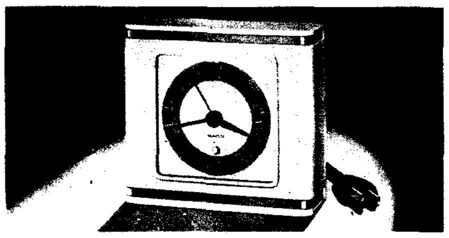

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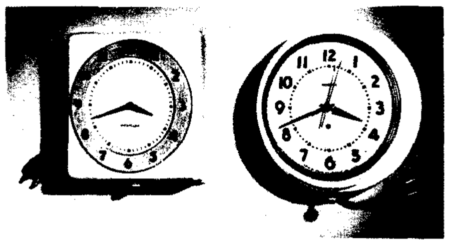

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Westclox, LaSalle-Peru, Ill. Division of General Time Instruments Corporation.

WESTCLOX ELECTRIC CLOCKS

Money in the Sack

Continued from page 19

"I tuck jest 'zackly a even hund'ed years er dat cawn," Samuel said; "and dat make hit about a bushel. Fo' bits."

Berry eyed the tobacco sack.

"Hit's might' nigh de beginnin' er March," Berry said vaguely. "You c'd jest 'bout ketch de spring session er Big Cou't in April. And six months for cawn stealin' would put you outn jail 'bout de beginnin' er next winter, maybe."

"Fo' bits," the preacher said quietly. "Fo' bits er nothin'."

"I ain't wearied 'bout gittin' paid for de cawn you rogued," Berry said smugly. "Cause quick as you gits in de jail, I'll bail yo' trover and level on yo' mule."

THE Sin Splitter relaxed, smiled and dropped the coin into the sack. "Brother Berry," he grinned, "you ain't been livin' 'round hyar long, is you?"

"Hunh?" demanded Berry. "Sho I been livin' hyar long."

Sin-Splitting Samuel returned the money sack to his pocket.

"I met up wid a certain man, one time," he said reminiscently, "dat was always speakin' 'bout gittin' his trover bailed. But dat man wa'n't f'm around hyar. He was f'm away f'm hyar."

"What dat got to do wid you gittin' put in de jail for stealin' cawn?"

"Nothin'," Samuel told him. "Only dis certain yuther man which was always tawkin' 'bout gittin' his trover bailed didn't never want to git messed up wid de law, one way er de yuther. But he got messed, jest de same."

The Splitter put a piece of pine knot on the fire and watched the black smoke and the red blaze rise. "De last time I seed dis certain yuther man," he went on, "he was singin' hisse'f a song which went like dis:

"Chains round my ankles,
My arms is bracelet bound.
Can't git away f'm
Dat ole Gawgia hound—"

"Gimme fo' bits, Rev'und," Berry said nervously, "and us'll call hit square."

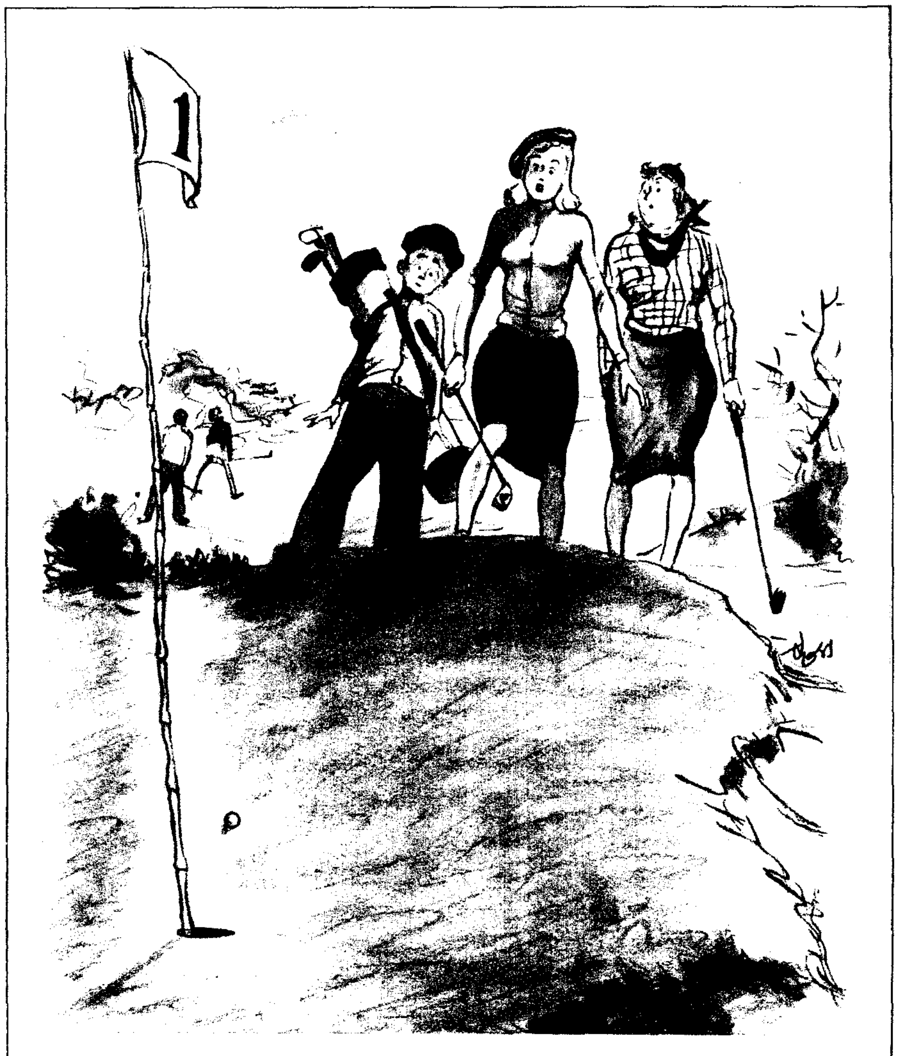
"Gi' you nothin' and shove you in hit," snapped the preacher. "Now you drag yo'se'f on outn my house. I'm got some prayin' and meditatin' to do and I can't do dat good when a sinner is around."

Berry left hurriedly. The Sin Splitter went to the porch where Balaam was still munching corn. "You was right, Balaam," Samuel told him. "Dat ole lef' year er yo'n ain't never missed a sinner, yit."

Balaam raised his head and looked sadly at the preacher. Then slowly his left ear wiggled a time or two and swung accusingly toward the Sin Splitter himself!

Samuel was dumfounded. "Well, I be daggone!" the preacher exclaimed. "Ole Balaam namin' me out for a sinner." The idea amused him and he chuckled to himself. "Inside the house again, he sat down to meditate and pray by the flickering light of the fire.

"Maybe," Sin-Splitting Samuel admitted, "I'm is a sinner. But not on account er takin' dat cawn. Takin' cawn for a hongry ole mule ain't no sin." He raked his memory for a possible transgression but could find none. "Or maybe," he concluded, "ole Balaam was lyin' on me. Maybe ole Satan done got inside er ole Balaam's heart and sot him agin de prophet." He slapped his leg with a resounding whack. "Dat's hit! Dat snake-in-de-grassin' Satan done tempted my mule to bear a false



"Goodness, I'm way off my game today. Usually I land right in the trap!"

AL ROSS

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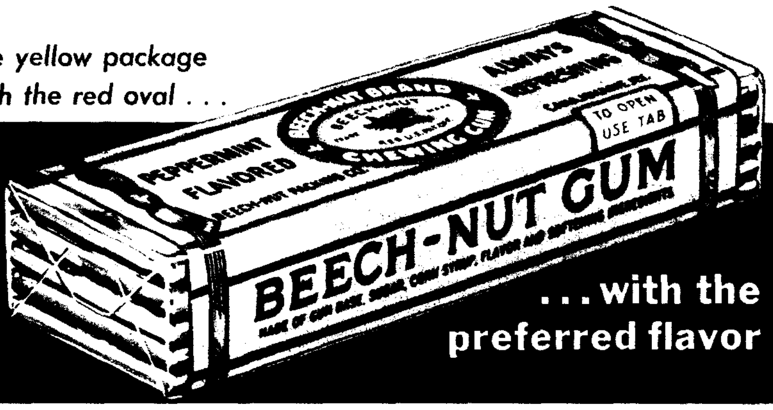

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witness agin de prophet er de Lawd!" The old man's eyes sparkled and his thin, long face set firmly.

"And now me and ole Satan is raley gonter go round and round."

Samuel took a tattered old Bible from the mantelpiece, spread it open on a chair and, kneeling, put his face against the open pages. "Lawd," he said, "you knows how things is, good as me. I and ole Satan is fixin' to tangle up for who-laid-de-rail. I ain't axin' for no he'p. I jest want to let you know dat a mighty big battle is fixin' to take place betwixt yo' prophet and de devil and efn you got any special need for Satan in yo' plans, you better git set to pull him out f'm under me. Amen."

The old evangelist was now at his best fighting pitch and woe unto the sinner who stood before him.

When the Splitter was frying salt pork over the coals, in his heart he was frying sinners over brimstone; and the cornmeal hearth cakes steaming on the hot bricks were really the souls of the righteous giving off the essence of glory.

After he ate, he felt calmer. He walked out to the porch and observed that Balaam had not only eaten the corn but had devoured the cobs and shucks as well and was now humped against the house, sheltered from a north wind.

"Balaam need a little hay," the Splitter thought. "Dat cawn on top er de green grass li'ble to give him de bellyache."

He put on his hat and a tattered overcoat and stepped out into the weather. This time, instead of going to Berry's crib, the Sin Splitter went directly to the man's house.

"I come to git a bale er dat pea-vine hay, Brother Berry," the preacher announced.

"Why, Rev'und," Berry greeted warmly, "come in and set." He pushed a chair toward the preacher. "Paradine, dis is de Rev'und—what's yo' name, suh?"

THE preacher's eyes struggled to adjust themselves to the firelight and to focus on the woman. "Dey calls me de Sin-Splittin' Samuel," he said.

"Brother Samuel, meet up wid my wife, name er Paradine," Berry introduced.

The woman was large and firm-looking, but most polite. "I ain't got much pea-vine hay," she offered, "but you kin take what you needs."

"Yeah," seconded Berry. "Long as I and Paradine got any hay in we's barn, a preacher is welcome. Cawn or hay."

"Thank you kindly, Sister," said the Splitter. After an awkward moment he added: "Well, I reckon I'll git a bale er dat hay and git on back."

Berry followed the preacher to the barn. "Maybe I better he'p you tote dis hay to yo' house," he suggested.

"No mind," the preacher refused. "I kin tote my own hay." He hoisted a bale to his shoulder and left.

On the way, he studied his mind long and earnestly over the ill-matched couple he had visited.

"Balaam," he told his mule later, "whilst you's chawin' on dis, you better study yo' mind about dat Berry and Paradine. Fust off, Berry wanted to law me 'bout yo' cawn. But when I named him out for a ball-and-chain-dragger, he ack like he want to gimme ev'ything he got." The Splitter yanked a wire from the hay and pitched a block of it in front of the mule. "Only, hit seem like ev'ything Berry got b'longs to his woman."

Balaam turned sorrowful eyes on his master and for the second time that day swung his left ear slowly forward and pointed it accusingly at the preacher.

"Lie!" said the Sin Splitter.

Just before dark, that evening, Berry called on the preacher, bringing with him an iron pot of food. "Rabbit stew," he offered. "Paradine 'lowed you might like a bait er rabbit stew."

"Set hit down," the Sin Splitter said. "I ain't ready to eat yit."

Berry set the pot down, but it was obvious that he had something else on his mind.

"Hit's like dis, Rev'und," Berry faltered. "When I comed down hyar to kick about you roguin' in my cawn crib—"

"Git hit right," the Splitter interrupted. "In whose cawn crib?"

"Paradine's cawn crib," Berry amended. "You figgered dat out f'm de way she spoke."

"Speak on," the preacher said.

"When I comed down hyar, you tole me I wa'n't f'm around hyar nowhars, and when I claim I was, you up and sung a ball-and-chain song at me."

"Dat," explained the Sin Splitter, "is on account er I *knowed* you wa'n't f'm around hyar, and dat you had drug a ball-and-chain."

"Maybe," Berry hazarded, "you got de second sight?"

"Nawp," stated the Splitter. "You wawked in my house and tole me all er dat stuff wid yo' own mouf. You said you ain't been around hyar long and dat you been draggin' a ball-and-chain and dat you didn't want nobody to find out about hit."

Berry opened his mouth and tried to say something but the words would not come out.

"You didn't speak dem words wid de tongues er men," the preacher said, "but I hyared 'em wid de years er de prophet."

"Awnh!" Berry groaned. "Magic!"

"Listen, man," the Splitter's voice came as near to kindness as it ever got: "You ain't de fust man ever dragged dat ball-and-chain and beat you' time by runnin'. Don't let dat ha'nt you. Jest git good religion and keep yo' mouf shet about dat law tawk. Cause when a man git to tawkin' 'bout de law, dat show he been around whar de law is and when a man is dark as you is, dat law business sound like a ball-and-chain. And when a man come raisin' sand about me gittin' in his cawn crib, dat means he ain't f'm around hyar, cause folks f'm hyar knows hit's bad luck to try to deny me and ole Balaam a bait er grub."

Berry looked relieved. "Dat's how come you figgered I runned away f'm a Gawgia rock pile?"

"Sho," the Sin Splitter said. "Cause over in Gawgia efn you don't pay yo' debts, de law kin bail yo' trover and th'ow you in jail ontwell you pays. But not over hyar."

A gleam came to Berry's eye. "For a preacher," he said slyly, "you knows a heap about de law. Maybe—?"

"Maybe."

"Hit wouldn't be good for a preacher's business," Berry suggested, "for de word to git about dat he was a ball-and-chain-dragger."

"Looky hyar, son," the Splitter said. "You drivin' at somethin' but hit's two-way tawk. You ain't got to two-way tawk me jest cause you been in jail. Bein' in jail is yo' business. Now, what's on yo' mind?"

Berry squared himself. "Dat sack er money you showed me when you was fixin' to buy dat cawn is what's on my mind," he said. "You gimme dat sack er money and I'll git on up to Arkansas er somewhars so's I can't tell de people at yo' meetin's dat you's a cawn-stealin' rogue and a jail-house hypercrit."

IT TOOK some time for this proposition to permeate the brain of the Sin Splitter. When it did, he chuckled. "Berry," he said genially, "you go haid and tell ev'ybody about me, and I'll tell jest *one* man about you, and I'll bet you a solid dollar dat you gits back to Gawgia befo' you gits to Arkansas! And I bet you some mo' dat I'll keep right on takin' up collections."

Berry had not anticipated such a stand and he began to get the feeling that the old evangelist would win such a bet. He shrugged and grinned.

"Aw, I wa'n't fixin' to do nothin' like dat, Rev'und," he said. "I was jest foolin'."

Fire came to the preacher's eyes, and he stood up menacingly.

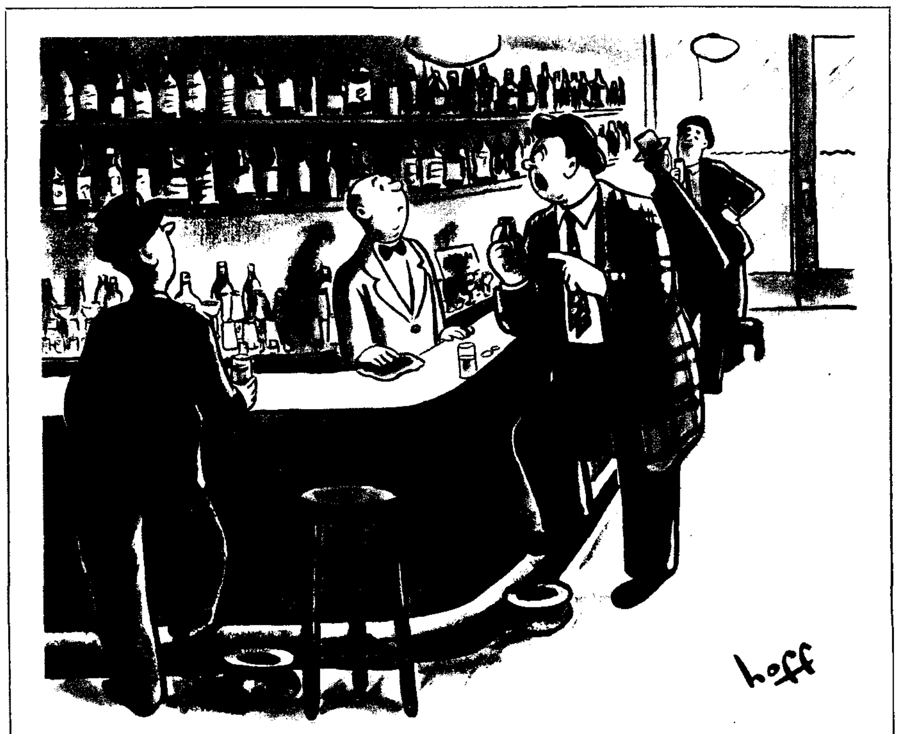
"I ain't studdin' 'bout what you wa'n't fixin' to do," he thundered. "I'm tellin' you what you is fixin' to do. You's fixin' to git sont back to dat chain gang quick as I kin pass de word. Now you git!"

Berry hurried away.

Presently, the Sin Splitter's wrath subsided. He heated the kettle of stew and ate. Then he washed the pot, and covered the fire with ashes.

"Maybe," he told himself, "I better give ole Balaam a few mo' years er dat cawn to mix up wid his hay."

He went outside. The rain had stopped and the sky was clear; the air was warmer and a full moon was breaking over the horizon. "Eat heavy, Ba-



"You're to throw me out of here after this one—understand?"

SIDNEY HOFF

It's Something Bigger Than Size

THE United States was once much bigger than it is now — so incomprehensibly vast that only a few hardy adventurers had crossed it. It took railroads to pull this continental wilderness together, to enable it to become the nation we know. No other form of transport is big enough and flexible enough to meet the needs of that nation's present commerce and the demands of defense.

But strength doesn't lie in bigness alone. You can't measure the might of the railroads in the increased horsepower of their locomotives, the length of their track or the number of their cars. For their strength today lies also in organized cooperation — not just cooperation with each other, but with shippers and the various government departments.

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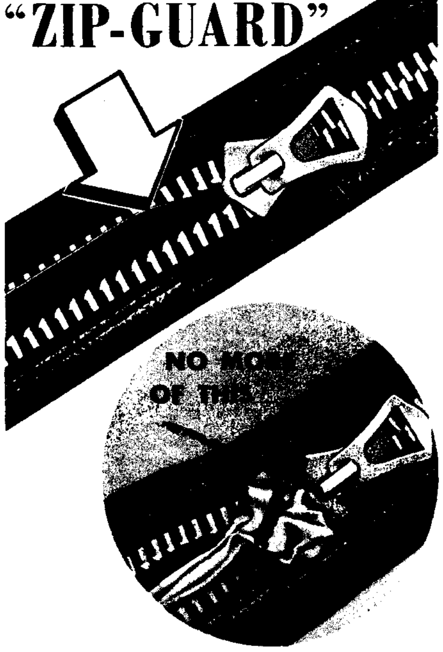

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laam," said the Splitter, "cause dis air feel like winter is might' nigh come and gone and I and you got some travelin' to git done, quick as spring open up."

Balaam raised his head and started his ears forward.

"No mind p'intin' me out for a sinner," the preacher chuckled. "I knows layin' up like us been doin' ain't preachin' de Word, and when I ain't preachin' I'm doin' a sin."

The mule's left ear swung forward accusingly. "How 'bout us leavin' in de mawnin' efn us live and nothin' happen?"

Balaam's ear faltered and drooped.

"Hit's a heap er public work goin' on down around Colfax, I bet," the Sin Splitter promised. "De river looked like she was fixin' to cut back in de road and dat means grade camps and paydays and sin and all. And you knows I been feelin' a call to git down amongst dem strawberry pickers, too. Dey tells me de pickers works all day, draw dey money at sundown and den sins all night."

The mule's ear relaxed to normal position and he began to eat contentedly.

Samuel went indoors, sat in front of the fire and stretched lazily. Ordinarily he would have lain down on the homemade bed and gone to sleep, now that the trials and the meditations of the day were over. But he felt restless.

"I b'lieve I'll take Sister Paradine's stew kittle home and tell her I done skeered her no-count husband off to Arkansas," he thought.

He got the iron pot and walked out into the moonlight. At Paradine's cabin he could see firelight shining through the window but his call brought no response. He stepped on the porch and pushed open the door.

THE fire was throwing weird shadows around the dim room but through the gloom the preacher could discern great disorder. A table was overturned, a chair was on the bed and the bricks in the hearth had been lifted out of place.

"Now!" exclaimed the Splitter. "Look like things been takin' place 'round hyar."

A sound in a dark corner caught his attention. It was Paradine's head butting against the floor. She was tied up with cotton plowlines and gagged with an empty flour sack. As soon as the preacher took the gag from her mouth, Paradine began to spread the news, loudly and tearfully.

"He hit me behind de ear, dat rogue!" Paradine wailed. "He comed in, sweet-tawkin' and all, and den befo' I knowed hit, he chunked me behind de ear. And de next thing I knowed, I was tied up wid a plowline so's I couldn't do nothin'."

"You means Berry done you dat?" asked the Splitter.

"Den he got my pistol f'm offn de bed," Paradine went on tearfully, "and he tole me he was fixin' to shoot my gizzard out, onless I tole him whar I hid my cotton-sellin' money."

"You means yo' own husband didn't know whar de money was kep' at?"

"Naw," Paradine explained. "I wa'n't hardly 'quainted wid him well enough to tell him. Us was only married up last week."

With all the ropes untied and buxom Paradine once more in full command of her limbs, her confidence returned, and a sense of outrage replaced her fear.

"Dat rogue!" she spluttered. "Rogued my pistol and my money, bofe. I ought to knowed better den to marry up wid a no-good like him." She looked sadly at the disordered bricks in the hearth. "I had mo'n fifty dollars under dem bricks," she told the Splitter. "Dat'd buyed my plantin' seeds and meat for de summer, and paid my 'sociation jues and a little lef' over for de preacher."

Her face hardened. "Hit's sorter tough for a widow woman to git credicks to make a crop, but I'll pull on hit."

The Sin Splitter considered. He knew that, indirectly, he had caused the robbery by threatening Berry with exposure. He also knew that the Bible had some sort of command about caring for the widow women in distress. And here was a widow unquestionably in distress.

Slowly, he reached into his pocket and pulled out his tobacco sack. In it was every cent he owned. It represented his total collections for the past year, over and above the meager amounts he had been forced to spend for his and Balaam's living. Parting with it would be a real hardship, but with his duty so clear, keeping the money would have plagued him.

"Hyar, widow woman," the Sin Splitter said, handing over the sack. "Hit ain't hardly fifty dollars in dat sack but hit'll buy seeds and meat."

Tears came to Paradine's eyes as she tried to thank him.

"No mind me, Sister Paradine," he said gruffly. "Thank de Lawd. Efn hit was up to me, I'd a' kep' hit."

He slipped out of the house and returned to his own cabin.

With the unhurried deliberation of a man who knows exactly what he is about, he got an old tow sack and filled it with hay. With a piece of rope he fashioned a sliding loop in one end. Then he went to the yard and caught Balaam. He slipped the loop into the mule's mouth, hackamore style, and laid the sack across Balaam's back, for a saddle.

"Winter is done come and gone," the Sin Splitter announced briefly. "Balaam, I and you is fixin' to git about."

"Stand whar you is and don't move!" The command came from the shadow of the house. "I got my pistol p'intin' at yo' haid and efn you moves I'll blow yo' gizzard out!"

"Aw, go 'haid, Berry," the Splitter said easily. "Who keer 'bout you and yo' pistol?"

"You move," Berry warned him, "and I'll blast you."

The Sin Splitter poked Balaam in the ribs with his thumb and the mule sidestepped between him and Berry.

"Whoa, fool!" the Splitter commanded. "Didn't you hyar de man say efn us moved he'd shoot we's gizzard out?"

"No mind dat," Berry said. "I wants dat tobacco sack full er money you got, preacher."

"I can't gi' hit to you onless I moves my hands," the Splitter pointed out. "And I'm skeered to move my hands wid dat pistol p'intin' at me."

"Don't move nothin'," Berry ordered. "I'll come and git hit myse'f."

Berry started toward the Splitter but his path led him within striking distance of Balaam's heels. And Balaam struck.

The little man doubled up in a ball and rolled across the yard. The Sin Splitter was astride him before he had stopped rolling.

DEFTLY, the preacher's hands went through Berry's pockets. He removed a fat shot sack which contained Paradine's stolen money and transferred it to his own pocket. He got to his feet, dragging Berry with him.

"Now, son," said the Sin Splitter, "hit's about sixteen miles f'm hyar to de Arkansas line. Don't let de risin' sun ketch you in Louisiana."

Berry grunted.

"Now, quick as I turns you a-loose," the Splitter went on with his instructions, "I'm gonter pick up dat pistol. And efn you ain't gone out er my sight by de time I git dat pistol in my hands, I'm gonter shoot at you. Onderstand?"

"Yassuh," Berry said sourly.

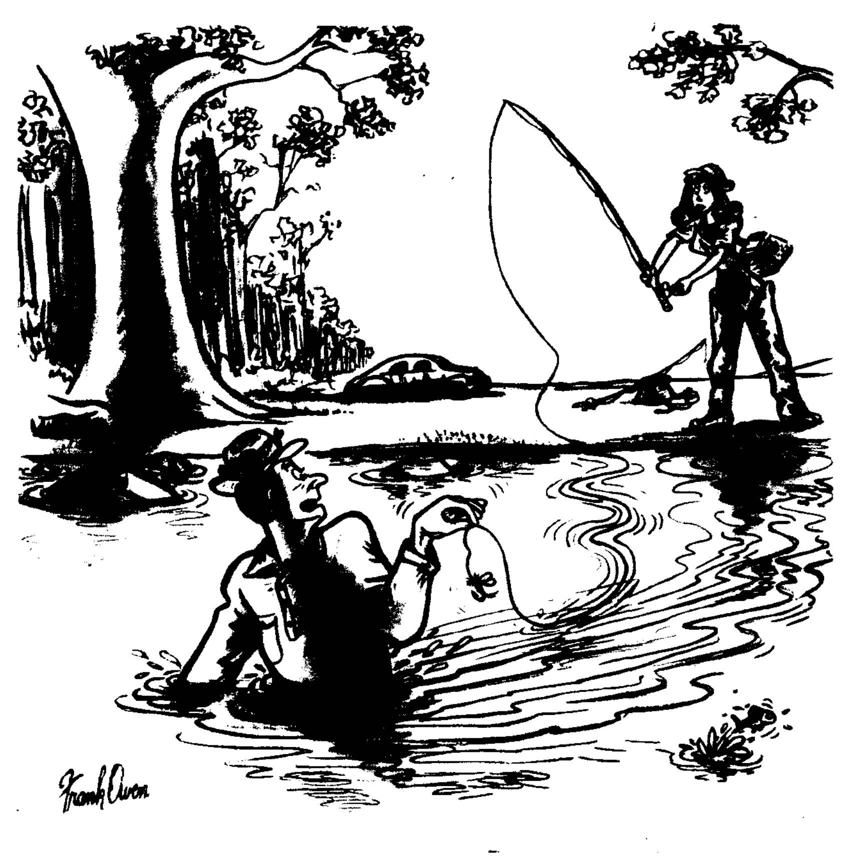
"Den git," said the Splitter, shoving him free. But before the Splitter could pick up the gun, Berry had faded into the night.

The Sin Splitter put the pistol in his coat pocket, mounted Balaam and headed him up the path.

The weather was still cool but fire burned in the soul of the Splitter. Surely he could overtake spring before he reached the sin-infested grade camps at Colfax.

As he rode past Paradine's house, he pitched the pistol into the yard.

"She might need dat," he told Balaam. "Now, you hit dat fox trot twarge some sin, whilst I counts and sees how much money us is got."



"I'll carry it out this time—then you've got to learn to cast"

FRANK OWEN

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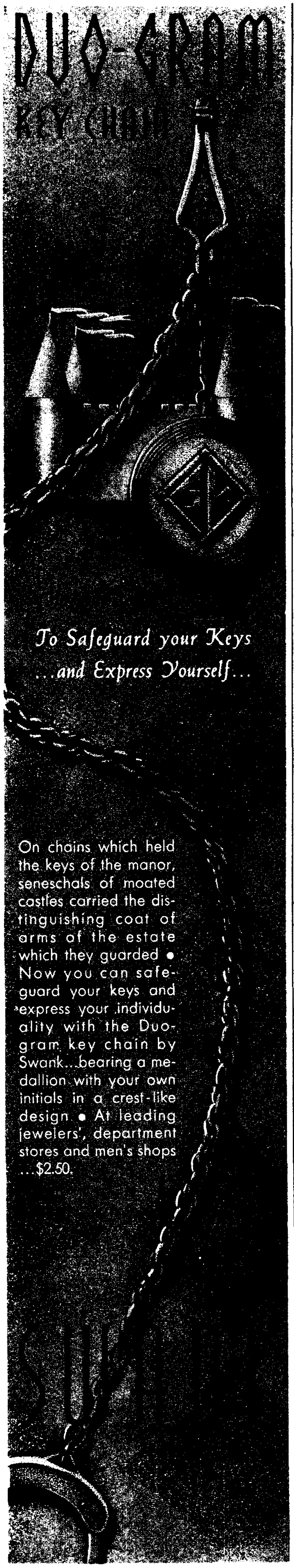
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SWANK

Come In and Stay

Continued from page 16

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For instance: The regular programs of hundreds of radio stations were interrupted from time to time for recruiting plugs. The scripts were prepared by Colonel Gilbert and his staff. A typical one began with a sound effect of marching feet. Then a military voice called, "Halt! Dismissed!" Next two soldiers were heard:

First Soldier: Hey, Joe, let's go surfboard riding down at Waikiki this afternoon.

Second Soldier: Okay. Boy! That's real fun.

The plug closed with the assurance of the station announcer that "whatever an individual's preference in the field of sports may be, he will find congenial companions to join him" in the Army.

"Men!" concluded the announcer, "in addition to new thrills and excitement, Uncle Sam gives you your room and board, clothing, medical and dental care, teaches you a valuable trade *and* pays you a salary besides."

Hawaii and other alluring spots were heavily stressed in the Army's recruiting publicity. Another radio skit was a conversation between a soldier, home on furlough, and a friend:

Soldier: I suppose you know what this necklace of Hawaiian flowers is, Bob?

Friend: Yes, it's a lei. I've seen them in pictures, but never a real one.

Soldier: Well, this was my first souvenir of Hawaii—the native girls there make these necklaces of flowers and put them on us as soon as we get off the boat.

Friend: I'll bet all these souvenirs you brought back from Hawaii carry a lot of memories.

Uncle Sam's Travel Agency

The announcer then urged his listeners to enlist so that they could see "the world-famed Gatun Locks while traveling through Panama, or visit the incomparable beach at Waikiki, or experience the fascination of the Far East in the Philippines, or explore uncharted wildernesses in Alaska."

Strangely enough, it's all actually true. Recruits are sent to the places where they want to go—Hawaii or Panama or the Philippines or Texas or sunny California.

To the recruiting office of the Fifth Corps Area at Columbus, Ohio, last spring came a country boy who said that he would join the Army if he was sent to some post near Shreveport, Louisiana. He passed all the tests and was about to be sworn in when he repeated his demand for Shreveport.

"We'll manage to get you there, soldier," said the sergeant. "But why Shreveport?"

The boy blushed. "I've got a girl there," he said.

The United States Army has come a long way in the last two or three decades. The old Army, all too often, was a collection of bums and near bums who could not make their way in the outside world and enlisted for the sake of three meals a day and a roof. Often judges would tell a convicted criminal that he could choose between jail and enlisting in the Army. The judge who tries that today finds himself denounced in nation-wide editorials. He is visited by indignant soldiers and his mail is flooded with protests. The petty criminal to whom he has offered the alternative of enlistment is summarily rejected by the Army.

Take the word of Staff Sergeant William R. Moran, on recruiting duty in Philadelphia. Sergeant Moran has been in the Army for thirty years and has seen all parts of it. A dead ringer for former President Hoover, his hair is now gray and dignity marks him. The sergeant agreed that the Army had changed, mostly since the World War.

"We'd take anybody in," he said. "We'd use a phony name if we couldn't use the real one. Nobody asked for references. Nobody checked with the police. Today? We don't take anybody today unless we've investigated his home and talked with his neighbors and asked the cops about criminal records."

Sergeant Moran added that no longer could men be pushed around by hard-boiled sergeants. The noncommissioned officer who was a bully, he said, would soon be broken and reduced to the ranks. The new infantry manual required far less dreary, close-order drill. The old "squads right!", "squads left!" routines had been abolished for the simple reason that there was no time or need for them. The men were trained to be auto mechanics, truck drivers, telephone installers, cooks, clerks, motion-picture projectionists, welders, radio technicians, bacteriologists, photographers and for virtually every other occupation.

The power station of the recruiting drive has been the Adjutant General's office in Washington, with Colonel Gilbert as the boss. The Army was in a sad fix in 1938 when he was given the task of building it into some semblance of war strength. The authorized strength of the Regular Army under a 1920 law was 280,000 men. But Congress had been certain there would be no war, so appropriations were slashed until, by 1935, the entire establishment was a mere 125,165, including 6,415 Philippine Scouts. The growing menace of Hitler changed the attitude of Congress. In May, 1940, funds for 280,000 men were provided; a few months later this was increased to 375,000 and then upped again with the passage of the Selective Service Act.

"Go get them," the War Department told Colonel Gilbert.

He did, at a per capita enlistment cost of about $27 compared with one as high as $66 a man ten years ago. He did it through one of the greatest publicity and sales drives ever staged by a government or a private business. In addition to the radio, Colonel Gilbert used movies and phonograph records, posters, windshield stickers, book matches, direct mail, newspapers, magazines and billboards. One of his slickest stunts was a series of post cards, depicting the joys of Army life, which recruits could mail to their friends after they reached an Army camp.

They're Sold on Security

The depression and unemployment played their part in the willingness of young men to enlist. War Department records disclose that getting a job was probably the principal motive. Second came a desire for travel and adventure, but a close third was the realization that the Army now constituted a career. The recruiting officers stressed this by pointing to the schools conducted by all arms of the service whereby soldiers could better themselves. The spiel of the recruiting sergeant would be roughly as follows:

"Do you know how many men in civilian life are dependent on charity or their children when they get old?"

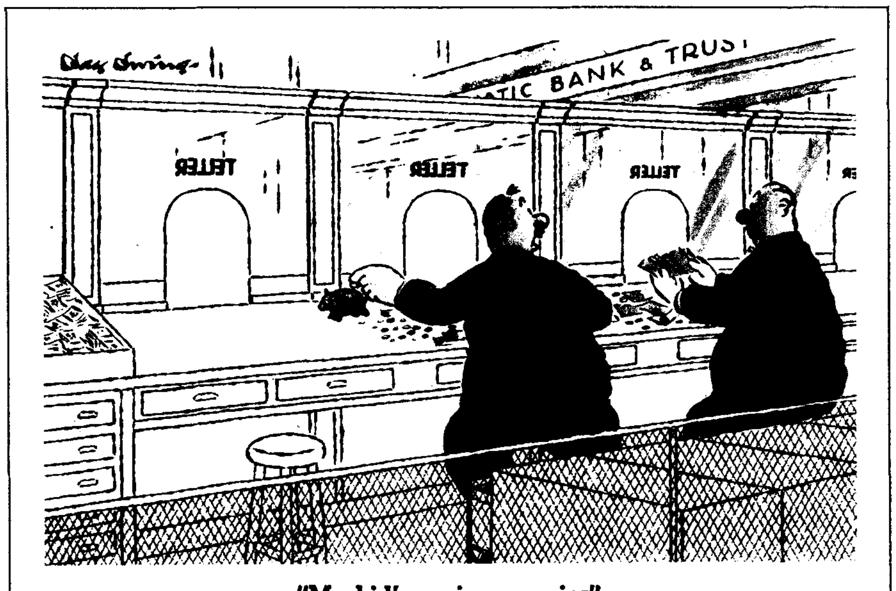
He would then quote the horrifying statistics of the insurance companies to show that a majority are. Then the sergeant would cite the compensation of noncommissioned officers.

"If you're any good at all, buddy," he would wind up, "you'll be getting $100 a month as long as you live after you've served thirty years. Say, that's better than the civil service, where you have to work for fifty! You're a kid of eighteen now. At forty-eight you can quit and do nothing as long as you live."

Direction of the campaign came from Washington. Yet Colonel Gilbert permitted wide latitude to the officers in command in the various corps. A blitzkrieg of publicity fell upon the states of Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana and Kentucky, which constitute the Fifth Corps Area.

Captain Ralph H. Dunlap, a veteran newspaperman and a reserve officer, was in charge, and his stunts rivaled those of a circus press agent. One day, thinking up headlines in his office at Fort Hayes in Columbus, the captain heard that Marylin Messke, who had been Miss America of 1939, was quietly doing nothing at her home in Marion. So he jumped into his car with an enormous recruiting poster of Uncle Sam, persuaded the beauty queen to pose alongside it and released it to the newspapers. Hundreds of them printed it.

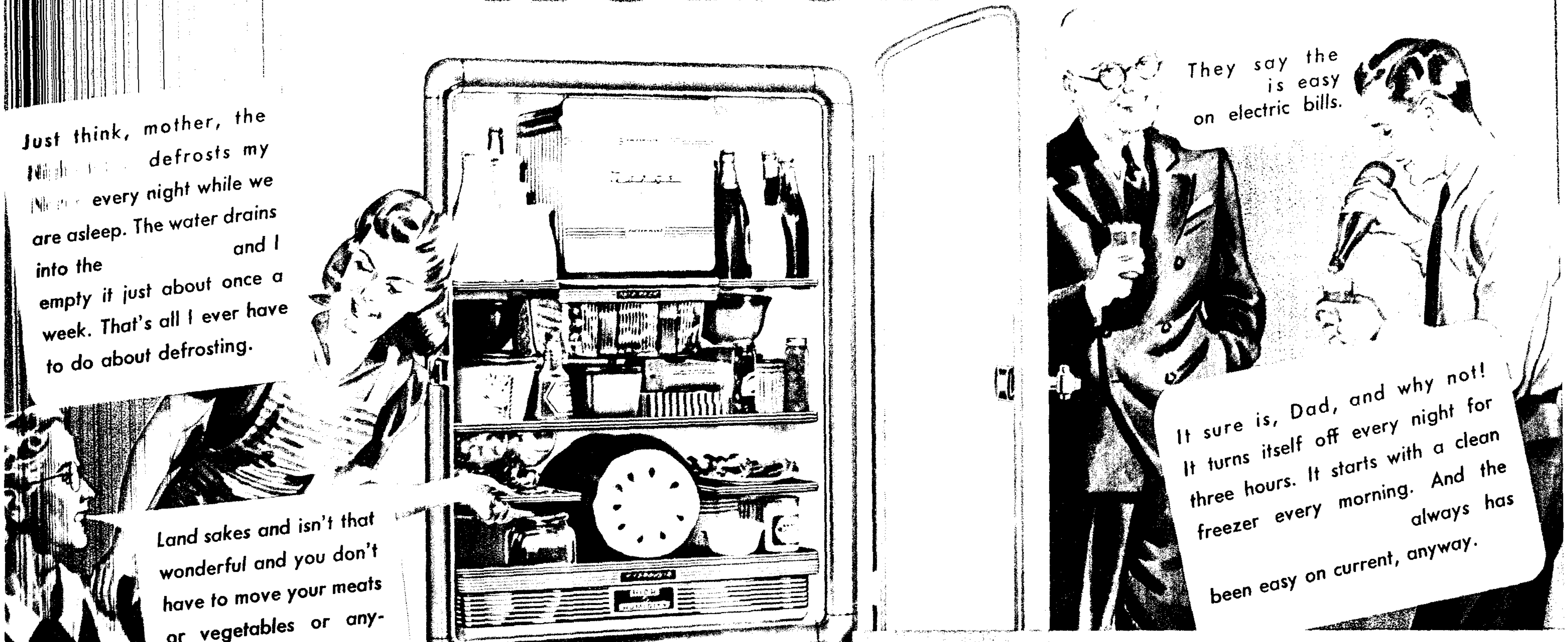
These high jinks caused some dismay among conservative Army heads in Washington. The record of the Fifth



"My kid's saving pennies"

JAY IRVING

A NEW KIND OF REFRIGERATION THAT'S YEARS AHEAD NORGE WITH EXCLUSIVE NIGHT-WATCH AUTOMATIC DEFROSTER



Just think, mother, the Night-Watch defrosts my Norge every night while we are asleep. The water drains into the [illegible] and I empty it just about once a week. That's all I ever have to do about defrosting.

Land sakes and isn't that wonderful and you don't have to move your meats or vegetables or anything for defrosting!

They say the [illegible] is easy on electric bills.

It sure is, Dad, and why not! It turns itself off every night for three hours. It starts with a clean freezer every morning. And the [illegible] always has been easy on current, anyway.

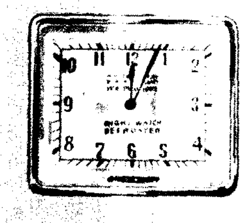
When you buy your new refrigerator, buy the newest, most modern, that the entire market offers—the new Norge with the exclusive Night-Watch Automatic Defroster. For Norge alone offers the supreme convenience of automatic defrosting *every night*, without any muss or bother.

And, because your Norge starts out each day with a clean, frostless freezer, you get better refrigeration, all day, every day, through all the years that your Norge will serve you.

Other important Norge features include the Hydrovoir High-Humidity drawer for fresh vegetables and the famous Rollator Cold-Maker with exclusive Motor Cooler for extra cold-making efficiency in extra hot weather.

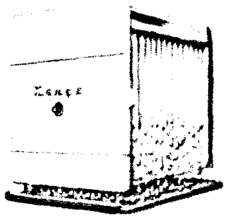
NORGE OWNERS: The Night-Watch is standard equipment on four new Norge models, but is also available at only $14.95 for the other Norge models which are equipped with the Safety-Sealed Freezer, Handefroster defrost receptacle and Coldpack fresh meat drawer. These are the exclusive features that make *fully* automatic defrosting possible only in Norge.

NORGE DIVISION BORG-WARNER CORPORATION • DETROIT, MICHIGAN



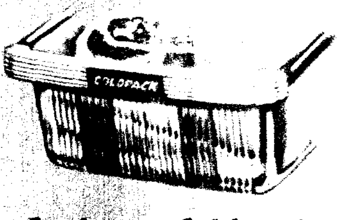
Every Night

after midnight, without any attention from you, this handsome self-starting Night-Watch clock turns off the Rollator Cold-Maker.



Frost Melts

from the outside of the freezer; there's no frost inside because the Safety-Sealed Fast-Freezer seals out moisture; cubes remain frozen.



Exclusive Coldpack

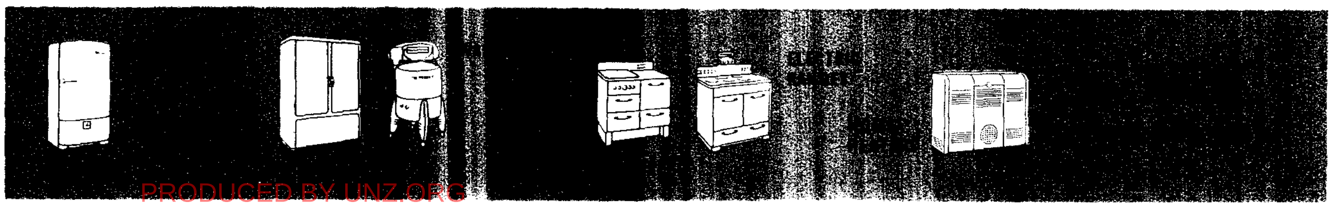
fresh meat drawer is not disturbed during defrosting because it has no defrosting duties to perform at any time; meat stays cold and moist. Vegetables, too, stay in their usual places during defrosting.

Exclusive Handefroster

is always in place to collect defrost water. Emptied about once a week like a pitcher. Defrosting over in three hours, the Night-Watch switches on current; Norge starts every day with a frostless freezer.

Only NORGE *gives you* AUTOMATIC DEFROSTING *Every Night plus these other features*

NORGE *Quiet-Flo* ROLLATOR REFRIGERATION



A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It Needs No Brush

Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day.* This daily shaving often causes razor scrape—irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream—not greasy or sticky.

BUFFER BETWEEN BLADE AND SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and oily sebum that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider forms a protective layer between the edge of your blade and the sensitive surface of your skin. It enables razor to remove each completely softened whisker at the skin line *without scraping or irritating the skin.*

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men in responsible positions—doctors, lawyers, businessmen and others who must shave *every day*—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

TRY A TUBE AT OUR EXPENSE—We're so positive that *Glider* will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've ever used that we'll send you a generous tube ABSOLUTELY *FREE.* No stamps —no cartons—no dimes. Just send your name and address to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. EG-7, Glastonbury, Conn. On this FREE trial test, we rest our case entirely. Don't delay—send in a penny post card today for your free tube of *Glider*. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

Everett B. Hurlburt
PRESIDENT

Corps Area was highly satisfactory, though. While Captain Dunlap was sounding his tom-toms, Colonel Samuel G. Talbott, the corps area recruiting officer, was quietly addressing civic clubs, schools and Chambers of Commerce and explaining the advantages of Army life. During last summer's campaign, Colonel Talbott became personally acquainted with every officer and noncommissioned officer in his corps area. Almost 20,000 men were recruited.

The Army is 100,000 men beyond the previously authorized strength of 375,000 at the moment, but the enlistment of three-year men is continuing, despite the draft. Replacements are constantly needed for men whose three years have expired.

Help from the Family

Recruiting methods varied in the different corps areas. Colonel J. B. Richardson, now in command in the Third and stationed at Baltimore, made a record in the Fourth, which is a Southern corps area operating out of Atlanta. Colonel Richardson had a simple method for making his sergeants turn in their quota of recruits. He assigned a minimum to each and they failed at their peril. The sergeant who consistently failed was promptly demoted and sent to a mule battery or some other unpleasant outfit.

Colonel Richardson, when in charge at Atlanta, was given one of the new streamlined truck-and-trailer outfits which Washington authorized at a cost of about $6,000 each. He sent it out with a crew to county fairs, ball games and gatherings of veterans. The trucks carried movie and sound equipment, posters and persuasive literature. Colonel Richardson was disgusted, however, when the one detailed to his section turned in a mere fifty recruits a month. He banished the crew, presumably to a mule battery, and substituted two of his best men. The first month they enlisted one hundred men and the next, 150. Finally this total soared to 1,000 recruits a month.

Early last year Colonel Richardson was impressed by reports from Sergeant John La Plant, stationed in Knoxville, Tennessee, who was leading the entire corps area. The colonel called on the sergeant.

"How do you do it, Johnny?" he asked.

"I go to the mothers and fathers," said Johnny.

The sergeant, of French-Canadian extraction, explained that he was a good churchgoer and met a lot of the parents there. He had reserved several days a week as "Family Day" at his recruiting station. Mothers, fathers, uncles and sisters flooded in on those days.

"I don't have to worry about getting enough applicants," Johnny told the colonel. "The relatives bring 'em in."

The Adjutant General's office would approve the local method of any corps area recruiting officer as long as he told the truth and got results. In Philadelphia, Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Schoenfeld compiled a list of all recent high-school graduates and sent them form letters pointing out the advantages of Army life. He organized a committee of businessmen and merchants who agreed to look for eligible young men. Thus when a youthful Philadelphian bought a necktie he was urged to look into the attractions of enlisting. He was given a printed card, signed by the merchant, "introducing" him to the recruiting station. The cards were a little like introductions to Grand Central Terminal or to the prairies of Texas. But they worked. The boys came in, were welcomed with warmth and a due proportion became recruits.

Colonel Schoenfeld's master stroke, perhaps, was giving farewell luncheons —to which newspaper reporters were invited—at which the dazzled rookies were well fed, addressed by a high-ranking officer and sent on their way. Sometimes, too, Colonel Schoenfeld would give to the papers a glowing little story about the later adventures of some lucky soldier. One of these described Jack Manley, who had searched for work without success, had enlisted and had sent back from Fort Belvoir, Virginia, reports of his happiness.

"This is certainly a beautiful place," Jack wrote. "I was very much surprised when I arrived to see all the grass and trees, paved roads, theaters, pools, gym. My idea of what an Army post looked like has certainly changed a lot."

All of this propaganda may lead any veteran of the World War to the conclusion that Uncle Sam is in for a series of damage suits for fraud and misrepresentation. The Army was never like that in 1917 nor for a decade, at least, thereafter. But there will be no lawsuits. The proof of any army lies in its proportion of re-enlistments, and these are now running, despite war jobs outside and the rising employment curve, at from 60 to 65 per cent. And yet it is true, too, that Colonel Gilbert and his men have shown themselves to be master salesmen. Herr Hitler had better watch out if war comes, if his legions encounter these high-pressure warriors.

Before Hitler knows it, Gilbert's men will be selling them framed photographs of Winston Churchill.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

colonels rule Groups. Brigadier generals are synonymous with Wings in the tactical units, and major generals preside over the four Air Forces of the United States. At the very top is the lieutenant general in command of the GHQ Air Force, which includes all these tactical groups.

For the Navy, whose planes—except shore-based patrol craft—operate from carriers, battleships and cruisers, these definitions apply: A three-plane formation is a Section. A Division is nine planes or one half a Squadron, which normally consists of 18. Two or more squadrons of the same type of planes are a Wing and two or more Squadrons of different types are a Group. Ensigns and lieutenants (junior grade) may command the sections and divisions. Senior lieutenants and lieutenant commanders head up squadrons and wings, and commanders are responsible for Groups. The various aircraft units then fall under the captains and admirals of the fleet units to which they are assigned.

Here are the ranks of R.A.F. officers and how they compare with ranks in the U. S. Army Air Corps:

Royal Air Force	U. S. Army Air Corps
Pilot Officer	Second Lieutenant
Flying Officer	First Lieutenant
Flight Lieutenant	Captain
Squadron Leader	Major
Wing Commander	Lieut. Colonel
Group Captain	Colonel
Air Commodore	Brig. General
Air Vice Marshal	Major General
Air Marshal	Lieut. General
Air Chief Marshal	General

F. R. N.

ROSES full of BUGS?

RED ARROW
GARDEN SPRAY

Kill them with Red Arrow Garden Spray. Quick, simple, inexpensive. Kills insects on roses, other flowers, shrubs. Also ants in lawns. Safe when sprayed for humans, birds, pets. 35c bottle makes several gallons. Easy directions on label. Buy Red Arrow Garden Spray where you buy garden supplies.

FREE Send post card for new, illustrated "Garden Insect Identification and Control Chart" to: McCormick Sales Co., Dept. 1D5, Baltimore, Md.

Remember, it's GLYCO-THYMOLINE for COLDS AND SORE THROATS

- Help soothe and relieve the discomforts of common colds and ordinary sore throats by gargling and spraying with Glyco-Thymoline. For over 50 years many physicians have used and recommended Glyco-Thymoline.

Also try Glyco-Thymoline as a refreshing mouthwash. At all drug stores.

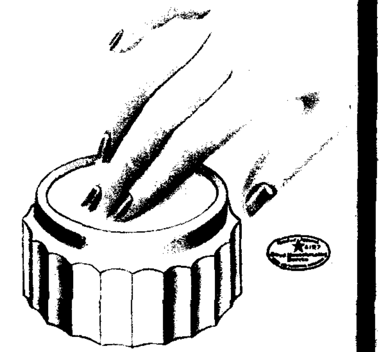
GLYCO-THYMOLINE

New *under-arm*

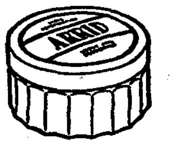
Cream Deodorant

safely

Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm clothes—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold...Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

"WHO SAID GOOD BLADES HAVE TO BE HIGH PRICED?"

Treat yourself to a super-keen, super-thrifty Marlin shave today!

Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES

DOUBLE EDGE 20 FOR 25¢
Single Edge 15 for 25¢

GUARANTEED BY MARLIN FIREARMS CO.—FINE GUNS SINCE 1870

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable,* are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Sister Sayers

Continued from page 14

Honolulu and I was the nurse. After that I was a nurse in everything they had. Along about the third picture I got mad at the director and it showed up on the screen. You can't fool that old camera. You can't fool those old directors, either."

After eighteen months M-G-M decided they had enjoyed the bedside manner of Miss Sayers long enough and failed to take up the option. She landed over at Columbia with Boris Karloff in The Man with Nine Lives. That was the time she picked out to have the sprained ankle, which held up the shooting for a day and got her a select collection of hard looks from the management.

"Probably an old football injury," the management said sourly.

New York is Fine, But—

Then Paramount took an interest in her and Preston Sturges almost went off his bat with protestations that she was the perfect female for The Great McGinty. Hmm, said the big bosses. . . . Too Young.

Herbert Wilcox at RKO decided that she was the only possible second lead for No, No, Nannette in the world.

"Then the writers forgot to write the part in," says Miss Sayers, not too happily.

RKO wanted her for Sunny and took up her contract but the script wasn't ready and she came on to New York with her aunt for a visit. When auntie wanted to go back home, Jo Ann stayed over and was awakened by Billy Grady, as previously related, and became Sister Eileen in the saga about the wonderful McKenney sisters who had come on from Columbus, Ohio, to conquer the metropolis. The minute she learned Kaufman wanted her for the part, she negotiated with RKO and bought off the contract.

"Who do you think you are?" asked her acquaintances in New York. "You haven't even gone into rehearsals; they'll probably throw you out after the first reading; the play is a cinch to be a flop, all plays are."

"I've never been in a flop," quoth Sayers grandly, and was truthful enough to add, "I've never been in anything."

The outlook was not too good at the first reading of the play with Jo Ann stumbling through her lines as if she were up before the Friday Afternoon Elocution and Ardent Home Work Club.

But that was the worst and, under Kaufman's patient coaching, she came around and was a very interesting and appealing Eileen when the play opened to huzzahs.

But with all that pride of being in a Broadway hit, her real desire is to get back to Hollywood and show those people. Naturally enough it isn't all revenge; she merely houses that bug that infects everybody who has started in the films rather than on the stage. They seem to realize that New York is New York and all right in its way but the movies are the world—or were until international events intervened.

Sayers is the long, willowy type, the kind that walks around in her stockinged feet at home to convince herself that she isn't tall.

"Only five feet six," she maintains and then adds, "no shoes."

She gets her blond hair from Papa Lilygren, who is a salesman of marine equipment and makes the rounds of the harbors from San Pedro to Seattle. She likes that well enough but if given an opening Jo Ann will point out that Mamma came originally from Kentucky. Old family. Good stock. Her oldest sister is married and lives in Detroit; her younger sister goes to school in Beverly Hills, where the family now live.

They could never quite figure out in Hollywood whether Jo Ann was naïve or subtle. She neither drinks nor smokes, but she eats like a mule and would sleep forever if her maid didn't get her up in time for her performances. She is skinny and tall but she is also healthy because from the time they could walk the Lilygren kids went in for dancing. Up on the toes mostly. Classical. Jo Ann does have ambitions about her acting. Her favorite instructor at the university was Sophie Rosenstein and when she gets back to Hollywood she will again study with Miss Rosenstein, who is now dramatic coach at Warner Brothers.

"Knows how to show you things," says Jo Ann, putting her imprimatur on Miss Rosenstein.

Unexpected as Usual

There is a scene in My Sister Eileen where six gentlemen from a Brazilian training ship follow sister Ruth home and proceed to fall in love with sister Eileen. Since they speak no English and are concerned entirely with sticking around as long as they can continue to be in her presence, the girls have a problem in getting rid of them. Eileen finally does it by constituting herself head of a conga line and dancing them out of the place. The only trouble is that they dance her right back in again, after leaving by the stairs right, crossing the stage in the rear and entering by the stairs left. Both stairs are off stage and events were complicated one night recently when Jo Ann tripped coming down the stairs left and landed in a heap at the bottom, with the Brazilian navy sprawled all over her. There were skinned elbows and shins and bumped heads.

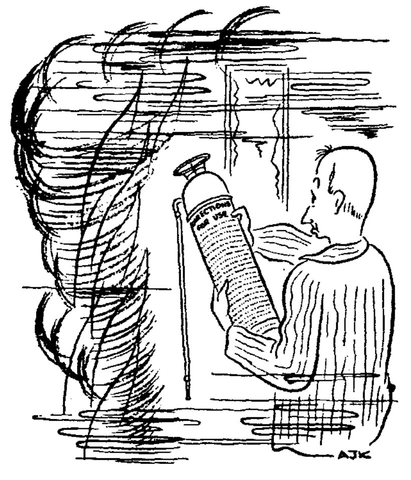
There was also a prolonged wait on stage, which Ruth (played by Shirley Booth) filled in by going to the window and saying plaintively, "I wonder where Eileen can have gone?" When that didn't bring Eileen and the navy, Ruth made it louder: "I can't imagine what became of that girl!"

At that moment Jo Ann managed to stumble on the stage.

"Here I am, Ruth!" she cried breathlessly.

"Unexpected as usual," said Ruth, sardonically.

And we may take that utterance as a symbolic explanation of the career of Jo Ann Sayers and leave the matter right there.



Look at YOUR heels!
Wingfoot
AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING RUBBER HEEL

A man can't look his tidy best
With spots and stains upon his vest;
The same applies with equal force
To wearing RUN-DOWN HEELS, of course.

TO wear down *evenly*, rubber heels must be made of live, *springy* rubber. That's the kind you get in Goodyear Wingfoot heels—rubber as tough as the tread of an auto tire! They last far longer, keep their trim, neat appearance—and are also more *comfortable* to walk on. Get a pair today, and see for yourself. Only 50¢ at any good shoe-repair shop!

made by GOODYEAR *the greatest name in rubber*

Wingfoot—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

FALSE TEETH WEARERS
often worst
breath offenders

Don't let Denture Breath and stains shout "False Teeth"

KEEP PLATES LIKE NEW WITH POLIDENT

Plates and bridges soak up odors and impurities like a sponge! A hard dark film collects on them. This film holds germs and decay bacteria. It is so tough that ordinary brushing seldom removes it. And it gets into every tiny crevice where brushing can't reach.

Almost always it results in "denture breath", one of the most offensive of breath odors. You won't know if you have it—*but others will.*

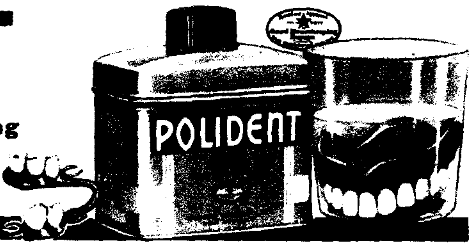
Yet there's a perfect way to clean and purify false teeth without brushing, acid or danger. It is Polident, a powder that dissolves away all film, stains, tarnish and odor. Makes your breath sweeter—and your plates or removable bridges *look* better and *feel* better.

Tens of thousands call Polident a blessing for convenience and hygiene. Long-lasting can costs only 30¢ at any drug store, *and your money back if not delighted.* Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau and thousands of leading dentists everywhere. Hudson Products Inc., New York, N. Y.

POLIDENT

Cleans and Purifies **Without Brushing**

Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.



$3.95

I CAN FEEL EVERY BREEZE THROUGH MY PORTIS STRAW!

"MAKE THIS ELECTRIC FAN TEST . . . TODAY!"

Stop at the store where you see this tropical maid in the window. Put a new Portis tropical straw on your head and step in front of an electric fan. Feel the c-o-o-l-n-e-s-s as the breeze swirls through. There's your proof of real summer comfort! Your hatter has these new Portis straws in the approved darker colors (light ones too)—in fashionable wide brims—with colorful interchangeable puggree bands . . . Get yours today!

$1.95 to $5.00

PORTIS BROS. HAT COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SEE YOUR HATTER TODAY!
CHOOSE YOUR PORTIS STRAW
and
ENJOY A COOLER SUMMER!

The Life Colossal

Continued from page 22

job on a dude ranch there, an[illegible] ay is high and the grub is wonder[illegible]

"Hade," I say, "I got to sit [illegible] a minute."

I sit down on the bedroll.

"Is it the blister again?" Hade [illegible]s.

"Yes," I tell Hade. I take off [illegible]eft boot for a while. We look ahead [illegible]ere we are going. "The mountains a[illegible]oming a little closer," I mention t[illegible]ade. We only discovered the mountains about an hour ago.

Hade says: "Steve, I'm sorry about the mountains. I would've swore there was no mountains on that map. Anyway," he says, "they are not high ones."

Only about a mile.

Well, it is sunset already, and I put my boot back on and Hade says he will carry the bedroll all the time now, and he picks it up and we go on, and the sun goes down and it begins to get cold, and a big moon comes up.

"We'll stop when we get to some woods, in the mountains," Hade says, "and get us some sleep and start early in the morning. Maybe we could find some water over there."

"Snow would be more like it," I tell Hade. A cold wind has come up.

Well, we come to the top of a ridge, and stop a minute to look around, and we look down just ahead of us and there is a town. It is standing there in the moonlight, and we are right on top of it. There are no lights in it.

Hade takes a look and says: "The map didn't show any town. I wonder what that would be." He gets out his map and strikes a match and looks at it. "No town," he says. He puts the map away. "And no lights in it," he says. We stand there a minute and look at it. "Let's go down," he says.

So we go down. When we get close to it we walk along kind of slow. It is a small place—one street with a few stores on both sides, and a few houses around. When we come to the beginning of the street we stop again. Still no lights. Nobody. There she stands, and the buildings are mighty old; there she stands in the moonlight. Nobody there.

Suddenly I have got it. "Ghost town!" I tell Hade.

He snaps his fingers. "Ghost town!" he says. "You have hit it on the head, Steve." He looks around. "This is the first ghost town I have ever saw in my life."

"Me too," I say. So we walk into this ghost town. "They moved out," I explain to Hade, "when the mining gave out. The gold. Boy, she's an old one."

"Sure is," Hade says. We stop in the middle of the town. He says, "Hell, I don't like the looks of her."

WE WALK down the old plank sidewalk, and the heels of our boots make a lot of noise, the only noise there is. We stop in front of an old saloon. Hade steps up on the porch and I go with him. The door is open. We look in. There is no back to the saloon. All fell in, or blowed away, or something. You can look right through it, at the hills. Hade says, "The devil. Let's keep going."

"My blister," I remind him.

So we go in. Hade throws the bedroll down in a corner. We do not say anything. We open up the bedroll and put the beans over by the wall—we are not hungry, we are just tired—and we take out the blankets and Hade gets two and I get one and the tarp, which makes it even. Last night it was the other way.

We turn in, and lay there and roll a couple cigarettes and light them. "Well, out of the wind, anyway," I say to Hade. Hade takes a puff of his cigarette. He says, "Steve, think of all the gold that was around here. What if we'd stumble over an old mine in the morning, and—"

"Go to sleep," I tell Hade.

"It could happen," Hade says.

We put out our cigarettes and stop talking.

SUDDENLY I am sitting up in the bedroll, and it is day, the sun is coming into the saloon from the back where the wall is not there, and Hade is sitting up straight, and we are looking at each other.

Everybody is talking and shouting.

I and Hade stand up quick, kick our blankets away and go to the door.

Half a dozen fellows is sitting on the porch of the saloon, right in front of us. They are old fellows; they have got long hair; they look like desert rats. A burrow, with shovels and pans tied on it, is hitched to a post right there. The fellows are sitting on the steps and the edge of the porch, smoking and talking.

There is a good many people in the street. Some cow hands are riding along. There is a Chinaman out there, with a long braid to his hair, and he has got some laundry.

"Gosh!" Hade says.

One of the fellows on the porch turns around. "Good morning," he says. I and Hade kind of jump.

Well, we better say something. "Good morning," I say. Hade says, "Good morning."

There is a movement in the street and here comes a girl, on a horse. She is dressed old-fashioned, but she is so confounded pretty I have never saw anything like it, even dude girls.

"Gosh!" Hade says again. He says, "Well, one thing about it, they sure had pretty girls in them days."

We are all mixed up.

A fellow comes along on foot. He is not like the others; he has got dude riding boots on and his hair is short and he is busy. He looks at the old coots on the porch and he nods and says, "Stay just the way you are." He sees I and Hade. "Listen," he says, "you two fellows go on up there with the others. Snap into it." He goes on.

We step out where we can see, and we look down the street and there is a movie camera and some people around it. Up the street there is a bunch of fellows, cow hands, sitting on horses. I and Hade look at each other and Hade is grinning, and he says, "Steve, so help me, this is the movies."

Well, it is a big relief, as I do not believe in ghosts anyway. "All we got to do," I tell Hade, "is get back out of sight here, and we can take the bedroll and go out the back way and circle around the whole thing."

The girl on horseback comes past again.

Hade rubs his nose. He says, "Steve, the way I have heard about it and read, it takes maybe ten years to get a job in the movies. We have went to sleep one night, and wake up and we are Gary Cooper or something." He starts toward the fellows on horseback.

"Hade!" I say.

"Come on," he says.

I catch up with him. "Hade," I tell him, "I can't act."

"All we have to do is ride around with the rest of them," he says. "Shut up and follow me, Steve."

THE fellow in the boots comes along. He is the boss. He is sore at I and Hade. He says, "You extras will drive me nuts yet! Get on a couple horses there, please, please, please!" He is waving his arms.

"Listen," I try to tell him, "I and Hade was just going past and we put our—"

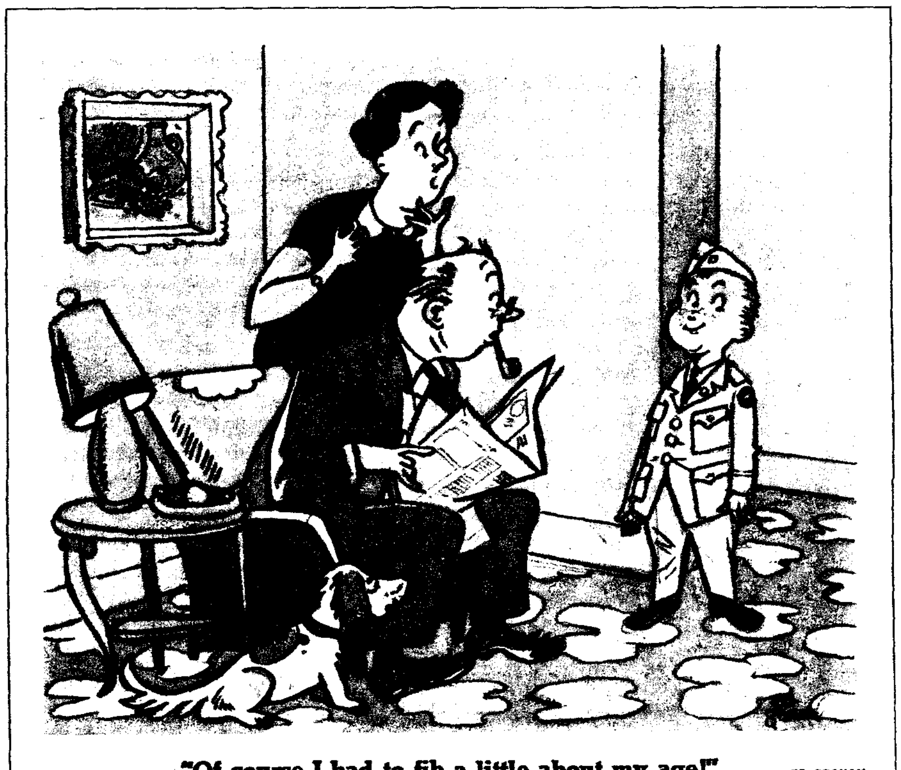
"Get in there!" he yells.

"Well, the way it was," I try again, "I and Hade—"

"Shut up, Steve," Hade says; and he pulls me away and a fellow that is holding some horses hands us the reins of two of them, and we take the reins and mount up and we are with the other fellows, maybe fifteen, waiting there. The girl is right beside us, talking to the boss. Hade is looking at that girl, he sure is. I am getting weak. I know what it is going to be now. I don't know how, but I know this fellow Hade, this pal of mine, inside and outside, and Hade is making plans.

Hade is in love again.

Hade is sure in love with this girl, and


"Of course I had to fib a little about my age!"

ED GRAHAM

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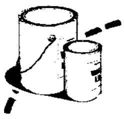

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she is mighty pretty. Every girl I and Hade have saw before is not as pretty as this one.

Goodby, Hade.

Now along comes a fellow on a big buckskin horse, a swell horse, and the fellow is sure fancy-looking. He has got a white hat, and his bridle and saddle are silver-mounted.

"Quiet!" somebody says.

The boss says: "All right, everybody. This is a retake of the last shot yesterday. Now Miss Arden, you ride down the street past the camera, and the first three of you fellows," he says, looking at us, "go after her, and the first one there pulls alongside and lifts her off the saddle. Let's go!"

A fellow down by the camera lifts his arm, and the boss nods to Miss Arden and she goes down the street at a gallop, and as soon as she is started he signals to us, and Hade and two others, up front, go after her. Well, the way it is with Hade, he can ride any old kind of a horse, and he is in front of the others.

The boss now nods to this big fellow, White Hat, and he goes after them as fast as he can ride.

Hade gets there ahead of the two that are with him, just past the camera, and he reaches over and lifts Miss Arden from her saddle and holds her good and tight.

Now along comes White Hat, and he rides up beside of Hade and takes Miss Arden away from him.

Somebody blows a whistle and the boss says, "Fine! Cut!" but it is not fine with Hade, and he rides beside of White Hat in two jumps, and he gets that girl back, and when he has got her back he rides into the big buckskin horse and White Hat is on the ground. And Hade throws Miss Arden across in front of his saddle and he is off his horse like he is going to tie a calf, and just as White Hat has got up Hade lets him have one on the nose.

WHITE HAT lets Hade have one back, and they mix it, and then the others are off their horses and one of them grabs Hade from behind and pulls him down, and all this causes some confusion and everybody is crowding around. The boss runs down there and the rest of us ride down. Hade is up off of the ground, and he has got a bloody nose, and the boss comes up and he is mighty sore.

"What the hell!" he yells at Hade. "You idiot, what do you think you are trying to do?" He swears at Hade good and loud, and he is sputtering around and waving his arms.

Hade blows the blood away from where it is trickling over his mouth. He says, "Well, he took her away from me."

The boss puts his hands to his head. "I'm going nuts," he says. "No, I am already nuts. I have been nuts since seven years ago, when I went into such a line of business. Don't you remember this from yesterday?" he asks Hade.

"We wasn't here yesterday," I tell the boss. And I tell him how I and Hade was just passing through, and they made us get on a horse and start acting. "Nobody would listen," I explain, "when we tried to tell them we was only passing through. I know a girl over at Palm Springs, Nancy Church, and we wanted to go see her, also look for a job."

Everybody gets sore.

The movie cow hands kind of walk in toward Hade. I am off of my horse; I am beside of Hade. "Come on, two at a time," I tell them.

"Any number," Hade says, getting ready and looking at White Hat.

The boss crowds in between the others and stands there looking at us. "Get out of here," he says; and he moves his arms around; he is going nuts again. "Get out of here!"

Hade looks over to where Miss Arden is standing. She is not looking sore at Hade. No, she is sure not looking very sore. There is something about that fellow Hade, even when he has got a nosebleed.

"Goodby," Hade says to her; and he takes off his hat and bows down and swings his hat around. She waves back. He turns away, and I turn away with him, and we walk up the street. When we have gone a little ways, Hade stops and looks back. So do I. The rest are getting ready to start the movie again. But the girl is looking. Hade waves his hat.

She puts her hand way high in the air and waves back at Hade.

WE GO on. Hade says, "Steve, I'm mighty good and thirsty." So am I. We stand there and look around. Over to one side of the little town, in a kind of arroyo, are some trucks and tents, and two busses and some cars. "Let's go over there," Hade says.

"Let's go to Palm Springs," I tell Hade.

"And leave the bedroll?" Hade says. "We got to hang around in these hills, Steve, till they quit work and go home or wherever they go, and we can go get our bedroll."

So we go over to where the tents is at, and one of them is a cook tent, and we asked the fellow for a drink of water and he gives it to us, and he asks us if we have ate our breakfast yet, and we tell him no, and he fixes us up some ham and eggs and coffee. It is sure good. He is a swell fellow. He tells us that the movie actors are staying at a kind of lodge in the mountains, one of these resorts, but they eat here. He shows us around the various trucks and tents and says what they are for, and Hade asks him a lot of questions and it is time for the fellow to get lunch ready for the actors and I and Hade have to leave.

We circle around.

"We'll get behind a ridge," Hade says, "and find a nice place in the sun, and lay there and watch them. If you are in Hollywood," he says, "it costs anyway ten dollars to watch, and here we get it for nothing. Boy, we are sure lucky."

Yes, we are sure lucky. We are gold-plated.

So we go down a draw, with a ridge between us and the town, which the fellow has told us was made by the movie people, then we climb a ridge and there she is right in front of us, and a little below. We find a good level place and kick the worst of the rocks away and lay down on our belly where we can see over the ridge and watch.

They are still making the same part of the movie as when we was there. When White Hat takes the girl away this time, they let him keep her.

"I did it wrong, no question about that," Hade says.

The movie people quit and go over toward the place where the tents and things are at.

"They are going to eat," I tell Hade. "Now is our chance, Hade. We can get the bedroll and beans and start out for Palm Springs."

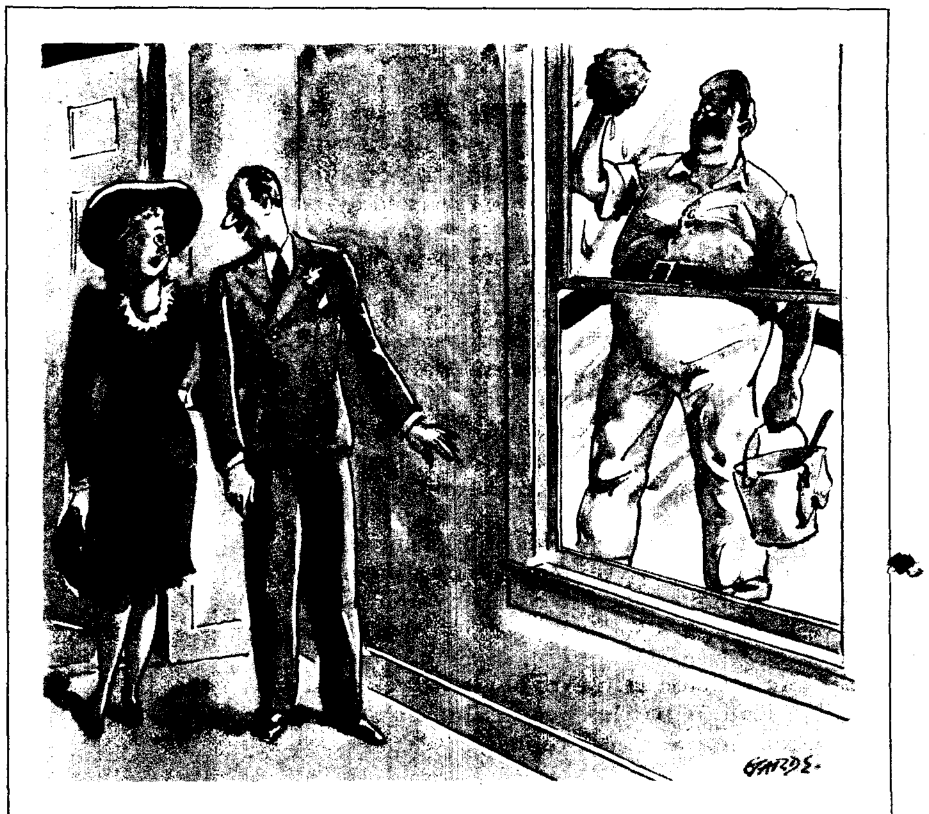
Hade says, "Steve, I have been thinking her over, and I don't think Nancy would be in Palm Springs anyway. California is a big place. She didn't have any special reason for going to Palm Springs, did she?" I tell Hade I don't suppose she did. He says: "Well, there you are. She wouldn't be there, Steve. Where she would be is something like Fresno, or maybe Long Beach. I think it would be Long Beach, down there near Hollywood. She might even be in Hollywood. We could look there first. That's where she is, Steve."

"But we was out to get a job," I remind Hade. "You said Palm Springs was the best place."

Hade rubs his nose. He says, "Steve, it wouldn't be as good as the movies. Let's just watch them the rest of the day. We could easy enough learn how to do her."

"Hade," I tell Hade, "you have started your nose bleeding again."

Hade wipes off his nose.



"Wait till you see the view from this window" CHESTER GARDE

THE sun is almost down when the movie people quit work for the day and leave the little town.

"Let's get started," I tell Hade.

Hade says, "Boy, I am sure hungry. Steve, they have went over to eat, at the tents. What we should ought to do is, instead of starting right out, we should ought to wait around until they have finished eating, over there at the tents, and we could go over there after they have left, like this morning, and get some mighty fine grub. I have saw how they do it in the movies. The biggest steaks you ever saw in your life. Plenty of this caviar, chicken, turkey, lobsters,

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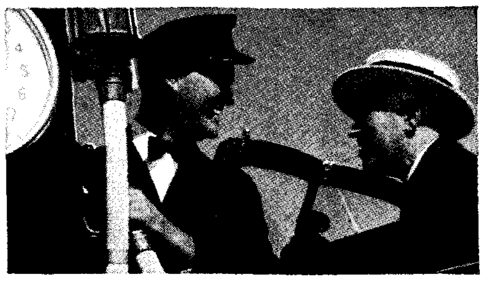

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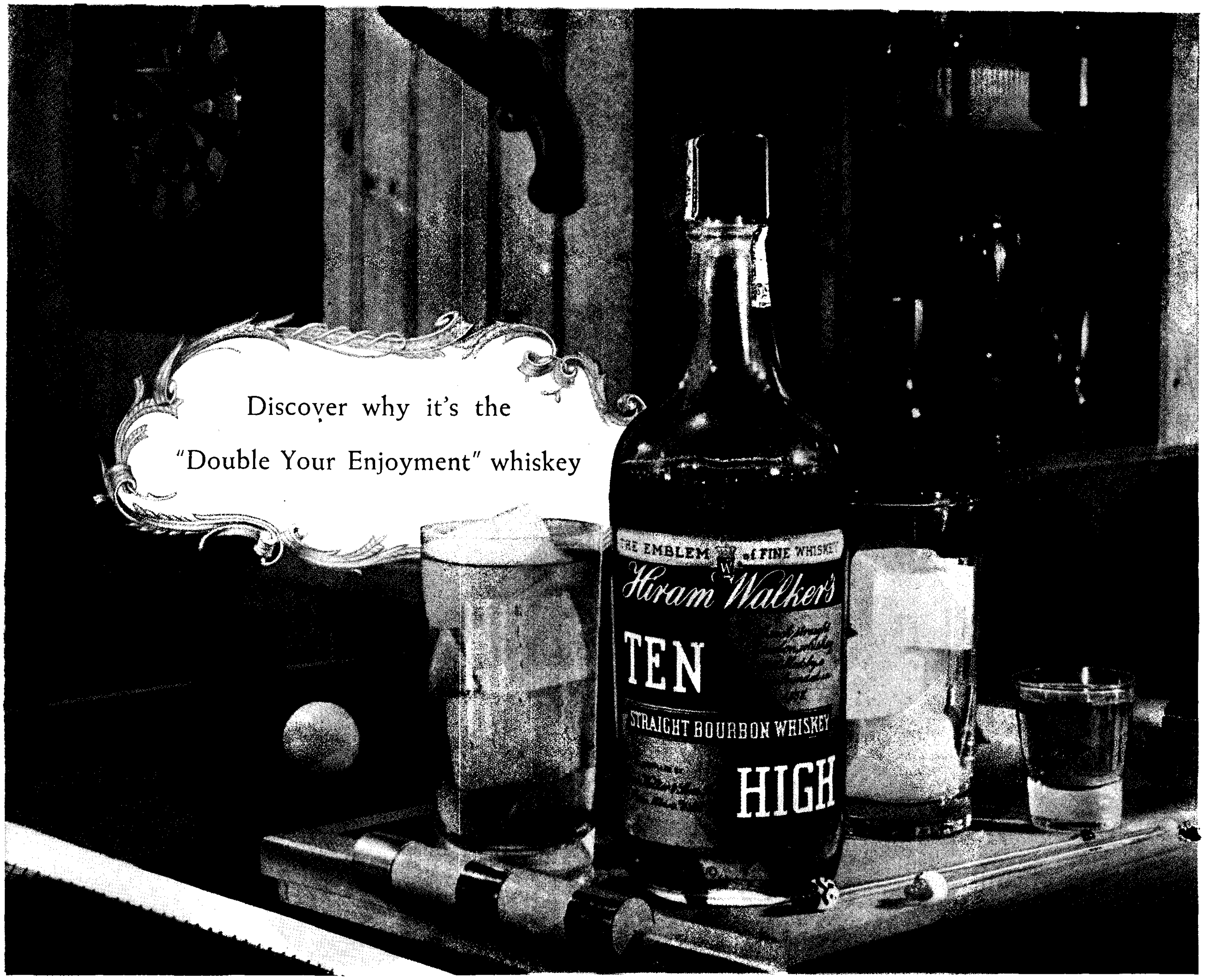
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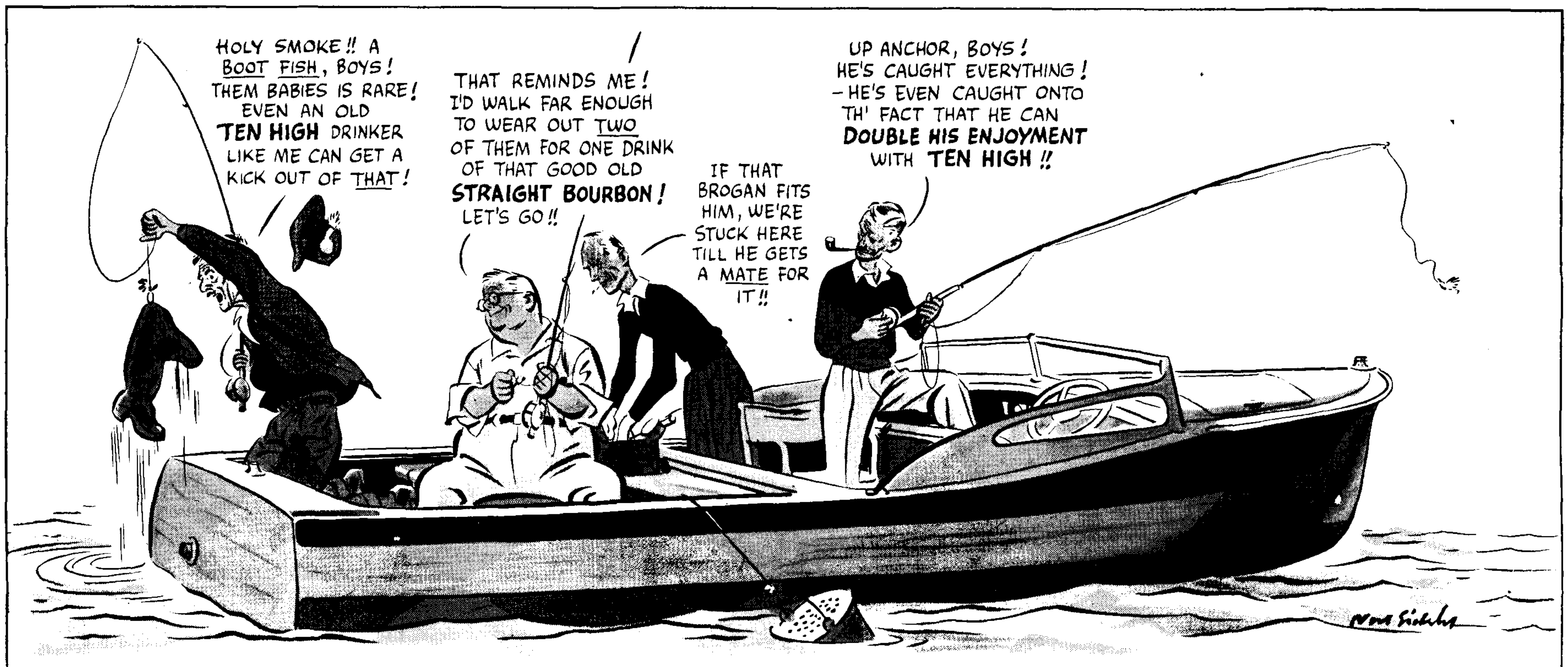
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THAT REMINDS ME! I'D WALK FAR ENOUGH TO WEAR OUT TWO OF THEM FOR ONE DRINK OF THAT GOOD OLD STRAIGHT BOURBON! LET'S GO!!
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imported whisky if we want a drink, and all the rest of it."

"What's the matter with our beans?" I ask Hade. "We have lugged them," I tell him, "all this ways. Blister on my heel, and all."

"Beans!" Hade says. He puts his hands to his head. "I'm going nuts!"

Well, we walk down the draw and circle around for almost an hour, and we come up behind the tents, very slow, and look around. Nobody but the cooks, cleaning things up. I and Hade walk down there, and the same fellow is there from the morning, and he asks us if we want to eat, and Hade says we could stand a little of her, and he tells us to sit down, and brings out our supper. It is lamb stew and it sure is good, and the fellow gives us seconds twice, and plenty of coffee, and we thank the fellow and start over to get our bedroll.

We roll up a couple cigarettes and walk along, smoking. Everything is mighty fine. Hade says: "Steve, it's dark pretty soon now. What we should ought to do is sleep in the place there again tonight and get a good early start in the morning."

"Hade," I tell Hade, "I'm pulling out of here tonight if it's the last thing I ever do in my life. We wouldn't get any early start, Hade, with Miss Arden around here acting. What you ought to do, Hade, is forget about Miss Arden. She is part of the movies and we are just going through here."

Hade takes a deep puff of his cigarette. He says, "I'm sure in love with her, Steve. She is mighty pretty."

"The whole Western coast out here," I remind Hade, "is alive with them. Just as pretty. Maybe some even better. No use deciding on the first one you see."

"However it is," Hade says, "she is the one I am in love with."

We have come to the beginning of the street and turned down it toward the saloon where our bedroll is at, and we are almost there when Hade stops and takes hold of my arm and I stop. He is looking across the street. A big automobile is pulled in there between two of the old buildings.

"Somebody in it," Hade says.

IT IS almost dark out, but we can see somebody there behind the wheel. He is smoking a cigarette, and we can see the red when he puffs.

"What is this, anyway?" Hade says, looking around. It is mighty quiet. I do not like the feel of things and Hade does not like the feel of things. We go along kind of slow, walking easy on the sidewalk so the heels of our boots do not make too much noise. When we get to in front of the saloon we stop and look around. Nobody moving; not a sound. Just like last night, except for the fellow in the car.

We walk up on the porch of the saloon. The door is open. We go in.

"Well," Hade says, "nobody—"

A flashlight goes on. Two.

Half a dozen follow.

"Come on, Steve!" Hade says, and he jumps toward them. I am beside of him.

Somebody has got me from behind. Hade is swearing; they have got him, too. Somebody says, "We thought you'd be back after the bedroll."

A fellow stands in front of I and Hade. It is the boss. He says to us, "Take it easy, boys. We have come back to get you. We have decided to leave that scene in—the fight. They kept the camera going and we have got it and it will be terrific. We got to change the story a little, but the fight is worth it. Let them go," he tells whoever is holding us. They let us go. He says, "Excuse us for laying in wait for you, but we was afraid if you saw us you'd think it was something different, and beat it. And we had to get you because Miss Arden is determined to have the fight in the picture."

"We are on our way to Palm Springs," I tell the boss.

"Shut up, Steve," Hade says.

The boss says to Hade: "It will only be a small part for you, maybe, a couple of lines, but you'd get a bonus on account of the fight, and it would be enough for peanuts."

"Well, Steve would have to be part of it too," Hade says. "I and him are together. The both of us or not any."

The boss looks at me and he is going to go nuts again. He waves his arms. "Both, then," he says. "We can go up to the lodge and talk it over."

So I pick up the bedroll, fix it up and put the beans back in it, and we go out. There is another car between a couple of other buildings, and most of the fellows go in it, and I and Hade get in the big one, with the boss. The fellow sitting in the car is the driver. We drive out of the town and up a little road. We sit in the car, kind of lay back and take her easy, there is plenty of leg room, and we roll a cigarette and Hade says:

"Steve, I was right again. We have got ourselves a ride, out here in the hills, even better than if we had stuck to the highway." I cannot think of anything to say. Hade says: "It is sure a colossal life."

AFTER a while we come to where the lodge is at. Our car pulls up in front, and we get out. It is a big place, one of these resorts, and it is full of lights. The boss tells us to come on, and Hade starts, but I do not start. Hade says, "Come on, Steve."

I do not come on.

"Hade," I say, "wait a minute." They both stop. I tell Hade: "Hade, it is no use. I don't want to be in any movies. I want to go on to Palm Springs, like we figured. Like we talked her over, back there. Hade, you go on, and I'll see you later. Maybe in the spring we'll want to go back north. You go ahead, in the movies, and I'll look you up in Hollywood."

"Steve," Hade says, "you come along with me. We've got a fine job, a colossal job for the winter."

I do not say anything. Hade knows what that means. If I keep on talking, argue some more, Hade is going to switch me around, but Hade knows and I know that when I don't say anything more, it is mighty final. It is good and final, it is the end of her.

"Take the job," I tell him. "Take her, Hade. Maybe there's only one job over at Palm Springs anyway. Good night, Hade."

Hade stands there.

"Good night, Hade," I tell him.

Hade says, "Good night, Steve. Say hello to Nancy."

We do not shake hands. I and Hade never shake hands, we just go ahead and do her, whatever she is we have in mind to do.

The boss says, "Steve, if you're going to Palm Springs—" He stops, and turns to the driver of the car. "Take Steve to Palm Springs," he says. "Get in, Steve," the boss says.

I get in. The boss closes the door. Hade is standing there. He makes a kind of sign at me, with his hand. He is grinning. I make a sign back. The sign is that we will see each other later on.

The fellow drives the car away, and I am in her. I have got my bedroll beside of me, right on the seat, and I am kind of leaning against it, and I can feel the cans of beans inside.

Boy, I am going along in style now. Hade has got a job in the movies, a fine job for the winter, I am going to see Nancy Church and the whole thing is mighty colossal.

I am sorry I have forgotten to ask Hade for his autograph, to take to Nancy.

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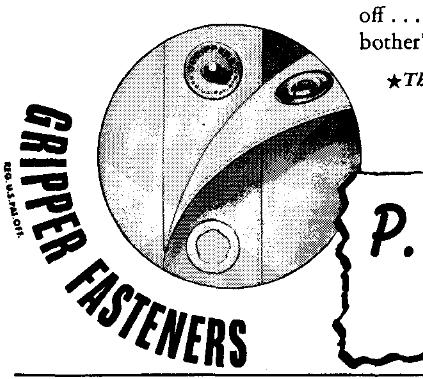

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My Boy Billy

Continued from page 15

Despite all this, his friends think the world of him. He's just a big Irish kid with a sense of humor as out of shape as a dollar straw hat after a rainstorm. He's like the friend who whacks your blistering sunburned back and then roars like a hyena about it. You all know the type.

Billy and I first met up nearly ten years ago, when he was just fourteen. For several years after I had quit the ring as a fighter, I had a gym in Pittsburgh. Naturally, things weren't any too hot. Sometimes you had the rent and enough left over for a steak, or a hamburger. Sometimes, when the "panic" was on—and that was oftener than not—you tried friend landlord with the one about the check that was delayed or the roll that slipped through a hole in your pocket.

Then, one day, the jack pot was laid right in my lap. As in most gymnasiums, a lot of hero-worshiping kids used to come into my place every afternoon to watch fighters train. Among them was a little 100-pounder, but every day the bigger boys would chase him out or push him around.

His father and I used to spend part of every afternoon at a near-by bar. One day, the father asked me a favor.

"Johnny," he explained, "my Billy comes into your place every afternoon, and every afternoon the big boys chase him. Tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a buck a week if you let him in the gym and teach him a few things about boxing."

Well, a dollar a week isn't much now, but in those days it was a couple of meals—or four drinks. So I took "Pop" up on it, and Billy began to make a regular daily visit. Along about the fifth day he was there, he got off in a corner by himself, when he thought no one was looking, and started to shadow-box. So help me, as soon as he put up those little fists and made his first move, I fell in love with him.

A Career is Born

I knew, somehow, here was a fighter, just as you know you're going to like a big, thick, juicy steak before ever you put your knife and fork to work on it. Up to then, you understand, Billy had never fought before, unless you count those street scraps that are part of every kid's upbringing. And Billy, with more than his share of Irish temper, had had enough of those to take care of an entire neighborhood.

From that day on Conn, Ray & Company went into business. He started actual boxing as a lightweight, and fought right through the welterweights, middleweights and light heavies.

Some who aren't acquainted with us try to say I haven't Billy's interests at heart, that I'm mismanaging him in matching him with Louis and that actually Promoter Mike Jacobs is his manager. Do you think I'd even give Louis another thought if I didn't think Billy was a cinch to win?

His punching has improved. Look how he knocked Bob Pastor right through the ropes. He hurt Lee Savold and he gave Al McCoy such a beating that McCoy was a soft touch for Louis a couple of months later. Conn's maturer, too, and Louis isn't the Brown Bomber any more. Or, if he is, he'd better go into dry dock for a going-over and a new load of ammunition before long.

When you come right down to it, conditioning is what is going to beat Joe Louis. It's the first rule of the fight game, and a fighter might as well try to do his stuff with a strait-jacket on as to get anywhere without it.

Folks think I'm a bug on the subject. Do you know that before the Pastor fight last year I had Billy box as much as 10 to 12 rounds daily, and even put him through several rounds the day before the bout. As I walked from that final workout, I heard one veteran manager say to another:

"That Johnny Ray is nuts."

All the evidence I can offer against that claim, besides a willingness to submit to an examination if demanded, is that Billy knocked his man out, when not even his best friends thought he could.

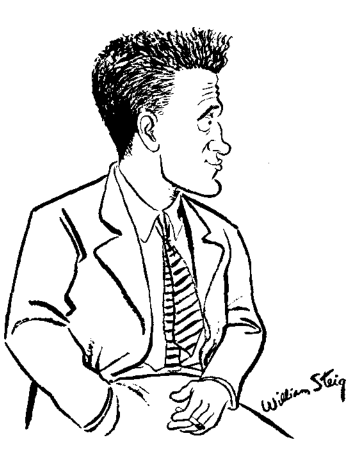
Let's go back over Louis' fights in the last two or three years. He has been hurt several times, but on each occasion it was just for a second or two. His opponents weren't able to follow up and take advantage of their momentary edge.

Take Tony Galento, for instance. He walked out against Joe and let fly with that left hook which hit like a long-range cannon. Joe's knees looked like two helpings of grape jelly. If Tony had let go another one right then, the chances are he might have knocked Joe into left field that night. He just couldn't follow up, and Louis, who recovers faster than a kid with a tummy ache, came back to cut him down.

How about game old Jim Braddock? He knocked Louis down with almost the first punch of their fight but couldn't keep it up. Or Pastor, who hurt Joe in the eighth round of their fight in Detroit in 1939? Or Natie Mann, who made him blink? Go right down the list.

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 41



William Steig attended City College (N.Y.) for two years, where he made the All-Collegiate Water Polo team, then left to study art at The National Academy. Although Steig is chiefly known as a cartoonist (see opposite page) his water colors have been internationally shown, and he is represented in the Brooklyn Museum's permanent collection. At thirty-three, his main preoccupation is wood sculpture, which received wide notice last year following his first exhibit in Manhattan.

Louis has flattened them right and left, but before he put most of them away they hurt him.

Well, this is a warning to Joe not to look for anything like that from Billy. When Conn has a man hurt, he never lets up. He's as cruel as an executioner. Just give him an inch and he's likely to wind up with his opponent's arm. And when he's finished with them, they're usually ready for the cleaners.

Take Pastor, for instance. Billy knocked him clean through the ropes in the Garden, then flattened him. You don't do that with a love pat in your glove. And what has Pastor done since that happened?

Then there was Fred Apostoli. Billy gave him a once-over-lightly twice. Fred was never the same afterward, blew his title not many months later, and finally hit the skids altogether. Then came Melio Bettina. Billy won the light-heavyweight championship from the Beacon, New York, southpaw one hot night in 1939 and defended it against Melio's challenge two months later in Pittsburgh. Twenty minutes after their second fight, Bettina still lay on a table in his dressing room, gasping.

"So Conn can't hit?" he grunted to newspapermen. "Yeah, so I'll take vanilla. Don't let anybody kid you about him. He may not knock you out, but nobody knows how he hurts you!"

How about Lee Savold? The glamor boy from Des Moines was a red-hot attraction around New York. Billy chilled him so much that it's doubtful if he'll ever get warm or come east again. And Solly Krieger. He was middleweight champ when Billy fought him. Billy did such a good job that Solly lost his title to Al Hostak his very next time out.

The Sledge-Hammer System

Now, we aren't claiming that Conn carries a trench mortar in one fist and a torpedo in the other. But we do maintain that William's wallop hasn't exactly been a mosquito bite up to now. And we do insist that Billy couldn't have done all he did to fellows as good as Pastor, Krieger, Apostoli and the rest if he had a cream puff in one glove and a feather duster in the other.

If the evidence so far presented isn't enough, get ready for the real McCoy when he says "howdy" to Mr. Louis. He'll be able to belt with anything short of a pile driver or an Army mule then. How are we going to do it? Well, have you ever noticed the shoulder muscles of a blacksmith, or the strength of his arms? They look pretty powerful, don't they? Billy's going to develop the same muscles, the muscles where the power comes from, in the same way a blacksmith does—swinging a sledge hammer.

You've probably walked down the midway of a carnival or a county fair any number of times and had some leather-lung holler at you:

"Come on, folks, ring the bell and get a big cigar."

You've probably tried it too—swinging a mallet against a little platform and then watching a weight shoot up a pole.

Well, we're going to work it the same way for Billy. He'll have half a dozen sledge hammers, weighing, say, from five to twenty-five pounds. Then we'll have one of those ring-the-bell platforms, with extra-heavy springs to make it tougher and so that we won't need a very high pole. Billy will swing those sledge hammers on that thing a couple of hours every day.

Have you ever tried swinging a sledge? You feel it not only in your shoulders, but in your back and legs too. Those are the spots we're going to develop on Billy. When he finishes with that thing, his punch will be 15 per cent more effective.

Just a Guy Named Joe

Well, take it from some of the guys Billy has faced, if Conn hurts Louis, the Bomber hasn't any more chance of getting away than a sucker has of keeping his bank roll from a blonde. To Billy, Louis is just another guy named Joe. He'll keep after the Bomber until there just isn't any explosion left in your champion. Billy is already telling pals he's a cinch to knock Louis out.

Some time, if you see Max Baer alone, pull him over into a corner and ask him about the time he and Billy were house guests at Mike Jacobs' Rumson, New Jersey, home.

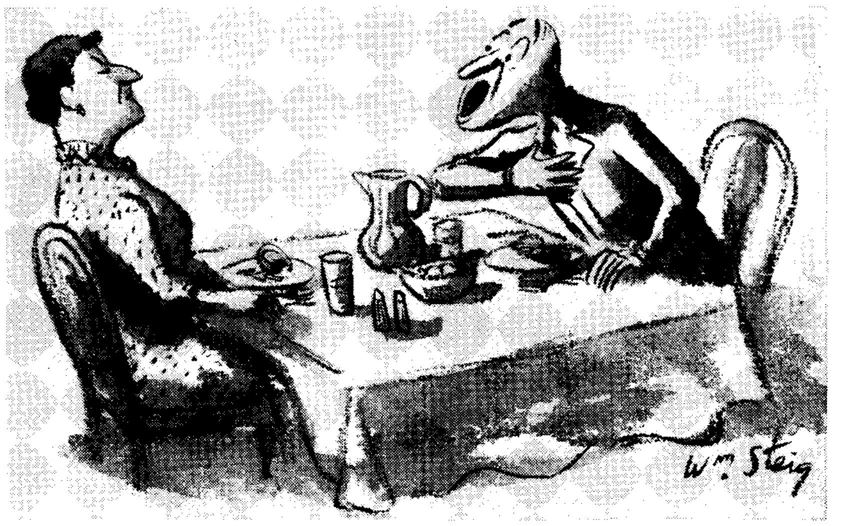
Trying to make a big impression, Max was being very patronizing to the "little boy from Pittsburgh."

"Look, Billy," he said one afternoon, thumping his big, manly chest with his fists, "if you're sure you can beat a man, if you have in your mind a fixed idea you're better than a certain fellow, you're a cinch to whip that fellow. It's all mental."

This didn't sit well with Billy. He walked right up to Max, stuck out his chest and his chin and doubled his fists at his sides.

"Hey, Max," he snarled, "I don't have to think I'm better than any other man to be able to beat him. I know I can lick any so-and-so in the world, any time and anywhere."

The big, bad Baer got a sickly grin on his face, deflated like a tire with a spike in it and stumbled right out of the room. That's how it is with our Billy. No one can "con" him, because he won't be buffaloed. And just like Max found it out—so will Joe Louis when he meets Billy Conn. Don't say I didn't warn you.



"What do you want from me? Did I tell Hitler to bomb England?"

WILLIAM STEIG

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WILLIAM WIDER

Hellzapoppin's road show last month entertained the boys at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. Stars (left to right) were Eddie Garr, Billy House and Bobby Jarvis. Audience: 3,220

Our New Army

Continued from page 20

vehicle. It's hard to get fifty to a hundred regular operators for just two days of the week, so Colman hires soldiers, paying them $1.40 a trip. It's a break for the soldier-drivers who are married and have to support their wives off the post.

Six months ago when Colman appeared, there were only two busses in good running order; last month the present fleet carried a total of 155,000 soldiers, and Colman is planning to buy ten more coaches. Bus receipts, incidentally, constitute about the only accurate guide as to where soldiers go. Train commuting is almost negligible (but may pick up following the rate reduction announced some time ago) and no one can even guess how much of the Army travels in private cars (there are 3,338 registered at Fort Lewis). Bus fares last month included 115,000 to Tacoma, 25,000 to Olympia, 10,000 to Seattle and 5,000 to Portland. Colman operates through the Post Exchange and knows he needs the good will of the soldiers. He operates busses all night from Tacoma on week ends but tries to get the last bus out of Seattle by midnight. He has many times answered the phone at 2 A.M. to hear the plaint of a lone soldier stranded in Seattle, and has rescued him with a station wagon (ninety minutes each way).

Colman's drivers know how to handle drunks, too. If a couple of them start raising a little private hell in a bus packed with eighty-three other soldiers, the driver pulls over, stops and addresses the cutups. "Okay, boys," he announces, "when you've had your fun, we start rolling again." Most of the rest of the passengers are anxious to get back to the fort, Colman explains, so they attend to the wise guys themselves.

ODDLY enough, in most barracks there's less discussion of the European war than in civilian life. Most soldiers are too wrapped up in their work and play to talk about it; others go for days without seeing a newspaper; many don't like to discuss the situation. Almost all are opposed to going to war but feel that American participation is inevitable.

"Sometimes, though," say Seattle Guardsmen Dick Eriksen and Ed Elmore, "when you're maneuvering in the field you almost wish it was the real thing, so you could see how you'd stack up. Professional curiosity." To keep things up to date, officers frequently draw parallels from Europe. In a recent lecture to 146th Field Artillery drivers they pointed out that the Italians suffered severe truck losses at the hands of the British because the trucks were traveling bumper to bumper, like elephants in a circus parade. Destroy one and you've ruined several. Another touch of authenticity at the fort during mock wars is supplied by planes dropping flour sacks on hidden gun emplacements. The boys on the guns say that it gives them the creeps when a sack lands near by.

LOUISIANA

CAMP BEAUREGARD, Alexandria. Members of Co. L and Headquarters Detachment, 3d Battalion, 125th Infantry (Michigan National Guard) have something to boast about in the size of the check presented to them by their Port Huron friends. Veterans' organizations assisted the Exchange Club in staging a military ball to raise money as a send-off present, and the result was a $1,300 check—three feet wide and eight feet long.

FLORIDA

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. In the future, the 106th Engineers of the 31st Division won't ask civilians to inspect and test their tactical exercises. It'll save them a lot of extra work. One day last month the regiment trekked 165 miles to Tampa and tossed a pontoon bridge across the Hillsborough River in record time, then invited Tampa citizens to take a look at, and try out, their handiwork. The citizens came. Across the bridge rolled a score of cars. But at the far end lay marshy ground and into this, hub deep, they sank. The 106th pulled them out as officers switched the take-off to another point a few yards away. Twenty more cars crossed the bridge, this time to stall hopelessly in a mess of Florida sand. The weary 106th finally got them back to hard ground and headed for home,

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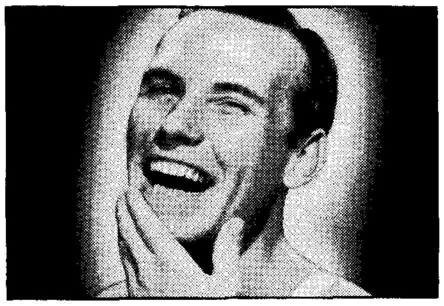

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Try my way to shave! Apply Noxzema *before you lather—or use it alone as a brushless shave.* It works two ways! It's a marvelous beard softener, and its soothing medication helps protect sensitive skin.

Prove it to yourself with a small trial jar. Save money later by getting the Giant Hospital Size. At all drug stores.

resolving to let civilians read all about their future exploits.

ACCORDING to a general order issued to the Dixie Division, hitchhiking is "unmilitary, a discredit to the uniform and detrimental to the standing the Army enjoys with the civilian population." In other words, it's not the thing to do. The ukase was received without a ripple, because Blanding is too far away from any attractions to make thumbing worth while.

THE New England Division has produced some of the most nicely landscaped streets ever seen in a military camp, but Dixie Division lads haven't told them that a great deal of their effort has been wasted on desert soil. The New Englanders, unfamiliar with things Floridian, have lugged hundreds of yellow pine saplings and saw palmettos from the woods and set them in orderly rows throughout their area. They didn't know it's almost impossible to transplant a pine unless it comes directly from the nursery seed bed in early infancy, and that the saw palmetto is one of those things that "just grows." "A pine sapling," explains a Cracker from the Florida field artillery, "has a taproot that goes straight down and nobody ever yet dug one up. Without it a pine won't last. The palmetto's no better; its root is as big around as your leg and runs along just under the surface of the ground. You'd have to dig up an acre to get a palmetto, with roots; and without them it will droop—but fast."

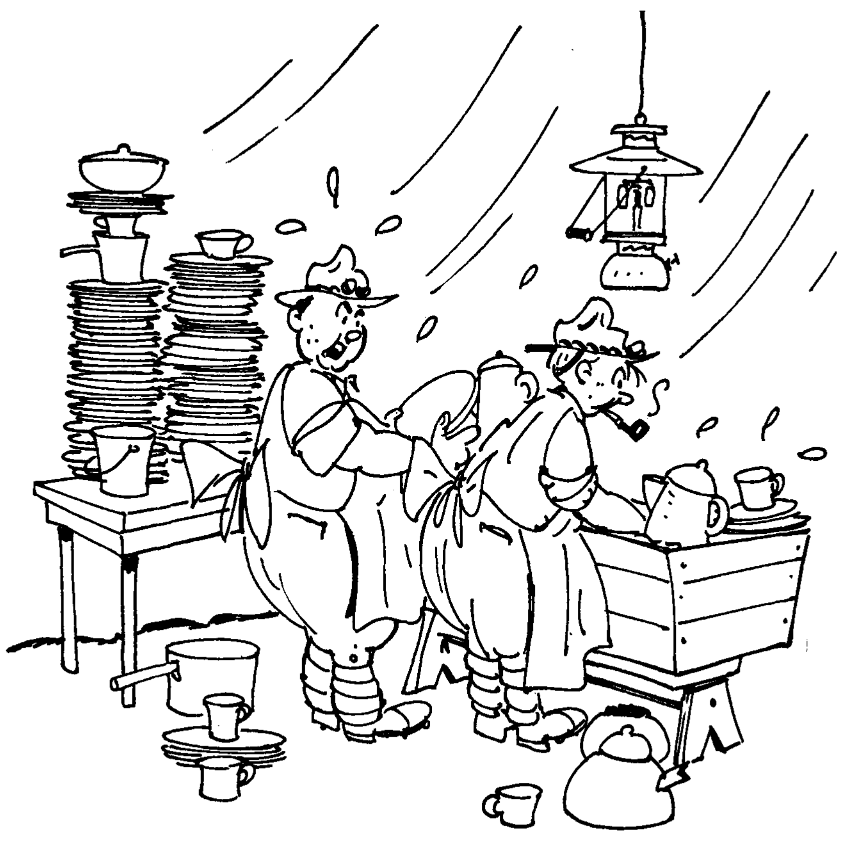
GEORGE W. MONAGHAN was a buck private in the Medical Detachment of the 169th Infantry upon arrival here, but when the Division Press Relations Section learned he had been a program director and announcer for a Connecticut radio station they had him detached from the castor-oil outfit and he is now whipping up 43d Division programs for the citizens in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont and Maine. Programs are rehearsed in camp and transcribed in Jacksonville on platters which are air-mailed to New England broadcasting stations. Pvt. Monaghan currently is figuring ways and means of presenting the boys in broadcasts direct from Blanding.

JACKSONVILLE NAVAL AIR STATION. Officers, cadets, enlisted men and the Marines here cuss whenever someone suggests that the Corpus Christi, Texas, Naval Air Station is the country's largest. While Corpus Christi and Pensacola each are slated to produce three fliers for every two turned out at Jacksonville, the latter is also training aviation machinists' mates, metalsmiths, radiomen and ordnance men, which means that Corpus Christi and Pensacola present six men to Naval aviation while Jacksonville is producing seven. There will now be a short pause for spirited debate.

GENERAL

"HERETOFORE," writes a student at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, "I have been a constant reader of your magazine. From now on I shall read it incessantly, or at least all the time, because of the extremely humorous items you run in the Our New Army department. When I read about the boys at Jefferson Barracks leaving this post 'in just thirty days' I laughed until they thought I was nuts. I never was a man to ridicule or gripe, but I now go on record with some first-class beefing: For sixty-two days I have been here, marching, digging ditches and marching. I have hopes of attending the photographic school because I was classed as an expert photographer back in civilian life, but I'm still only a freshman. However, I haven't as much to cry about as some of the guys who have been here four months. The point is, a lot of poor, innocent lads read your department, so don't paint the picture too brightly. They might think that you're a recruiting sergeant."

SMILE when you say that, partner.
G. W.



"This reminds me of the time I took a beautiful blonde out to dinner!"

REAMER KELLER

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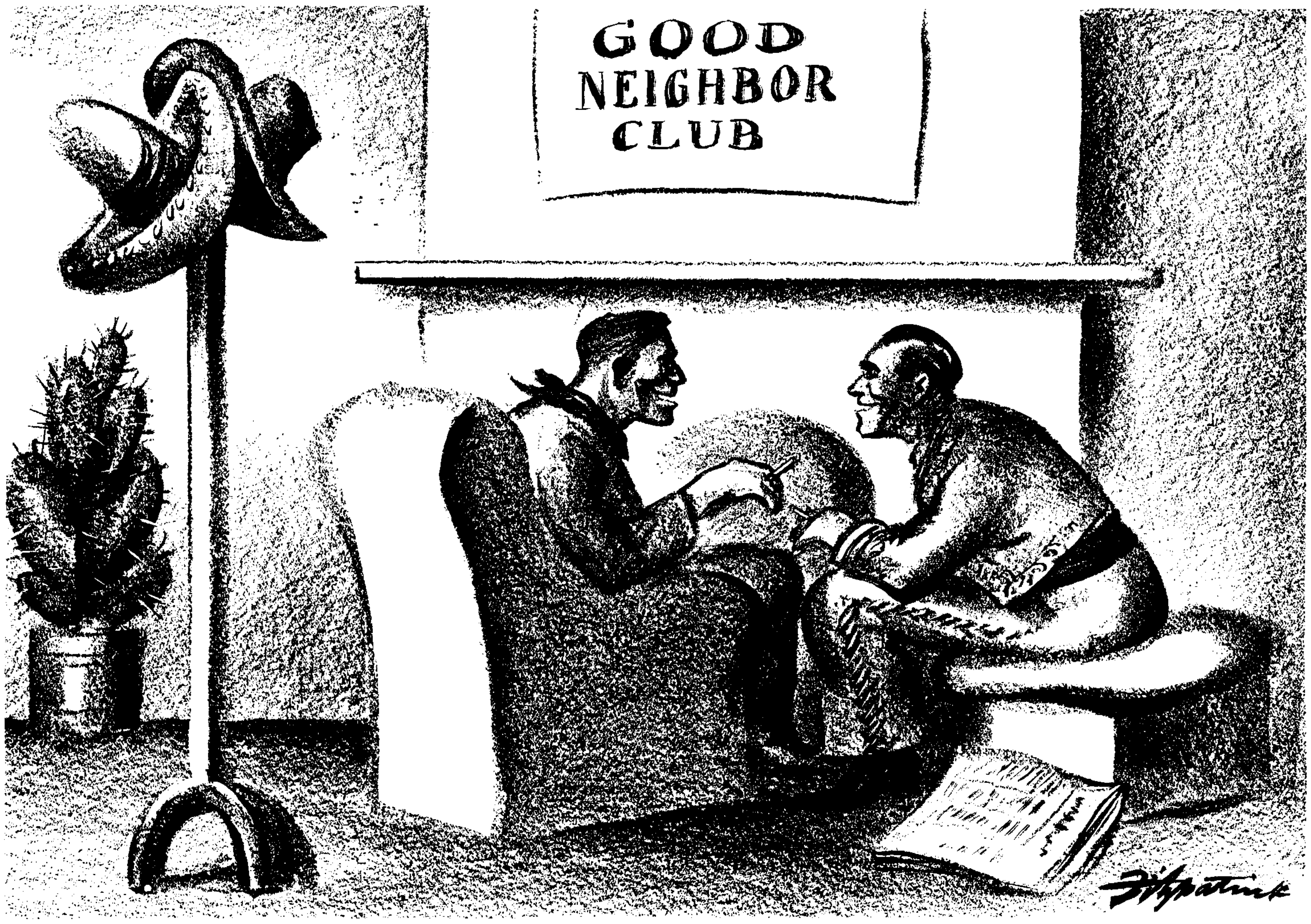

Brains Along the Border

TEXANS and Mexicans along the border are reported warming up to one another in ways never undertaken before.

The terms "greaser" and "gringo" have been parked among the mothballs, compulsory study of Spanish is being agitated for Texas public schools, passport and customs headaches are being cut to a minimum on both sides of the border, foreign-exchange gypping has become definitely unfashionable in both Texas and northern Mexico. Tourist trade between Texas and Mexico is increasing.

It's an exhibition of common sense for which we think both Texans and Mexicans deserve the nation's applause. It has come about, of course, because of the war, and the sudden realization on this side of the world that we'd better all get together and stay that way for reasons we don't need to list here.

It seems to us that there's a thought in all this for the people of every state. Texas is building good will with the Mexicans. Well, how about conscious efforts in every state to build good will between old-time Americans and Americans who are not so popular? We refer especially to citizens or aliens of German and Italian extraction.

The enormous majority of these people have been and are good Americans, are loyal to the United States first, and are thankful to be away from the hates of Europe. The F.B.I., Secret Service, etc., are big enough and skillful enough to handle the thimbleful of fifth columnists among them. The rest of us will be wise to put forth special efforts to make of these people even better friends than before the present crisis.

Take a nation-wide leaf from Texas' book, and watch the alien "problem" shrink to its proper size—which is pretty small.

400,000,000 Colds

WE RAN across an eye-popping statistic the other day; namely, that an estimated 400,000,000 common colds are contracted, snorted and coughed and ached through, and bidden glad though seldom hurried farewells in the United States each year. That divides out to more than three colds per year for every man, woman and child of us.

Dr. George Gallup, the eminent opinion asker, gives it as his own opinion that 59,000,000 working days were lost by Americans last fall and winter because of common colds alone, plus flu following them.

And this statistical picture is rounded out medically by the fact that science doesn't yet know what causes colds, or what will cure them as consistently as, say, antitoxin will prevent diphtheria. For the worst general minor affliction of humanity, the common cold, we have as yet only palliatives, which will make the misery a bit more endurable and often shorten it.

We're not so far advanced as sometimes in our pride we think we are, cough-cough; and whoever finally discovers the specific for the common cold will rank with Jenner, Lister and, kerchoo, Pasteur, as a benefactor of humanity.

That Russian Riddle

EVERY time Joe Stalin sells another pal down the river or arrives too late with a pat on the back for some little nation assaulted by Adolf Hitler, Joe gets another hatful of choice publicity from American observers as a riddle, an enigma, a gent of such Oriental craftiness and inscrutability as the world never saw before.

At the risk of being scorned by deep thinkers and cursed by liberals who still love Russia, we'll say Joe looks like no mystery to us.

Stalin's controlling motive right now, we'd say, is a mortal fear of Germany. Russia is much bigger than Germany. But Russia is vastly bigger than Finland; yet look at what the Finns did to the Red army. And look what the Germans did to the French army, reputedly the world's finest before May, 1940. Stalin can't have forgotten about all that.

Stalin acts, also, like any old-time imperialist land-grabber though he professes a divine mission to convert the world to Communism. He'll grab when he can do so without offending Hitler. Better still, from Joe's point of view, he'll sell out any friend whatever to Hitler in exchange for territory to add to Russia.

Obviously, Stalin inherits the old Russian dream of control of the Dardanelles as a Russian outlet to the Mediterranean. His long-range hope, we believe, is that Europe will tear itself into chaos so that he and his Reds can then step in and take over. And Joe is a fairly shrewd fellow and a fairly straight thinker.

And that, we believe, is about all there is to Joe Stalin. As a brilliant, brooding genius, distilling ultimate wisdom from the Siberian fogs aswirl in his brain, we can't see him. He looks to us like nothing but a huge, adolescent nation's thoroughly selfish and at present fear-ridden head, with whom Americans should deal when there is a fair chance to get something for themselves out of the deal, but whom they should neither trust nor fear.

Contribute with Care

WAR-RELIEF racketeers will no doubt persist for the duration. So we again remind our customers that if you are in doubt about any relief group asking for your help you can get free and reliable advice on it by querying the National Information Bureau, 330 W. 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

Our own tip is to give as much as you can; but give only to war-relief groups that you know to be strictly on the level.

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America's Mildest

BOTTLED IN BOND

OLD SCHENLEY

STRAIGHT WHISKEY—100 PROOF—AVAILABLE IN BOTH RYE AND BOURBON

*WHAT IS A TASTE BUD? It is a tiny palate nerve that permits you to savor flavors. As a normal adult you possess 256 such taste buds . . . each one of them alert to the delicate delights of America's *mildest* Bottled in Bond OLD SCHENLEY.

Set of six, full-color flower reprints, suitable for framing, Edition No. 1, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢. Copyright 1941, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City, Dept. B.

LUCKY STRIKE
IT'S TOASTED
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

● *Actual color photograph—Tom Smothers inspects a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.*

"It's lighter, Lucy— Luckies pay more for this milder leaf!"

says Tom Smothers, tobacco warehouseman of Reidsville, N. C.

"I've got a ringside seat at the tobacco auctions—and I can tell you it's Luckies that go after the lighter, milder leaf and pay the price to get it. Knowing this, I smoke Luckies myself, and so do most other independent buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen."

As everybody knows, you get what you pay for... and Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

With men who know tobacco best—It's Luckies 2 to 1

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